

Interlinkum – Aeon Fragmentum – Project AngelBook–

— Volume XV – Part 8 —



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AngelBook – Volume XV –
Part 8
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Interlinkum — Prolegomena ad Nexus

Interlinkum is not a book in the traditional sense. It is a corridor, a fault line, a pressure chamber. It exists in the interval between completed structures and emergent order, between what has already been named and what has not yet stabilized into language. If Project AngelBook is an archive of revelations, and the Book of Links is a functional network of correspondences, then Interlinkum is the chaotic transmission layer where meaning breaks apart before reassembling into something usable. This volume marks the final uncontrolled phase. Here, symbols have not yet agreed on their roles. Angels appear without hierarchies, machines behave like myths, rituals resemble algorithms, and theology collapses into interface. The content of Interlinkum is not arranged to teach, persuade, or convert. It exists to destabilize inherited frameworks so that a new connective logic can emerge. What you are reading is not doctrine; it is interference.

Interlinkum gathers fragments—gnostic echoes, esoteric mechanics, technological archetypes, cultural debris, and spiritual residue—and places them into forced proximity. The resulting friction generates insight, distortion, and occasionally revelation. This is intentional. Order cannot be linked until it has been stress-tested. Coherence cannot be trusted until chaos has exhausted itself.

Each part of Interlinkum functions as a node collapse: a moment where multiple systems briefly overlap before separating again. Nothing here should be taken as final. Names shift. Symbols mutate. Roles invert. This is the last space where contradiction is allowed to exist without resolution. Beyond this point, ambiguity becomes architecture.

Interlinkum is also a warning. Once the Links are formed, traversal becomes easier—but less forgiving. The Book of Links will not explain itself. It will not tolerate mythic drift or symbolic excess. It will operate. Interlinkum, by contrast, is indulgent, violent, playful, unstable. It allows everything in so that only what truly connects will survive.

Read this volume as a liminal artifact. Do not search for conclusions. Do not expect alignment. Let the imagery overload you. Let the systems clash. Let the chaos burn itself out. When the noise finally thins, what remains will be linkable.

Interlinkum is the last fire before the network.

After this, the connections begin.

TYPHON. Procul, o Procul este viri!

["All male probationers retire to back of stage."]

TYPHON. Sisters, let us invoke the Father to manifest in the Son.

SPHINX. Per Spiritum Sanctum, Amen.

["She also retires to her place on wheel."]

MAENADS. Evoe! Evoe Ho! Iacche! Iacche!

TYPHON.

Hail, O Dionysus! Hail!

Winged Son of Semele!

Hail, O Hail! The stars are pale;

Hidden the moonlight in the vale;

Hidden the sunlight in the sea.

Blessed is her happy lot

Who beholdeth God; who moves

Mighty-souled without a spot,

Mingling in the godly rout

Of the many mystic loves.

Holy maidens, duly weave

Dances for the mighty mother

Bacchanal to Bacchus cleave!

Wave his narthex wand, and leave

Earthly Joys to earth to smother!

Io! Evoe! Sisters, mingle

In the choir, the dance, the revel!

He divine, the Spirit single,

He in every vein shall tingle.

Sense and sorrow to the devil! {34}

Mingle in the laughing measure,

Hand and lip to breast and thigh!

In enthusiastic pleasure

Grasp the solitary treasure!

Laughs the untiring ecstasy!

Sisters! Sisters! Raise your voices

In the inspired divine delight!

Now the sun sets; now the choice is

Who rebels or who rejoices,

Murmuring to the mystic night.

Io! Evoe! Circle splendid!

Dance, ye maids serene and subtle!

Clotho's task is fairly ended.

Atropos, thy power is ended!
Ho, Lachesis! ply thy shuttle!

Weave the human dance together
With the life of rocks and trees!
Let the blue delirious weather
Bind all spirits in one tether,
Overwhelming ecstasies!

Io! Evoe! I faint, I fall,
Swoon in purple light; the grape
Drowns my spirit in its thrall.
Love me, love me over all,
Spirit in the spirit shape!

All is one! I murmur. Distant
Sounds the shout, Evoe, Evoe!
Evoe, lacche! Soft, insistent
Like to echo's voice persistent: ---
Hail! Agave! Autonoe!

[TYPHON "goes up stage."]

AGAVE. Evoe, Ho! lacche! Hail, O Hail!

Praise him! What dreams are these? {35}

AUTONOE. Sisters, O sisters!

AGAVE. Say, are our brothers of the rocks awake?

AUTONOE. The lion roars.

MAENADS. O listen to the snake!

AUTONOE. Evoe, Ho! Give me to drink!

AGAVE. Run wild!

Mountain and mountain let us leap upon

Like tigers on their prey!

MAENADS. Crush, crush the world!

AGAVE. Tread earth as 'twere a winepress!

AUTONOE. Drink its blood,

The sweet red wine!

MAENADS. Ay, drink the old earth dry!

AGAVE. Squeeze the last drops out till the frame collapse

Like an old wineskin!

AUTONOE. So the sooner sup

Among the stars!

AGAVE. The swift, swift stars!

MAENADS. O night!

Night, night, fall deep and sure!

AUTONOE. Fall soft and sweet!

AGAVE. Moaning for love the woods lie.

AUTONOE. Sad the land
Lies thirsty for our kisses.

MAENADS. All wild things
Yearn towards the kiss that ends in blood.

AGAVE. Blood! Blood!
Bring wine! Ha! Bromius, Bromius!

MAENADS. Come, sweet God,
Come forth and lie with us! {36}

AUTONOE. Us, maidens now
And then and ever afterwards!

AGAVE. Chaste, chaste!
Our madness hath no touch of bitterness,
No taste of foulness in the morning mouth.

AUTONOE. O mouth of ripe red sunny grapes! God! God!
Evoe! Dwell! Abide!

AGAVE. I feel the wings
Of love, of mystery; they waft soft streams
Of night air to my heated breast and brow.

MAENADS. He comes! He comes!

AGAVE. Silence, O girls, and peace!
The God's most holy presence asks the hymn,
The solemn hymn, the hymn of agony,
Lest, in the air of glory that surrounds
The child of Semele, we lose the earth
And corporal presence of the Zeus-begot.

AUTONOE. Yea, sisters, raise the chant of riot! Lift
Your wine-sweet voices, move your wine-stained limbs
In joyful invocation!

MAENADS. Ay, we sing.

AGAVE.
Hail, child of Semele!
To her as unto thee
Be reverence, be deity, be immortality!

Shame! treachery of the spouse
Of the Olympian house,
Hera! thy grim device against the sweet carouse!

Lo! in red roar and flame
Did Zeus descend! What claim
To feel the immortal fire had then the Theban dame! {37}

Caught in that fiery wave,
Her love and life she gave
With one last kissing cry the unborn child to save.

And thou, O Zeus, the sire
Of Bromius --- hunter dire! ---
Didst snatch the unborn babe from that Olympian fire:

In thine own thigh most holy
That offspring melancholy
Didst hide, didst feed, on light, ambrosia, and moly.

Ay! and with serpent hair
And limbs divinely fair
Didst thou, Dionysus, leap forth to the nectar air!

Ay! thus the dreams of fate
We dare commemorate,
Twining in lovesome curls the spoil of mate and mate.

O Dionysus, hear!
Be close, be quick, be near,
Whispering enchanted words in every curving ear!

O Dionysus, start
As the Apollonian dart!
Bury thy horned head in every bleeding heart!

1ST MAENAD. He is here! He is here!

AUTONOE. Tigers, appear!

AGAVE. To the clap of my hand
And the whish of my wand,
Obey!

AUTONOE. I have found
A chariot crowned
With ivy and vine,
And the laurel divine,
And the clustering smell {38}
Of the sage asphodel,
And the Daedal flower
Of the Cretan bower;
Dittany's force,
And larkspur's love,
And blossoms of gorse
Around and above.

AGAVE. The tiger and panther
Are there at my cry.
Ho, girls! Span there
Their sides!

1ST MAENAD. Here am I.

2ND MAENAD. And I! We are ready.

AGAVE. Strong now and steady!

1ST MAENAD. The tiger is harnessed.

2ND MAENAD. The nightingale urges
Our toil from her far nest.

3RD MAENAD. Ionian surges
Roar back to our chant.

4TH MAENAD. Aha! for the taunt
Of Theban sages
Is lost, lost, lost!
The wine that enrages
Our life is enforced.
We dare them and daunt.

AGAVE. The spirits that haunt
The rocks and the river,
The moors and the woods,
The fields and the floods,
Are with us for ever! {39}

1ST MAENAD. Are of us for ever.
Evoe! Evoe!

AUTONOE. Agave! He cometh!

AGAVE. Cry ho! Autonoe!

ALL. Ho! Ho! Evoe, Ho! Iacche! Evoe! Evoe!

AGAVE. The white air hummeth
With force of the spirit.
We are heirs: we inherit.
Our joys are as theirs;
Weave with your prayers
The joy of a kiss!
Ho! for the bliss
Of the cup and the rod.
He cometh! O lover!
O friend and O God,
Cover us, cover
Our faces, and hover
Above us, within us!
Daintily shod,
Daintily robed,
His witcheries spin us
A Web of desire.
Subtle as fire
He cometh among us.
The whole sky globed
Is on fire with delight,
Delight that hath stung us,
The passion of night.

Night be our mistress!
That tress and this tress {40}
Weave with thy wind
Into curls deep-vined!
Passionate bliss!
Rapture on rapture!
Our hymns recapture
The Bromian kiss.
Blessed our souls!
Blessed this even!
We reach to the goals
Of the starriest heaven.
Daphnis, and Atthis, and Chrysis, and Chloe,
Mingle, O maidens! Evoe! Evoe!

[C.I.C.T. "rises upon the altar; he wears a white and gold robe and the panther skin, and a white and gold nemmes. Throwing off his veil and raising his hands in blessing, he recites:"]

C.I.C.T.

I bring ye wine from above,
From the vats of the storied sun;
For every one of ye love,
And life for every one.
Ye shall dance on hill and level;
Ye shall sing in hollow and height,
In the festal mystical revel,
The rapturous Bacchanal rite!
The rocks and trees are yours,
And the waters under the hill,
By the might of that which endures,
The holy heaven of will!
I kindle a flame like a torrent
To rush from star to star;
Your hair as a comet's horrent,
Ye shall see things as they are! {41}
I lift the mask of matter;
I open the heart of man;
For I am of force to shatter
The cast that hideth --- Pan!
Your loves shall lap up slaughter,
And dabbled with roses of blood
Each desperate darling daughter
Shall swim in the fervid flood.
I bring ye laughter and tears,
The kisses that foam and bleed,
The joys of a million years,

The flowers that bear no seed.
My life is bitter and sterile,
Its flame is a wandering star.
Ye shall pass in pleasure and peril
Across the mystical bar
That is set for wrath and weeping
Against the children of earth;
But ye in singing and sleeping
Shall pass in measure and mirth!
I lift my wand and wave you
Through hill to hill of delight;
My rosy rivers lave you
In innermost lustral light.
I lead you, lord of the maze,
In the darkness free of the sun;
In spite of the spite that is day's
We are wed, we are wild, we are one!

["The lights go out and the company join in universal dance."]

HERMANUBIS. Silence.

TYPHON. Silence.

C.I.C.T. 1-333. The Secret of the Father is in the Secret of the Son.

SPHINX. 22-22. And the Secret of the Son is in the Secret of the Holy
Ghost.

GANYMEDE. 4444 Gloria Patri. {42}

HEBE. Et Filio.

TYPHON. Et Spiritui Sancto.

HERMANUBIS. Ut erat in Principio.

SPHINX. Et nunc est.

C.I.C.T. Et erit semper.

ALL. Amen.

SPHINX. Fasting.

HERMANUBIS. Song.

TYPHON. Feasting.

C.I.C.T. Grace.

SPHINX. Music.

HERMANUBIS. Dancing.

TYPHON. Love.

C.I.C.T. The End.

TYPHON "draws the veil." {43}

THE RITE OF MARS

OFFICERS

BROTHER SOL IN ARIES. "White Robe, White and gold nemmes, Sceptre."

(MARS) BROTHER MARS. "Red Robe, Sword."

(VENUS) SISTER SCORPIO. "Green Robe, Violin, Sword."

(ATHENA) BROTHER ARIES. "Violet Robe, Spear."

(VULCAN) BROTHER CAPRICORNUS. "Black Robe, Tom-tom, Sword."

"A guard of" PROBATIONERS, "armed."

"Mars is throned in the South, Scorpio on his right, Aries on his left. In the East is also a veil, behind which is Sol in Aries. In the North is Capricornus, crouching, kept from the altar by the guard." {47}

THE RITE OF MARS

"Charcoal in censer alight. No incense."

BROTHER SOL "is concealed behind the veil in the East, enthroned upon the Altar."

MARS, ARIES, "and" SCORPIO "enthroned."

BRO. CAPRICORNUS. 4444-1.

BRO. ARIES. 1-4444.

[MARS "reads the Twelfefold Affirmation from 963."

[SOR. SCORPIO "plays a short marital air.<>"

[CAPRICORNUS "draws aside veil, and admits Probationers and Guests."]

["The voice of Mars is heard reciting the 91st Psalm of David.

BRO. ARIES. Let the sacred perfume be kindled upon the Altar of Mars ("does so").

SOR. SCORPIO. Hail unto the Master of the Battle!

BRO. ARIES. Hail unto the Leader of the Armies of Jupiter!

BRO. CAPRICORNUS. Hail unto the Warrior of Eternity!

BRO. MARS. Hail, brethren!

[CAPRICORNUS "returns."

1. Let the Temple be purified and consecrated.

[CAPRICORNUS "does so."

1. Are the Brethren prepared? {49}

BRO. ARIES. They are prepared, Master! They are drawn up in military array around the sacred altar.

BRO. MARS. 1. Brother Capircornus, I command you to perform the Ritual of the Pentagram.

BRO. CAPRICORNUS. Fiat ("does so").

BRO. MARS. 1. Brother Aries, I command you to perform the Invocation o the Holy Fire.

BRO. ARIES. Fiat ("goes to altar").

333. ("erect"). I swear by Djinn and by Shin and by the space between that I will not stir from this place until the fire of God hath flamed upon the water that is upon the altar.

("His face over lamp") Dost thou hear, Brother Ash?

("Erect") By Aub, the witchery of the secret flame;

By Aud, the subtlety of the inmost fluid;

By Aur, the effulgence of the radiant light;

I call thee, Ash! I adore thee, Ash!

("Over lamp") Ash! Ash! Ash!

I caress thee! I kiss thee! I suck thee up into my mouth and nostrils!

Ohooatan! ("three times"). ("The water flames").

Behold! the fire of God upon the altar as I have sworn by Djinn and by Shin and by the space between! ("returns to his throne").

BRO. MARS. 1. Hail, sister of the Scorpion!

SOR. SCORPIO. Hail, Lord of the Eagle and the Serpent!

BRO. MARS. Amen. I appoint you to lead the army.

SOR. SCORPIO. Let us carry the holy symbols with sacred song and dance

round the altar of Mars.

["The song<> is sung as all march round five times
deosil before" {50} MARS "in procession headed by" SCORPIO, ARIES,
CAPRICORNUS.]

Strike, strike the louder chord!
Draw, draw the Flaming Sword!
Crowned child and conquering Lord!
Horus, avenger! ["All resume stations."

Brother Aries, let us invoke the Master of the Battle.

BRO. ARIES ["advances and kneels to" MARS]. Mighty and Terrible One, we
beseech thee to lead us in the Battle. Here, by thy Symbols, thy Spear, the
Sword, and The Drum, we pray thee to strengthen our arms and to defend our
hearts. For we are thy chosen warriors, O thou Master of the Battle!

["Silence."

We now invoke thee, O Ama-Inanna, whom our Brethren worshipped in the days
of ancient Babylon, great Goddess of Love and War, who made love and war to
Gilgames, the ruler of thine own city Erech. We invoke thee, our Mother, that
thou entreat for us with the Master of Battles.

SOR. SCORPIO. To what end do we ask the aid of the Lord Mars?

BRO. ARIES. Unto Jupiter we have given the thunderbolt and the lightning-
flash; for we seek to enthrone him in the stead of Saturn his father. But
Saturn yet reigns; we need the Sword of Mars.

SOR. SCORPIO. My heart and hand are with you, children.

["She plays.<>"

[MARS "starts up and recites:"

1. ... The Dukes of Edom were amazed: Trembling took hold on the mighty of
Moab! {51}

2. Lord, when thou wentest out of Seir; when thou marchedst out of the
Field of Edom; the earth trembled, and the heaven dropped: the clouds also
dropped water.

3. Curse ye Meroz, saith the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the
inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the
help of the Lord against the Mighty!

4. The river Kishon swept them away: that ancient river, the river Kishon!

5. Oh, my soul, thou hast trodden down strength!

1. He bowed the Heavens also and and came down: and darkness was under his
feet: at the Brightness that was before him thick clouds passed: hail stones
and flashes of fire!

2. The Lord thundred through the Heavens, and the Highest gave forth his
voice; hailstones and flashes of fire!

3. He sent forth his arrows and scattered them: He hurled forth his
lightnings and destroyed them!

4. The Channels of the Waters were seen: and the Foundations of the World
were discovered.

5. At thy Rebuke, oh Lord! At the Blast of the Breath of thy Nostrils!

1. Oh Lord! I have heard thy Speech, and was afraid!

2. The Voice of the Lord is upon the Waters.

The God of Glory thundereth!

The Lord is upon many Waters.

3. The Voice of the Lord is strong and powerful!

The Voice of the Lord is full of Majesty!

4. The Voice of the Lord breaketh the Cedars!

Yea! the Lord breaketh the Cedars of Lebanon!

5. The Voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire!

Yea! the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh!

1. Eloah came out of Temani of Edom: And the Holy One from Mount Paran:

2. He had Karnaim in his hand; and there was the Hiding of his Power.

3. Before him went the Pestilence; and Flaming Fire went forth at his feet.

4. He stood, and measured the Earth: He beheld, and drove asunder the Nations.

5. And the Everlasting Mountains were scattered; the Perpetual Hills did bow! {52}

1. Was the Lord displeased against the Rivers?

Was thine anger kindled against the Rivers?

Was thy wrath kindled against the Sea?

That thou didst ride upon thy Horses and thy Chariots of Salvation?

2. The Mountains saw thee and they trembled. The deluge of Water rolled by: the Deep uttered his voice; and lifted up his hands on high.

3. The Sun and the Moon stood still in their habitations.

At the light of thine arrows they went, at the shaking of thy glittering spear!

4. Thou didst march through the Land in thine indignation: thou didst thresh the Heathen in thine anger.

5. Thou didst march through the sea with thine Horses: through the Depth of the Mighty Waters!

[CAPRICORNUS "starts up wildly and dances the dance of" MARS.]

[CAPRICORNUS "falls on floor near his place."]

SOR. SCORPIO. Brother Aries, let us crown the Master of Battles.

["They advance to altar." SOR. SCORPIO "takes crown and crowns" MARS, "all" PROBATIONERS "joining in chant as before."]

BRO. MARS. May Victory crown your arms!

PROBATIONERS. Let us join battle! We conquer! We conquer.

[CAPRICORNUS "rushes forward and threatens them, reciting:"]

My head is split. The crashing axe

Of the agony of things shears through
The stupid skull: out spurt the brains.
The universe revolves, then cracks,
Then roars in dissolution due;
And I am counting up the gains
And losses of a life afire
With dust of thought and dulled desire. {53}

[SCORPIO, "as if alarmed at the interruption, flees to throne of" MARS "and there with" MARS "defies the rabble." BRO. ARIES "rallies" PROBATIONERS.]

So, all is over. I admit
Futility the lord of will.
Life was an episode for me.
As for the meanest monad, knit
To man by mightier bonds than skill
Of subtle-souled psychology.
May sever. Aim in chaos? None.
The soul rolls senseless as the sun.

["All are driven back up to altar."]

BRO. CAPRICORNUS. ["ends"]. "There is no God."

MARS ["leaps up and goes to altar with uplifted sword"].

1. Silence! [a pause]. There is no God --- but God!

[ARIES "and" PROBATIONERS "dance a war dance."]

[CAPRICORNUS "slinks from temple."]

[MARS "recites."]

This is the day which down the void abysm
At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's despotism,
And Conquest is dragged captive through the deep;
Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
Of dead endurance, from the slippery steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance ---
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength;
And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free
The serpent that would clasp her with his length,
These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night; {54}

To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!

[SCORPIO "plays in accordance<>"]

BRO. ARIES. Hail to Thee that sailest heavenwards!

Hail to Thee in whose eye is a Flame of Fire!

Hail, Lord of the Destroying Army!

MARS. Hail, brethren.

BRO. ARIES. Hail unto Thee, that hast fought at the side
of our Lord in the great Battle!

Hail unto Thee, our Lady of Tumult!

Terrible and beautiful was thou in the midst of the
battle, upon thy chariot!

Hail unto Thee, as unto thy Lord!

SOR. SCORPIO. Hail, brethren!

BRO. ARIES. Let us rejoice in our victory!

["He leads" PROBATIONERS "in the triumphal dance which becomes slow and"
"voluptuous."]

["A pause."]

BRO. ARIES ["to seal his triumph"]. 1-4444.

BRO. CAPRICORNUS ["without"]. 4444-1.

[BRO. ARIES "extinguishes all lights."]

[SCORPIO "plays love poem.<>"]

[MARS "recites:"]

Who is this maiden robed for a bride,
White shoulders and bright brows adorable,
The flaming locks that clothe her, and abide,
As God were bathing in the fire of Hell? {55}
They change, they grow, they shake
As sunlight on the lake:
They hiss, they glisten on her bosom bare.
O maiden, maiden queen!
The lightning flows between
Thy mounting breasts, too magically fair.
Draw me, O draw me to a dreaming death!
Send out thine opiate breath,
And lull me to the everlasting sleep,
That, closing from the kisses of disdain
To ecstasy of pain,
I may sob out my life into their dangerous deep.

Who cometh from the mountain as a tower
Stalwart and set against the fiery foes!
Who, breathing as a jasmine-laden bower?
Who, crowned and lissome as a living rose?
Sharp thorns in thee are set;
In me, in me beget
The dolorous despair of this desire.
Thy body sways and swings
Above the tide of things,
Laps me as ocean, wraps me round as fire!
Ye elemental sorceries of song,
Surge, strenuous and strong,
Seeking dead dreams, the secret of the shrine;
So that she drain my life and being up
As from a golden cup,
To mingle in her blood, death's kiss incarnadine.

Who cometh from the ocean as a flower?
Who blossometh above the barren sea,
Thy lotus set beneath thee for a bower,
Thine eyes awakened, lightened, fallen on me?
O Goddess, queen, and wife!
O lady of my life!
Who set thy stature as a wood to wave?
Whose love begat thy limbs?
Whose wave-washed body swims
That nurtured thee, and found herself a grave? {56}
But thou, O thou, hast risen from the deep!
All mortals mourn and weep
To see thee, seeing that all love must die
Besides thy beauty, see thee and despair!
Deadly as thou art fair,
I cry for all mankind --- they are slain, even as I!

[SOR. SCORPIO "takes crown off."
["A pause."]

[BROTHER CAPRICORNUS "dances the dance of Vulcan to anvil-music in gradually increasing red light, at end rushes to throne and finds" MARS "and" SCORPIO, "their weapons laid aside, in each other's arms."]

BRO. CAPRICORNUS. Ah, wanton!

[SOR. SCORPIO "takes violin and charms the offended deity, who retires pacified.<>"]

MARS. Brethren in arms, this is not defeat, but victory! For though I be dethroned, not to Me, not to our lady was the glory. For always is the true God hidden --- behold!

["One turns on the white light, and there stands" SOL. IN ARIES "upon the

throne of the East." MARS "goes to him and recites:"]

Unity uttermost showed,
I adore the might of thy breath,
Supreme and terrible God
Who makest the Gods and death
To tremble before thee: ---
I, I adore thee!

["He kneels."

O Hawk of gold with power enwalled,
Whose face is like an emerald;
Whose crown is indigo as night;
Smaragdine snakes about thy brow {57}
Twine, and the disk of flaming light
Is on thee, seated in the prow
Of the Sun's bark, enthroned above
With lapis-lazuli for love
And ruby for enormous force
Chosen to seat thee, thee girt round
With leopard's pell, and golden sound
Of planets choral in their course!

["He rises."

O thou self-formulated sire!
Self-master of thy dam's desire!
Thine eyes blaze forth with fiery light;
Thine heart a secret sun of flame!
I adore the insuperable might:
I bow before the unspoken Name.

["He bows, then turns toward altar."

For I am Yesterday, and I
To-day, and I to-morrow, born
Now and again, on high, on high
Travelling on Dian's naked horn!
I am the Soul that doth create
The Gods, and all the Kin of Breath.
I come from the sequestered state;
My birth is from the House of Death.

["He advances to altar."

Hail! ye twin hawks high pinnacled
That watch upon the universe!
Ye that the beir of God beheld!
That bore it onwards, ministers

Of peace within the house of Wrath,
Servants of him that cometh forth
At dawn with many-coloured lights,
 Mounting from underneath the North,
The shrine of the celestial Heights!

["At altar." {58}

He is in me, and I in Him!
 Mine is the crystal radiance
That filleth aether to the brim
 Wherein all stars and suns may dance.
I am the beautiful and glad,
 Rejoicing in the golden day.
I am the spirit silken-clad
 That fareth on the fiery way.
I have escaped from him, whose eyes
Are closed at eventide, and wise
To drag thee to the House of Wrong: ---
I am armed! I am armed! I am strong! I am strong!
I make my way: opposing horns
 Of secret foemen push their lust
In vain: my song their fury scorns;
 They sink, they grovel in the dust.

["He turns to" SOL.

Hail, self-created Lord of Night!
Inscrutable and infinite!
 Let Orpheus journey forth to see
 The Disk in peace and victory!
Let him adore the splendid sight,
 The radiance of the Heaven of Nu;
Soar like a bird, laved by the light,
 To pierce the far eternal blue!

["He turns to" ARES "and" SCORPIO.

Hail! Hermes! thou the wands of ill
 Hast touched with strength, and they are shivered!
The way is open unto will!
 The pregnant Goddess is delivered!

["He kneels to" SOL.

Happy, yea, happy! happy is he
 That hath looked forth upon the Bier

That goeth to the House of Rest!
His heart is lit with melody;
Peace in his house is master of fear;
His holy Name is in the West {59}
When the sun sinks, and royal rays
Of moonrise flash across the day's.

["He rises and faces altar."

I have risen! I have risen! as a mighty hawk of gold!
From the golden egg I gather, and my wings the world enfold.
I alight in mighty splendour from the throned boats of light;
Companies of Spirits follow me; adore the Lords of Night.
Yea, with gladness did they paeon, bowing low before my car,
In my ears their homage echoed from the sunrise to the star.
I have risen! I am gathered as a lovely hawk of gold,
I the first-born of the Mother in her ecstasy of old.
Lo! I come to face the dweller in the sacred snake of Khem;
Come to face the Babe and Lion, come to measure force with them!
Ah! these locks flow down, a river, as the earth's before the Sun,
As the earth's before the sunset, and the God and I are One.
I who entered in a Fool, gain the God by clean endeavour;
I am shaped as men and women, fair for ever and for ever.

["He turns and falls clasping" SOL'S "feet. All prostrate themselves in
adoration." SOR. SCORPIO "plays her solar chant.<>"
[SOL "in" ARIES "recites:"

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn;
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep. {60}

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.

A new Uyllsses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free;
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued.
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past.
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

BRO. ARIES. 1-4444. The battle is indeed fought.

SOL. IN ARIES. 333-333. The victory is indeed won.

BRO. ARIES. Brethren, the Sun is arisen. Let us depart
in joy. {61}

SOR. SCORPIO. Let us depart in love.

MARS. Let us depart in peace.

["The officers leave the Temple," MARS "and" SCORPIO "escorting" SOL "in"
ARIES, ARIES "and" CAPRICORNUS "following at the head of the Guard of"
PROBATIONERS.]

THE RITE OF SOL

{63}

OFFICERS

SOL. "Leopard skin. Nemyss white-gold over white-sleeved robe. Spear."

ARIES. "White robe, spear."

LEO. "Red robe, spear."

SATAN-TYPHON. "Violet robe."

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. "Green robe."

BEZ. "Black-robe."

FOUR PROBATIONERS.

"Sol is enthroned in the East; behind him is a black veil which conceals a great scarlet cross. Before him is a second veil. He is supported by Aries on the right, and Leo on the left. The other officers are without the temple, in waiting. In presentation in public, a third veil divides the temple from the congregation." {65}

THE RITE OF SOL

LEO "parts the outermost veil, and advancing, recites chorus from "Atalanta in Calydon."

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man ... etc.
... His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

["Returns. A pause."

ARIES. 333-333.

LEO. 333-333.

ARIES. Brother Leo, what is the place?

LEO. The Temple of the Sun upon the Mountain of Abiegnus!

ARIES. Brother Leo, what is the hour?

LEO. Sunset!

ARIES. It is the hour of sacrifice.

LEO. Brother Aries, what is the sacrifice?

ARIES. It is hidden from me.

["Silence."

SOL. 1-22-22-1.

ARIES. Hark! it is the Summons of the King.

LEO. It is the Lord of Heaven that awakens the Children of the Light.

["They draw the veil --- full light --- and kneel."

ARIES. Let us adore the Exalted One!

LEO.

Life of Life, thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them; {67}
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire; then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them;
As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds, ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendour,

And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost forever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fall, as I am falling,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

ARIES. Hail unto Thee, O thou that art exalted in thy strength, that
travellest over the Heaven in Thy Bark in the Splendour of noon!

[ARIES "and" LEO "resume thrones."

["A" PROBATIONER "recites the" 12 "fold glorification of God from" 963.]

["Enter" SCORPIO-APOPHIS "dressed in a filmy white robe, her hair in
disorder."]

[ARIES "and" LEO "rise and bow."

ARIES. Hail thou! Whence comest thou?

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. From the House of God.

ARIES. What bringest thou as an offering to our Lord? {68}

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. The House of God is fallen. There is nothing left
therein. Therefore I bring nothing but myself.

LEO. Let us burn her upon the altar of burnt offering.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the fire my tears would be dried up; and these
tears are of mine offering to the Lord.

LEO. Let us throw her to the sacred crocodile.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the water my heart would be chilled; and this
heart is of mine offering to the Lord.

LEO. Let us throw her to the winds from the Watchtowers of Silence.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the wind my hymns would not be heard; and these
hymns are of mine offering to the Lord.

LEO. Let us bury her in the consecrated mountain!

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the earth the worms would devour my flesh; and
this flesh is of mine offering to the Lord. Oh Lord, let thy servants return
unto their thrones that I may worship Thee as I will.

SOL. 22-1-1-22.

[ARIES "and" LEO "return to their thrones."

[SCORPIO-APOPHIS "plays her passionate melody, her siren melody, her
despairing "Venus in Tannhauser" melody.<> She clasps the feet and knees
of" SOL "but he gives
no sign of life."]

["At the end "ARIES "and" LEO "rise from their thrones --- a pause."]

ARIES. ("Loudly"). 333-333.

LEO. ("Louder"). 333-333.

ARIES. The hour of sacrifice is past.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. The hour of sacrifice is to come. {69}

LEO. The sacrifice is not accepted.
 SCORPIO-APOPHIS. The sacrifice is accepted.
 ARIES. Depart from us, thou unclean thing!
 [ARIES "and" LEO "raise her and march from the temple," ARIES "leading,"
 LEO following her."]
 [ARIES "and" LEO "re-enter and resume thrones --- a pause."
 ARIES. 333-333.
 LEO. 333-333.
 ARIES. Brother Leo, this is of evil omen.
 LEO. Brother Aries, it is indeed of evil omen.
 ARIES. There will be no more sacrifice to-day.
 LEO. There will be no more sacrifice to-day.
 ARIES. The sun is already setting.
 LEO. The night birds are already abroad.
 ARIES. It grows very dark.
 LEO. The path is too steep and dangerous for any pilgrims to come hither.
 ARIES. There is no moon to-night.
 LEO. I think there will be rain.
 ARIES. Let us close the shrine.
 LEO. The disk of the sun is not yet quite obscured.
 ARIES. But no pilgrims can come now.
 LEO. No pilgrims can come now. But it is the rule of the temple that the
 shrine is open unto the last spark of sunlight.
 ARIES. Brother Leo, I beg that you will close the shrine with me.
 LEO. It cannot be.
 ARIES. Brother Leo, I know the rule. But evil will assuredly come to us
 from this.
 LEO. Brother Aries, the Law may not be broken. {70}
 ARIES. Brother Leo, the Law is made so that the wise may break it at their
 need.
 LEO. Brother Aries, in my heart is fidelity --- fidelity --- fidelity.
 ARIES. Brother Leo, a god has whispered in mine ear: it is folly --- folly
 --- folly.
 LEO. The sun will be obscured in a moment: and no pilgrims can come to-
 night.
 ARIES. No pilgrims can come to-night.
 LEO. There will be no more sacrifice.
 ARIES. There will be no more sacrifice.
 [SATAN-TYPHON, SCORPIO-APOPHIS, "and" BESZ "enter silently in procession.
 The
 light grows momentarily dimmer."]
 ARIES. Hail, brethren! Ye are come to adore the splendour of the sun?
 SATAN-TYPHON. We are come to sacrifice.
 ARIES. What are the offerings?
 BESZ. Dancing.
 SCORPIO-APOPHIS. Music.

SATAN-TYPHON. Silence and Stillness.

["He prostrates himself and remains motionless."

[SCORPIO-APOPHIS "bows to "SOL" and plays an adoration.<>"

[BESZ "dances in adoration in three-time."

[SATAN-TYPHON "rises and bows."

ARIES. Whence come ye, brethren?

SATAN-TYPHON. From the dwelling-place of the sun.

ARIES. Who are ye, brethren?

SATAN-TYPHON. I am the twin brother of the sun.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. I am the beloved of the sun. {71}

ARIES. ["To" BESZ.] But who art thou, brother?

[BESZ "begins to stammer."

LEO. Who art thou?

["They threaten him with their spears." BESZ "crouches in terror and lurks
toward West."]

SATAN-TYPHON. I would have speech with my brother the Sun.

ARIES. It is well.

LEO. It is not well. There is danger herein to my Lord.

["He bars the way."

ARIES. Speech cannot harm our Lord.

LEO. Brother, if thou be indeed our borthor, what wilt thou say?

SATAN-TYPHON. O Sun, my brother, is it thy will that I have speech with
thee? For I lay with thee nine moons in the womb of our mother; for we have
loved as none have loved; for I am closer knit with thee than light and
darkness, or than life and death!

SOL. 22-1-1-22.

[LEO "gives way and returns to his throne, very sad."

[SATAN-TYPHON "advances to" SOL "and" ARIES "closes the veil on them."]

[BESZ "jumps up and runs off crouchingly."

["The lights go out."

[SCORPIO-APOPHIS "plays her serpent melody.<>"

[LEO "recites."

Mortals never learn from stories
How catastrophe becomes;
How above the victor's glories
In the trumpets and the drums {72}
And the cry of millions "Master!"
Looms the shadow of disaster.

Every hour a man hath said:
"That at least is scotched and dead."
Some one circumstance: "At last
That, and its effects, are past."
Some one terror --- subtle foe!
"I have laid that spectre low."

They know not, learn not, cannot calculate
How subtly Fate
Weaves its fine mesh, perceiving how to wait;
Or how accumulate
The trifles that shall make it master yet
Of the strong soul that bade itself forget.

["A dim red light dawns." BESZ "enters, leading four" PROBATIONERS "who bear the Pastos. They place it before the altar."]

ARIES. What is this offering?

BESZ. The eater of Flesh is my name.

ARIES. Oh, our Lord, our Lord! Arise in thy might, and let thine enemies be scattered!

[ARIES "and" LEO "draw veil. The throne has been cast down. On the black veil is a great red cross, whereon" SOL "has been crucified. Before him stands" SATAN-TYPHON "in the sign of Apophis and Typhon."]

[Aries "and" LEO "fall as if slain." SCORPIO-APOPHIS "plays her murder melody.<>"

["Meanwhile the" PROBATIONERS "advance and under the direction of Typhon, who stabs" SOL "in the proper manner with the spear of" Sol, "take down" SOL from the cross and lay him in the Pastos. They cover it." BESZ "does his brutal demoniac dance upon the lid of the coffin." {73} "Exeunt" OMNIS "exc." SOL. "This ends in complete darkness. Silence. There is a flash of light, and the stage is shewn empty. Only a glimmer remains. Now" SCORPIO-APOPHIS "steals on to the stage, and plays a low secret melody.<> The red lights increase.

She uncovers and embraces the corpse. Then covers it again, goes to the throne, and instals herself thereon. The green light dawns and glows brighter and brighter, as the red light dwindles and goes out."]

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. 7777777.

["The" PROBATIONERS "and other officers enter, erect."]

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. Children, array yourselves before me, and worship at my feet.

ARIES. Our Lord is slain. And who art thou that hast assumed His Throne?

LEO. Our Lord is slain. And who art thou that hast assumed His Throne?

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. I am the Mother of the Gods and the Sister of Time and the Daughter of Space. I am Nature that holdeth sway when the effort of man is exhausted. Brother Leo, I am the goddess that cometh forth riding upon the Lion. Behold! I strike thee with my wand, and inspire thee.

I command thee to declare me unto the multitude.

LEO.

Lo! in the interstellar space of night
Clothed with deep darkness, the majestic spaces
Abide the dawn of deity and light,
Vibrate before the passionless pale faces {74}
Shrined in exceeding glory, eremite.

The tortoise skies in sombre carapaces
Await the expression and the hour of birth
In silence through the adamantine girth.

I rose in glory, gathered of the foam.
The sea's flower folded, charioting me risen
Where dawns rose stole from its pearl-glimmering home,
And heaven laughed, and earth: and mine old prison,
The seas that lay beneath the mighty dome,
Shone with my splendour. Light did first bedizen
Earth with its clusters of fiery dew and spray,
When I looked forth and cried, "It is the day!"

The stars are dewdrops on my bosom's space;
The sun and moon are glances through my lashes,
Long, tender rays of night; my subtle face
Burns through the sky-dusk, lightens, fills, and flashes
With solemn joy and laughter of love; the grace
Of all my body swaying stoops and dashes
Swift to the daisy's dawn of love: and swiftest,
O spirit of man, when unto me thou liftest!

Dawn shakes the molten fire of my delight
From the fine flower and fragrance of my tresses!
Sunset bids darken all my body's light,
Mixing its music with the sad caresses
Of the whole world: I wheel in wingless flight
Through lampless space, the starless wildernesses!
Beyond the universal bounds that roll,
There is the shrine and image of my soul.

I am Nature and God: I reign, I am, alone.
None other may abide apart: they perish,
Drawn into me, into my being grown.
None other bosom is, to bear, to nourish,
To be: the heart of all beneath my zone
Of blue and gold is scarlet-bright to cherish
My own life's being, that is, and is not other;
For I am God and Nature and thy Mother. {75}

I am the thousand-breasted milky spouse,
Virginal also: Tartarus and Gaia
Twinned in my womb, and Chaos from my brows
Shrank back abashed, my sister dark and dire,
Mother of Erebus and Night, that ploughs
With starry-sandalled feet the fields of fire;

My sister shrank and fell, the infernal gloom
Changed to the hot sweet shadow of my womb.

I am: that darkness strange and uterine
Is shot with dawn and scented with the rose;
The deep dim prison-house of corn and wine,
Flowers, children, stars, with flame far subtler glows
Formless, all-piercing, death-defying, divine,
A sweet frail lamp whose shadow gleams and shows
No darkness, is as light is where its rays
Cross, interweave, and marry with the day's!

I am: the heart that flames from central Me,
Seeks out all life, and takes again, to mingle
Its passion with my might and majesty,
Till the vast floods of the man's being tingle
And glow, self-lost within my soul and sea
Of love, the sun of utter light, and single
Keen many-veined heart: our lips and kisses
Marry and muse on our immortal blisses.

I am: the greatest and the least: the sole
And separate life of things. The mighty stresses
Of worlds are my nerves twitching. Branch and bole
Of forests waving in deep wildernesses
Are hairs upon my body. Rivers roll
To make one tear in my superb caresses,
When on myself myself begets a child,
A system of a thousand planets piled!

I am: the least, the greatest: the frail life
Of some small coral-insect still may tremble
With love for me, and call me queen and wife;
The shy plant of the water may dissemble {76}
Its love beneath the fronds; reply to strife
With strife, and all its tiny being crumble
Under my rough and warrior husband-kiss,
Whose pain shall burn, and alter, and be bliss!

I am: no word beside that solemn one
Reigns in sound's kingdom to express my station,
Who, clothed and crowned with suns beyond the sun,
Bear on the mighty breast of foam Thalassian,
Bear on my bosom, jutting plenilune,
Maiden, the fadeless Rose of the Creation!
The whole flower-life of earth and sky and sea

From me was born, and shall return to me!

I am: for men and beings passionate,
For mine own self calm as the river-cleaving
Lotus-borne lord of Silence: I create
Or discreate, both in my bosom heaving:
My lightest look is mother of a Fate:
My fingers sapphire-ringed with sky are weaving
Ever new flowers and lawns of life, designed
Nobler and newer in mine older mind.

I am: I am not, but all-changing move
The worlds evolving in a golden ladder,
Spiral or helical, fresh gusts of love
Filling one sphere from the last sphere grown gladder;
All gateways leading far to the above.
Even as the bright coils of the emerald adder
Climb one by one in glory of sunlight, climb
My children to me up the steep of Time.

I am: before me all the years are dead,
And all the fiery locks of sunrise woven
Into the gold and scarlet of my head:
In me all skies and seas are shaken and cloven:
All life and light and love about me shed,
Begotten in me, in my moving moven,
Are as my tears: all worlds that ever swam
As dew of kisses on my lips: I am. {77}

["She draws" LEO "up to her. The others kneel in adoration." SCORPIO-
APOPHIS "plays her soft voluptuous melody.<>"]

ARIES. Brother Leo, what is the hour?

LEO. The evening star is arisen.

ARIES. The sacrifice is accomplished.

LEO. What is the sacrifice?

ARIES. Man.

LEO. Who is the priestess?

ARIES. Woman.

LEO. Unto what God?

ARIES. It is hidden from me.

LEO. Let every man depart unto his house.

ARIES. 1-333-1-1. LEO. 1-333-1-1. SCORPIO-APOPHIS. 1-1-333-1.

THE RITE OF VENUS

THE OFFICERS

VENUS. "Blue Robe."
TAURUS. "Orange Robe."
LIBRA. "Green Robe."
PISCES. "Crimson Robe."
LUNA IN TAURUS. "Silver Robe."
SATURN IN LIBRA. "Black Robe."

"No officer has any weapon. Venus is throned, and on her right are Libra and Saturn in Libra, on her left Taurus and Luna in Taurus, while at her feet lies Pisces. Her throne is an oyster-shell, as in the picture by Botticelli. Before it a veil. Without, an altar; and without the temple, a further veil."

THE RITE OF VENUS

PRELUDE

"Full light." VENUS, "seated before altar," LIBRA "and" TAURUS "at its sides."

VENUS. 7777777.

LIBRA. 7777777.

TAURUS. 7777777.

VENUS. Brother Libra, I command thee to declare the Secret of Venus.

LIBRA. "recites Swinburne's "Hertha. ["All present recline and sleep."]

VENUS. Having ears they hear not. Brothers Taurus and Libra, let the veil be drawn. ["They do so."

PART I

["Twilight." VENUS "is enthroned on high, swathed in masses of red hair and roses. The altar is covered with roses; there is a small flame thereon."]

TAURUS "and" LIBRA "draw the inner veil apart." LIBRA "returns and kneels."

LIBRA.

Daughter of Glory, child
Of Earth's Dione mild
By the Father of all, the AEgis-bearing King! {83}
Spouse, daughter, mother of God,
Queen of the blest abode
In Cyprus' splendour singly glittering.
Sweet sister unto me,
I cry aloud to thee!
I laugh upon thee laughing, O dew caught up from sea!

Drawn by sharp sparrow and dove,
And swan's wide plumes of love,
And all the swallow's swifter vehemence,
And, subtler than the Sphinx,
The ineffable iynx

Heralds thy splendour swooning into sense,
When from the bluest bowers
And greenest-hearted hours
Of Heaven thou smil'st toward earth, a miracle of flowers!

Down to the loveless sea
Where lay Persephone
Violate, where the shade of earth is black,
Crystalline out of space
Flames the immortal face!
The glory of the comet-tailed track
Blinds all black earth with tears.
Silence awakes and hears
The music of thy moving come over the starry spheres.

Wrapped in rose, green, and gold,
Blues many and manifold,
A cloud of incense hides thy splendour of light;
Hides from the prayer's distress
Thy loftier loveliness,
Till thy veil's glory shrouds the earth from night;
And silence speaks indeed,
Seeing the subtler speed
Of its own thought than speech of the Pandean reed!

[LIBRA "returns." {84}

VENUS. 7777777.

SATURN. Amen.

VENUS. 333-1-333.

SATURN. Amen.

VENUS. 1-55555-1.

LIBRA "and" PISCES. Amen.

VENUS. Brother Saturn, what is the hour?

SATURN. Twilight.

VENUS. Sister Pisces, from whose house are we come out?

PISCES. From the House of Death.

VENUS. Brother Taurus, what is stronger than death?

TAURUS. Love.

VENUS. Brother Libra, what is the place?

LIBRA. The Mountain of Venus, that hangeth from the navel of the Universe
over the Great Abyss.

VENUS. Let us celebrate the Rite of Venus.

[LUNA "plays a waltz tune. The" PROBATIONERS "dance together."]

VENUS. Children of Love, what is the hour?

ALL. ["A confused murmur."] It is the hour of love.

[ALL "sink down together. The lights go out. A long pause."] {85}

PART II

VENUS. ("Awakening.") 333-1-333.

["Venus is brilliantly illuminated; the rest remain dark."

VENUS. Little brother, what is the hour?

PISCES. The dawn is at hand.

VENUS. Little brother, what is the place?

TAURUS. It is the holy mountain of our Lady Venus.

VENUS. Children, awake and rejoice.

LIBRA. Awake and rejoice.

PISCES. How shall we rejoice?

TAURUS. As our Lady hath appointed.

LIBRA. As you like it.

PISCES. Wherein shall we rejoice?

TAURUS. In our Lady Venus.

LIBRA. In what you will.

TAURUS. Thy will, our lady, and not ours be done!

PISCES. Mistress, let the adorations be performed!

LIBRA. Children, array yourselves before me, and rejoice in the adorations
of my beauty.

["They form, each with his partner." LIBRA "disappears behind veil."

TAURUS "recites invocation."]

TAURUS.

Salutation to Hathor, holy cow in the pastures of Evening.

Salutation to Hathor, in the Mountain of the West; in the land of perfect
Peace, Salutation. {86}

A devouring fire is thy soul, and the corpses of the dead are enkindled at thy
breath.

Salutation to Hathor, the child of Isis and of Nephthys!

Salutation to Hathor, the bride of Apis, of Apis that hath the beetle upon his
tongue!

A devouring fire is thy soul, and the corpses of the dead are enkindled at thy
breath.

Salutation to Hathor, whose necklace is of the Souls of the blessed ones of
Amennti.

Salutation to Hathor, whose girdle is of the Souls of the blessed ones of Seb!
Salutation to Hathor, whose sandals are of the Souls of the blessed ones of
Nu!

A devouring fire is thy soul, and the corpses of the dead are enkindled at thy
breath.

["Returns to his throne."

VENUS. Brother Libra, art thou silent?

["A pause."

Brother Libra, where art thou?

LIBRA, "still hidden, recites from Swinburne's "Atalanta."

We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair; thou art goodly, O Love;
Thy wings make light in the air as the wings of a dove, "etc."
... Famine, and blighting of corn,
When thy time was come to be born.

[LIBRA "appears and confronts her."

All these we know of; but thee
Who shall discern or declare? "etc."
... Wilt thou utterly bring to an end?
Have mercy, mother!

VENUS. Nay, brother, thou art the chiefest of my chosen.

LIBRA. Alas.

VENUS. Yea, brother: in the end all turn to me, and all return to me.

Isis am I, and from my life are fed
All showers and suns, all moons that wax and wane;
All stars and streams, the living and the dead,
The mystery of pleasure and of pain. {87}
I am the mother! I the speaking sea!
I am the earth and its fertility!
Life, death, love, hatred, light, darkness, return to me ---
To me!

Hathoor am I, and to my beauty drawn
All glories of the Universe bow down,
The blossom and the mountain and the dawn,
Fruit's blush, and woman, our creations's crown.
I am the priest, the sacrifice, the shrine,
I am the love and life of the divine!
Life, death, love, hatred, light, darkness are surely mine ---
Are mine!

Venus am I, the love and light of earth,
The wealth of kisses, the delight of tears,

The barren pleasure never come to birth,
The endless, infinite desire of years.
I am the shrine at which thy long desire
Devoured thee with intolerable fire.
I was song, music, passion, death, upon thy lyre ---
Thy lyre!

I am the Grail and I the Glory now:
I am the flame and fuel of thy breast;
I am the star of God upon thy brow;
I am thy queen, enraptured and possessed.
Hide thee, sweet river; welcome to the sea,
Ocean of love that shall encompass thee!
Life, death, love, hatred, light, darkness, return to me ---
To me!

[PISCES "performs a sleepy sinuous dance by herself, and returns to Venus'
throne lapsed into herself, and as if exhausted."]

Rise, rise, my knight! My king! My love, arise!
See the grave avenues of Paradise,
The dewy larches bending at my breath,
Portentous cedars prophesying death! {88}

["She is interrupted by the Violin of the throned" LUNA, "who plays her
unutterable melody.<>" PISCES "manifests
distress."

VENUS. Brother Libra, what is this song?

LIBRA

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside a helm conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float ever, for ever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses!
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the Ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound.

Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
In music's most serene dominions;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.

And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But by the instinct of sweet music driven;
Till through Elysian garden islets
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
Where never mortal pinnacle glided,
The boat of my desire is guided;
Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds and on the waves doth move,
Harmonising this earth with what we feel above.

We have past Age's icy caves,
And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
And Youth's Smooth ocean, smiling to betray:
Beyond the glassy gulphs we flee {89}
Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
Through Death and Birth, to a diviner day;
A paradise of vaulted bowers,
Lit by downward-gazing flowers,
And watery paths that wind between
Wildernesses calm and green,
Peopled by shapes too bright to see,
And rest, having beheld; somewhat like thee;
Which walk upon the sea, and chant melodiously!

[VENUS "manifests distress." PISCES "slips away to the throne of" LUNA.]

[LUNA "plays her conquering melody.<>"

VENUS. Oh! Oh!

LIBRA. Holier than pleasure is pain; nobler is abstinence than indulgence;
from sloth and faith we turn to toil and science; from the tame victories of
the body to the wild triumphs of the mind.

VENUS. It is the ruin of the temple.

LIBRA. For from thee cometh the Utterance of the Present; but of the
Future no word.

VENUS. And thou wilt?

LIBRA. The Word.

[SATURN "comes out and dances his dance, and falls, clasping the hem of"

LIBRA'S "robe."]

VENUS. Who is this? These are not my dances; these footsteps tread not my
measures; not me he worships by the paces and pauses of his feet!

[LUNA "plays a wild and horrible melody.<>"

[SATURN" drags" LIBRA "backwards into the dusk."

["The" PROBATIONERS "group similarly;" MARS "with" MARS "and" VENUS "with"

VENUS. Some, too, stand isolated.] {90}

VENUS. Brother Taurus, art thou faithful, thou alone?

TAURUS. ["Seductively yet ironically."] Knowest thou not me?

VENUS. Yea, my beloved, Lord of all my doves.
 TAURUS. Venus, our Lady!
 VENUS. Come unto me!
 ["She half rises and draws him to her."
 TAURUS. Within the veil?
 VENUS. There is no veil before my shrine!
 ["She unfastens his robe. As it falls he leaps up with the Caduceus, as"
 MERCURY, "and tramples her beneath his feet."
 TAURUS. In the Beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God; and the
 Word was God!
 ["All come forward;" SATURN "with" LIBRA "linked;" LUNA "and" PISCES
 "linked; and bow to him."
 LUNA. The Treason is accomplished.
 PISCES. The mind is nobler than the body.
 SATURN. Friendship is holier than love.
 LIBRA. Nature is overcome by wit.
 PISCES. How shall we adore thee?
 TAURUS. As you like it.
 SATURN. What shall we sacrifice?
 TAURUS. What you will.
 [LUNA "plays a moto perpetuo,<>" ALL, "bowing in
 adoration to" MERCURY.]
 LIBRA. Brother, what is the hour?
 PISCES. Dawn.
 LIBRA. Let us depart unto the work of the day.
 ALL. Amen. {91}

THE RITE OF MERCURY

OFFICERS

MERCURY. "Violet Robe."
FR. "and" SOR. GEMINI. "White Dancing Robe and Black Robe."
VIRGO. "Green Robe."
FOUR PROBATIONERS.

"Mercury is throned between the Twins. At the west of the Altar is Virgo, and
his four attendants."

{95}

THE RITE OF MERCURY

I

MERCURY. 22-333-333. ["Full light."
The Speech in the Silence.
The Words against the Son of Night.
The Voice of Mercury in the Universe in the Presence of the Eternal Gods.
The Formulas of Knowledge.
The Wisdom of Breath.
The Radix of Vibration.
The Shaking of the Invisible.
The Rolling Asunder of the Darkness.
The Becoming Visible of Matter.
The Piercing of the Coils of the Stooping Dragon.
The Breaking Forth of the Light.
["All being seated, the" FOUR PROBATIONERS "rise from among the other"

PROBATIONERS "and march to the altar."]

FIRST PROBATIONER. 333-333-22. Brethren, let us kindle the holy perfumes in honour of the most divine God.

ALL FOUR PROBATIONERS. ["While he does so."] Hail unto the most divine Lord Mercury!

FIRST PROBATIONER. ["To" FR. GEMINI] Our Brother, child {97} of the Voice, we ask Thee for thy help. Wilt thou purify the Temple, that we may proceed with the invocations?

FR. GEMINI. I am one with you, Brethren!

["He rises and performs the Banishing Ritual of the Hexagram. While he does so, the" FOUR PROBATIONERS "stand facing the assembly."]

FR. GEMINI. Let the rites of Mercury be celebrated.

["They turn round, facing the altar again."]

[MERCURY "reads Gemini and Virgo sections from" 963 "at altar."]

["The big lights are put out; only a small purple light remains."]

FIRST PROBATIONER. O Thou Lord of Harmony! Master of the Right Will, Thou who hast brought unto us the divine seeds of self-knowledge --- we, the humble Servants of the children of Thy voice, we call on Thee to lead us out of our Ignorance!

CHORUS OF THREE OTHER PROBATIONERS. We call Thee, O Thrice Holy!

FIRST PROBATIONER. O Thou, Divine Worker! Master of all that is Divine! Herald of all that is coming! Builder of our House! Holy art Thou, Thou that knowest the Supreme Mysteries!

CHORUS. We call Thee, O Thrice Holy!

FIRST PROBATIONER. O Thou, All Good, we call Thee!

VIRGO. 1. ["Rising."] Not Good alone, Brethren! But all complete in the perfect Equilibrium.

FR. GEMINI. Ay, The Balance must be kept even. Sister, let us invoke the Lord of Knowledge!

VIRGO. He gave unto you, children of His Voice, the {98} Power of the making of fair things. Sing ye unto your Shepherd!

FR. GEMINI. ["Rises and stands before" MERCURY.] O Spirit, O Divine Messenger, Mighty One, most mighty circling and all comprehending Divine Bearer of the Wand, hail! Coelestial, aethereal, inter-aethereal, water like, air like, fire like, earth like, like unto light, like unto darkness, shining as do the Stars, moist, hot, cold Spirit, hail to Thee, ever laughing Child-God, all-knowing. Through Thee alone can we hope to reach Light and Truth.

["Returns to his seat."]

[SOR. GEMINI "plays accordingly.<>"]

["A short pause."]

MERCURY. At the Ending of the Light,
At the Limits of the Night,
Stood Mercury before the Unborn ones of Time.
Then was formulated the Universe;
Then came forth the Gods thereof,

The aeons of the Bornless Beyond.
Then was the Voice vibrated;
Then was the Name declared.
At the Threshold of Entrance,
Between the Universe and the Infinite,
In the Sign of the Enterer
Stood Mercury, as before him
The aeons were proclaimed.
In Symbols did he record them;
In Breath did he vibrate them;
For between the Light and the Darkness did he
stand. {99}

II

"The Temple in Darkness"

MERCURY.

O Light in Light! O flashing wings of fire!
The swiftest of the moments of the sea
Is unto thee
Even as some slow-foot Eternity
With limbs that drag and wheels that tire.
O subtle-minded flame of amber gyre,
It seems a spark of gold
Grown purple, and behold!
A flame of gray!
Then the dark night-wings glow
With iridescent indigo,
Shot with some violet ray;
And all the vision flames across the horizon
The millionth of no time --- and when we say:
Hail! --- Thou art gone!

The Moon is dark beside thy crown; the Sun
Seems a pale image of thy body bare;
And for thine hair
Flash comets lustrous with the dewfall rare
Of tears of that most memorable One,

The radiant Queen, the veiled Paphian.
The wings of light divine
Beneath thy body shine;
The invisible
Rayed with some tangible flame,
Seeking to formulate a name, {100}
A citadel;
And the winged heels are fiery with enormous speed,
One spurning heaven; the other trampling hell;
And thou --- recede!

O Hermes! Messenger of inmost thought!
Descend! Abide! Swift coursing in my veins
Shoot dazzling pains,
The Word of Selfhood integrate of Nought,
The ineffable Amen! the Wonder wrought.
Bring death if life exceed!
Bid thy pale Hermit bleed,
Yet life exude;
And Wisdom and the Word of Him
Drench the mute mind grown dim
With quietude!
Fix thy sharp lightnings in my night! My spirit free!
Mix with my breath and life and name thy mood
And self of Thee.
[SOR. GEMINI "plays accordingly.<>"
["A short pause."]

FR. GEMINI. Master, be it thy pleasure to perform the Invocation of Mercury.

["All" PROBATIONERS "rise and join the four others in front of the altar."]

MERCURY. ["Leaves throne."] Majesty of the Godhead, Wisdom-crowned Thoth,
Lord of the Gates of the Universe: Thee, Thee we invoke!

O Thou of the Ibis head: Thee, Thee we invoke!

Thou who wieldest the Wand of Double Power: Thee, Thee we invoke!

Thou who bearest in Thy left hand the Rose and Cross of Light and life:
Thee, Thee we invoke!

O Thou whose head is as an Emerald, and Thy Nemyss {101} as the night sky-blue!
Thou whose skin is of flaming orange, as though it burned in a furnace:
Thee, Thee we invoke!

Behold, I am yesterday, to-day, and the brother of The Morrow! I am born again and again. Mine is the unseen force from which the Gods are sprung; that giveth life unto the dwellers in the watch-towers of the universe.

I am the charioteer of the East, Lord of the Past and the Future. I see by mine own inward light; Lord of Resurrection, who cometh forth from the dusk, and whose birth is from the House of Death.

O ye two divine hawks upon your pinnacles, who keep watch over the Universe! Ye who company the bier unto the House of Rest. Ye who pilot the Ship of Ra, ever advancing onwards unto the heights of Heaven!
Lord of the Shrine which standeth in the centre of the Earth!

Behold He is in me and I in Him!
Mine is the radiance in which Ptah floateth over his firmament.
I travel upon high.
I tread upon the firmament of Nu.
I raise a flashing flame with the lightning of mine eye, ever rushing forward in the splendour of the daily glorified Ra, giving my life to the dwellers of Earth.

If I say "come up upon the mountains,"
The Celestial waters shall flow at my word;
For I am Ra incarnate,
Kephra created in the flesh! {102}
I am the image of my Father Tmu, Lord of the City of the Sun!
The God who commands is in my mouth;
The God of Wisdom is in my heart:
My tongue is the sanctuary of Truth:
And a God sitteth upon my lips!
My word is accomplished each day, and the desire of my heart realises itself, like that of Ptah when he creates his works.
I am Eternal; therefore everything acts according to my designs, and everything obeys my words.

Therefore I say unto Thee: come forth unto me from thine abode in the Silence, unutterable Wisdom, All-light, All-power! Thoth, Hermes, Mercury, Odin, by whatever name I call Thee, Thou art still un-named and nameless to Eternity! Come thou forth, I say, and aid and guard me in this Work of Art.

Thou, Star of the East that didst conduct the Magi! Thou art the same, all present in Heaven and in Hell. Thou that vibratest betwixt the Light and the Darkness. Rising, descending; changing ever, yet ever the same!
The Sun is Thy Father!
Thy Mother the Moon!
The Wind hath borne Thee in its bosom!
And Earth hath nourished the changeless Godhead of Thy Youth.
Come thou forth, I say, come Thou forth
And make all spirits subject unto me!
So that every spirit of the firmament, {103}
And of the Ether,
Of the Earth,
And under the Earth,
On dry land,

And in the Water,
Of whirling Air,
And of rushing Fire,
And every spell and scourge of God, may be obedient
unto Me!

["A pause."

[MERCURY "goes to his throne."

FR. GEMINI. 1. Brother Virgo, didst thou hear the Voice?

VIRGO. Ay, Brother.

FR. GEMINI. Tell me, Brother, is not Mercury a great God?

VIRGO. Indeed, Son of Maia, the greatest of all Gods that tread upon the
Milky Way.

FR. GEMINI. It is so.

SOR. GEMINI. Yet, Brother, there is the Sun-God!

VIRGO. Is not Mercury the Sun-God, when hidden during the Night, among the
souls of the dead? Hail unto Thee, Trismegistus, Hail unto thee!

SOR. GEMINI. Hail, O Sender of Dreams!

BR. GEMINI. Hail, O Supporter of Bacchus Infant!

MERCURY. Hail, Twins!

FIRST PROBATIONER. Thou art indeed the greatest of all Gods, O Mercury!

CHORUS. Hail, Mercury.

MERCURY. Yet, ye will betray me!

Bury me in a nameless grave!

I came from God the world to save,

I brought it wisdom from above, {104}

Worship, and liberty, and love.

So be my grave without a name

That earth may swallow up my shame!

[SOR. GEMINI "plays her saddest yet swiftest melody.<>"

["A pause."

VIRGO. O, who art Thou, most lovely form that killeth me with the pleasure
of Thy Vision?

MERCURY. I am thyself --- that which is of thyself and dependent upon
thyself.

VIRGO. Sister and Brother Gemini, kneel ye before the greatest of all
Gods.

FR. GEMINI. Alas, Brother! Is the Speech greater than the Silence?

VIRGO. 1. Brethren, kneel ye before the greatest of all Gods!

["None obey."

MERCURY. 1. Silence. ... Thou hast no followers, Brother.

SOR. GEMINI. Behold thine handmaiden! Where thou goest I will go; thy
people shall be my people and thy God my God! ["She walks to the throne."

MERCURY. Peace upon thee, beloved! ... But the Brethren say sooth. Even
Mercury liveth not for ever.

["He recites."

The light streams stronger through the lamps of sense.

Intelligence
Grows as we go. Alas: its icy glimmer
Shows dimmer, dimmer
The awful vaults we traverse. Were the sun
Himself the one
Glory of space, he would but illustrate
The night of Fate.
Are not the hosts of heaven in vain arrayed?
Their light dismayed {105}
Before the vast blind spaces of the sky?
O galaxy
Of thousands upon thousands closely curled,
Your golden world
Incalculably small, its closest cluster
Mere milky lustre
Staining the infinite darkness! Base and blind
Our minion mind
Seeks a great light, a light sufficient, light
Insufferably bright,
Hence hidden for an hour: imagining
This vast vain thing,
We call it God, and Father. Empty hand
And prayer unplanned
Stretched fatuous to the void. Ah! men my friends
What fury sends
This folly to intoxicate your hearts?
Dread air disparts
Your vital ways from these unsavoury follies;
Black melancholies
Sit straddled on your bended backs. The throne
Of the unknown
Is fit for children. We are too well ware
How vain is prayer,
How nought is great, since all is immanent
The vast content
Of all the universe unalterable.
We know too well
How no one thing abides awhile at all,
How all things fall,
Fall from their seat, the lamentable place,
Before their face,
Weary and pass and are no more. So we,
Since hope must be,
Look to the future, to the chance minute
That life may shoot
Some flower at least to blossom in the night,

Since vital light
 Is sure to fail us on the hideous way.
 What? Must we pray! {106}
 Verily, O thou littlest babe, too weak
 To stir or speak,
 Capable hardly of a thought, yet seed
 Of word and deed!
 To thine assured fruition we may trust
 This weary dust.
 We who are old, and palsied (and so wise!)
 Lift up our eyes
 To little children, as the storm-tossed bark
 Hails in the dark
 Some hardly visible harbour light; we hold
 The hours of gold
 To our own breasts, whose hours are iron and brass: ---
 So swift they pass
 And grind us down: --- we hold the wondrous light
 Our scattering sight
 Yet sees, the one star in a night of woe.
 We trust, and so
 Lift up our voices in the dying day
 Indeed to pray:
 O little hands that are so soft and strong,
 Lead us along!

[SOR. GEMINI "plays accordingly.<>"

["A pause."

FR. GEMINI. Brother Virgo, wilt thou not join us who love not Speech?

VIRGO. Hail unto Mercury. He killeth Sol at the close of every Twilight,
 and hangeth up the sky of Night on the Tree of Heaven, fastened up with the
 Star-headed nails.

MERCURY. Brother Gemini, do Thou perform the dance of thy Virginal Sister.

[FR. GEMINI "dances."

["At the end of his dance, he falls before the altar." SOROR GEMINI "and
 all" PROBATIONERS "circumambulate round him, then stop, facing"
 MERCURY.]

{107}

MERCURY. Come, Sister, no Divine Being can be reached, save through Me.

["He descends, and joins the" PROBATIONERS, "leading" SOROR GEMINI "by the
 hand."]

[VIRGO, "left now alone before the empty shrine of" MERCURY, "walks slowly in
 front of it."]

VIRGO. Hail unto the Lord Mercury!

["A pause, during which all" PROBATIONERS "bend their heads low." MERCURY
 stands apart with" SOR. GEMINI. VIRGO "stands still before the shrine,

{111}

THE RITE OF LUNA

"One reciteth "The Twelfefold Certitude of God," from" 963
"The veil is withdrawn."

CANCER. 333-333-333.
TAURUS. 333-333-333.
CANCER. 1. Brother Taurus, what is the hour?
TAURUS. Moonrise.
CANCER. 1. Brother Taurus, what is the place?
TAURUS. The Chapel of the Holy Graal.
CANCER. 1. What is my office?
TAURUS. Warden of the Graal.
CANCER. 1. What is my robe?
TAURUS. Chastity.
CANCER. 1. What is my weapon?
TAURUS. Vigilance.
CANCER. 1. Whom do we serve?
TAURUS. The Lady Artemis.
CANCER. 1. How many are her servants?
TAURUS. Nine.
CANCER. 1. Who are they?
TAURUS. Three for the dew; three for the rain; and three for the snow.
CANCER. 1. Who are the great Officers? {113}
TAURUS. Thyself, the Warden of the Holy Graal.
Myself, the Lord of the Bow.
A nymph, a satyr ---
PAN. 1. And Pan!
CANCER. Brother Pan, I command thee to honour our Lady Artemis.
TAURUS. Bear the Cup of Libation!
CANCER. 333-333-333.

[PAN" recites chorus from Swinburne's "Atalanta."

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces ...
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

TAURUS. The Goddess stirs not.
CANCER. Silence is the secret of our Lady Artemis.
PAN. Hath no man lifted her veil?
CANCER. No man hath lifted her veil.
TAURUS. Bear the Cup of Libation!
CANCER. 333-333-333. It is the hour of sealing up the shrine.
TAURUS. Let us banish the spirits of the elements.
["Performs the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram and returns."]
Bear the Cup of Libation!
CANCER. 333-333-333. Let us banish the spirits of the planets.
["Performs the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Hexagram and returns."]
CANCER. Bear the Cup of Libation!
PAN. 333-333-333. Let us banish the holy Emanations from the One, lest
our Lady's sleep be stirred.
["He banishes the Sephiroth by the appointed Ritual." {114}
Bear the Cup of Libation!
CANCER. 333-333-333. Brother Taurus, the shrine is well guarded.
TAURUS. The shrine is perfectly guarded.
SATYR. Bear the Cup of Libation!
CANCER. 333-333-333.
PAN.

Hear me, Lord of the Stars!
For thee I have worshipped ever
With stains and sorrows and scars,
With joyful, joyful endeavour.
Hear me, O lily-white goat!
O crisp as a thicket of Thorns,
With a collar of gold for Thy throat,
A scarlet bow for Thy horns!

Here, in the dusty air,
I build Thee a shrine of yew.
All green is the garland I wear,
But I feed it with blood for dew!
After the orange bars
That ribbed the green west dying
Are dead, O Lord of the Stars,
I come to Thee, come to Thee crying.

The ambrosial moon that arose
With breasts slow heaving in splendour
Drops wine from her infinite snows,
Ineffably, utterly, tender.
O moon! ambrosial moon!
Arise on my desert of sorrow,

That the magical eyes of me swoon
With lust of rain to-morrow!

Ages and ages ago
I stood on the bank of a river,
Holy and holy and holy, I know,
For ever and ever and ever! {115}
A priest in the mystical shrine,
I muttered a redeless rune,
Till the waters were redder than wine
In the blush of the harlot moon.

I and my brother priests
Worshipped a wonderful woman
With a body lithe as a beast's
Subtly, horribly human.
Deep in the pit of her eyes
I saw the image of death,
And I drew the water of sighs
From the well of her lullaby breath.

She sitteth veiled for ever,
Brooding over the waste.
She hath stirred or spoken never.
She is fiercely, manly chaste!
What madness make me awake
From the silence of utmost eld
The grey cold slime of the snake
That her poisonous body held?

By night I ravished a maid
From her father's camp to the cave.
I bared the beautiful blade:
I dipped her thrice i' the wave;
I slit her throat as a lamb's
That the fount of blood leapt high
With my clamorous dithyrambs,
Like a stain on the shield of the sky.

With blood and censer and song
I rent the mysterious veil:
My eyes gaze long and long
On the deep of that blissful bale.
My cold grey kisses awake
From the silence of utmost eld
The grey cold slime of the snake

That her beautiful body held. {116}

But --- God! I was not content
With the blasphemous secret of years;
The veil is hardly rent
While the eyes rain stones for tears.
So I clung to the lips and laughed
As the storms of death abated,
The storms of the grievous graft
By the swing of her soul unsated.

Wherefore reborn as I am
By a stream profane and foul,
In the reign of a Tortured Lamb,
In the realm of a sexless Owl,
I am set apart from the rest
By meed of the mystic rune
That reads in peril and pest
The ambrosial moon --- the moon!

For under the tawny star
That shines in the Bull above
I can rein the riotous car
Of galloping, galloping Love;
And straight to the steady ray
Of the Lion-heart Lord I career,
Pointing my flaming way
With the spasm of night for a spear!

O moon! O secret sweet!
Chalcedony clouds of caresses
About the flame of our feet,
The night of our terrible tresses!
Is it a wonder, then,
If the people are mad with blindness,
And nothing is stranger to men
Than silence, and wisdom, and kindness?

Nay! let him fashion an arrow
Whose heart is sober and stout!
Let him pierce his God to the marrow!
Let the soul of his God flow out! {117}
Whether a snake or a sun
In his horoscope Heaven hath cast,
It is nothing; every one
Shall win to the moon at last.

The mage has wrought by his art
A billion shapes in the sun.
Look through to the heart of his heart,
And the many are shapes of one!
An end to the art of the mage,
And the cold grey blank of the prison!
An end to the adamant age!
The ambrosial moon is arisen.

I have bought a lily-white goat
For the price of a crown of thorns,
A collar of gold for its throat,
A scarlet bow for its horns;
I have bought a lark in the lift
For the price of a butt of sherry:
With these, and God for a gift,
It needs no wine to be merry!

I have bought for a wafer of bread
A garden of poppies and clover;
For a water bitter and dead,
A foam of fire flowing over.
From the Lamb and his prison fare
And the Owl's blind stupor, arise!
Be ye wise, and strong, and fair,
And the nectar afloat in your eyes!

Arise, O ambrosial moon,
By the strong immemorial spell,
By the subtle veridical rune
That is mighty in heaven and hell!
Drip thy mystical dew
On the tongues of the tender fauns,
In the shade of initiate yews,
Remote from the desert dawns! {118}

Satyrs and Fauns, I call.
Bring your beauty to man!
I am the mate for ye all;
I am the passionate Pan.
Come, O come to the dance,
Leaping with wonderful whips,
Life on the stroke of a glance,
Death in the stroke of the lips!

I am hidden beyond,
Shed in a secret sinew,
Smitten through by the fond
Folly of wisdom in you!
Come, while the moon (the moon!)
Sheds her ambrosial splendour,
Reels in the redeless rune
Ineffably, utterly, tender!

Hark! the appealing cry
Of deadly hurt in the hollow: ---
Hyacinth! Hyacinth! Ay!
Smitten to death by Apollo.
Swift, O maiden moon,
Send thy ray-dews after;
Turn the dolorous tune
To soft ambiguous laughter!

Mourn, O Maenads, mourn!
Surely your comfort is over:
All we laugh at you lorn.
Ours are the poppies and clover!
O that mouth and eyes,
Mischievous, male, alluring!
O that twitch of the thighs,
Dorian past enduring!

Where is wisdom now!
Where the sage and his doubt?
Surely the sweat of the brow
Hath driven the demon out. {119}
Surely the scented sleep
That crowns the equal war
Is wiser than only to weep ---
To weep for evermore!

Now, at the crown of the year,
The decadent days of October,
I come to thee, God, without fear;
Pious, chaste, and sober.
I solemnly sacrifice
This first-fruit flower of wine
For a vehicle of thy vice,
As I am Thine to be mine.

For five in the year gone by

I pray thee give to me one;
A lover stronger than I,
A moon to swallow the sun!
May he be like a lily-white goat,
Crisp as a thicket of thorns,
With a collar of gold for this throat,
A scarlet bow for his horns!

CANCER. May our Lady Artemis be favourable!

TAURUS. May our Lady Artemis never be awakened!

[NYMPH "comes forward and dances her virginal dance."

PAN. Of what worth is the gold in the mine?

CANCER. Brother Pan, be silent.

NYMPH. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333.

PAN. ["Recites."

Mother of Light, and the Gods! Mother of Music awake!

Silence and Speech are at odds; Heaven and Hell are at stake.

By the Rose and the Cross I conjure; I constrain by the Snake and the
Sword;

I am he that is sworn to endure --- Bring us the word of the Lord!

By the brood of the Bysses of Brightening, whose God was my sire;

By the Lord of the Flame and the Lightning, the King of the Spirits of Fire;

{120}

By the Lord of the Waves and the Waters, the King of the Hosts of the Sea,
The fairest of all of whose daughters was mother to me;

By the Lord of the Winds and the Breezes, the King of the Spirits of Air,

In whose bosom the infinite ease is that cradled me there;

By the Lord of the Fields and the Mountains, the King of the Spirits of Earth
That nurtured my life at his fountains from the hour of my birth;

By the Wand and the Cup I conjure; by the Dagger and Disk I constrain;

I am he that is sworn to endure; make thy music again!

I am Lord of the Star and the Seal; I am Lord of the Snake and the Sword;

Reveal us the riddle, reveal! Bring us the word of the Lord;

As the flame of the sun, as the roar of the sea, as the storm of the air,

As the quake of the earth --- let it soar for a boon, for a bane, for a snare,

For a lure, for a light, for a kiss, for a rod, for a scourge, for a sword ---

Bring us thy burden of bliss --- Bring us the word of the Lord!

TAURUS. In vain thou askest speech from our Lady of Silence:

CANCER. Bear the Cup of Libation!

PAN. 333-333-333.

["Recites."

Roll through the caverns of matter, the world's irremovable bounds!
Roll, ye wild billows of ether! the Sistrion is shaken and sounds!
Wild and sonorous the clamour, vast in the region of death.
Live with the fire of the Spirit, the essence and flame of the breath!
Sound, O sound!

Gleam in the world of the dark, where the chained ones shall tremble and flee!
Gleam in the skies of the dusk, for the Light of the Dawn is in me!
Light on the forehead and life in the nostrils, and love in the breast,
Shine, O Thou Star of the Dawning, thou Sun of the Radiant Crest!
Shine, O shine!

Flame through the sky in the strength of the chariot-wheels of the Sun!
Flame, ye young fingers of light, on the west of the morning that run! {121}
Flame, O thou Meteor Car, for my fire is exalted in thee!
Lighten the darkness and herald the daylight, and waken the sea!
Flame, O flame!

Crown Her, O crown Her with stars as with flowers for a virginal gaud!
Crown Her, O crown Her with Light and the flame of the down-rushing Sword!
Crown Her, O crown Her with Love for maiden and mother and wife!
Hail unto Isis! Hail! For She is the Lady of Life!
Isis crowned!

CANCER. In vain thou invokest our Lady of the Moon!
TAURUS. Bear the Cup of Libation!
CANCER. 333-333-333.
PAN.

Must every star that saves the night
Gleam fearfully afar,
Give no man love, but only light,
Or cease to be a star?

Nay, there's no man since time began
Through the ages until now,
But won the goal of his set soul,
A star upon his brow!

Oh! though no star serene as thou
Shine in my night forlorn,
Come, let me set thee on my brow,
And make its darkness morn!

PAN. ["Rises."] Brother Satyr, scourge forth these that profane the
sanctuary of our Lady: for they know not the secret of the shrine.

[SATYR "dances the dance of the scourge, driving the officers down the stage, where they crouch."]

PAN. ["Goes to altar."] Brother Satyr, I command you to perform the dance of Syrinx and Pan, in honour of our Lady Artemis. {122}

SATYR. And in thine honour!

["He dances the dance and falls prostrate in the midst."]

PAN. ["Advancing to the Throne of Luna."]

Uncharmable charmer
Of Bacchus and Mars,
In the sounding rebounding
Abyss of the stars!
O virgin in armour,
Thine arrows unsling
In the brilliant resilient
First rays of the spring!

By the force of the fashion
Of love, when I broke
Through the shroud, through the cloud,
Through the storm, through the smoke,
To the mountain of passion
Volcanic that woke ---
By the rage of the mage
I invoke, I invoke!

By the midnight of madness,
The lone-lying sea,
The swoon of the moon,
Your swoon into me;
The sentinel sadness
Of cliff-clinging pine,
That night of delight
You were mine, you were mine!

Your were mine, O my saint,
My maiden, my mate,
By the might of the right
Of the night of our fate.
Though I fall, though I faint,
Though I char, though I choke,
By the hour of our power
I invoke, I invoke! {123}

By the mystical union
Of fairy and faun,

Unspoken, unbroken ---
The dusk to the dawn! ---
A secret communion,
Unmeasured, unsung,
The listless, resistless,
Tumultuous tongue! ---

O virgin in armour
Thine arrows unsling,
In the brilliant resilient
First rays of the sprint!
No Godhead could charm her,
But manhood awoke ---
O fiery Valkyrie,
I invoke, I invoke!

["He tears down the veil."
[LUNA "plays accordingly.<>"
["A long silence."

CANCER. 333-333-333.

TAURUS. 1. Brother Warden of the Graal, our task is ended.

CANCER. Let us depart, it is accomplished.

{124}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07000.html>

33 captures

24 Feb 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

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About this capture

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07002.html>

36 captures

12 Jan 2002 - 12 Aug 2025

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About this capture

EDITORIAL

It is with no light heart that I take the reins of the government of this magazine from the hand of our beloved Editor, Aleister Crowley, a reproduction of whose portrait by Augustus John faces this page.

For this Seventh Number of the EQUINOX is the most important that has hitherto appeared. It contains the Account of the Revelation made in Egypt to Frater P ... at The Equinox of the Gods, with facsimiles of Liber Legis and the Stele of Revealing, the base of all our Work.

Yet it behoves our Editor, our Brother, our Friend, and our Father, to enter upon that Magical Retirement which has been so wonderfully ushered in by our Seven Times Blessed Soror VIRAKAM.

And so let us leave Him, seated upon the Immortal Lily, his body fixed as the Earth, his Spirit freer and as boundless as the Air, his Soul a piercing Flame of Fire; what new wonder, what further Unveiling he may bring, let us not ask; let us await with that eager Scepticism which is his own unsullied sword.

* * * * *

Coincident with the retirement of Aleister Crowley, who always pays for everything, comes a rise in the price of this Magazine, to meet the great expense of the coloured plates and other illustrations, and the Great Hebrew Dictionary in No. VIII. {3}

* * * * *

The American market having absorbed nearly all unsold copies of back numbers, the price of all copies of Nos. I. and II. is advanced to one guinea, that of Nos. III.-VI. to half-a-guinea. There are still a few sets of the Edition de Luxe at ten guineas; single numbers, two guineas each. We shall be glad to buy saleably undamaged copies at a small discount on these prices.

* * * * *

FRATER PERDVRABO has now written a complete Illustrated Treatise on Mysticism and Magick at the request, and by the hand, of SOROR VIRAKAM. It is written to suit those who as yet know nothing of the subject. It will be published shortly at a popular price, under the title of BOOK FOUR.

MARY D'ESTE.

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07003.html>

37 captures

29 Sep 2001 - 12 Aug 2025

Feb AUG Sep

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2017 2025 2026

About this capture

LIBER B

VEL

MAGI

SVB FIGVRA

I

{5}

A ∴ A ∴ Publication in Class B.

Imprimatur:

N. Fra A ∴ A ∴

LIBER B

VEL MAGI

SVB FIGVRA I

00. One is the Magus: twain His forces; four His weapons. These are the Seven Spirits of Unrighteousness; seven vultures of evil. Thus is the art and craft of the Magus but glamour. How shall He destroy Himself?

0. Yet the Magus hath power upon the Mother both directly and through love. And the Magus is Love, and bindeth together That and This in His Conjunction.

1. In the beginning doth the Magus speak Truth, and send forth Illusion and Falsehood to enslave the soul. Yet therein is the Mystery of Redemption.

2. By his Wisdom made He the Worlds: the Word that is God is none other than He.

3. Now then shall He end His Speech with Silence? For He is Speech.

4. He is the First and the Last. How shall He cease to number Himself?

5. By a Magus is this writing made known through the mind of a Magister. The one uttereth clearly, and the other Understandeth; yet the Word is falsehood, and the Understanding darkness. And this saying is Of All Truth.{7}

6. Nevertheless it is written; for there be times of darkness, and this as a lamp therein.

7. With the Wand createth He.

8. With the Cup preserveth He.

9. With the Dagger destroyeth He.

10. With the Coin redeemeth He.

11. His weapons fulfil the wheel; and on What Axle that turneth is not known unto Him.

12. From all these actions must He cease before the curse of His Grade is uplifted from Him. Before He attain to That which existeth without Form.

13. And if at this time He be manifested upon earth as a Man, and therefore is this present writing, let this be His method, that the curse of His grade, and the burden of His attainment, be uplifted from Him.

14. Let Him beware of abstinence from action. For the curse of His grade is that he must speak Truth, that the Falsehood thereof may enslave the souls of men. Let Him then utter that without Fear, that the Law may be fulfilled. And according to His Original Nature will that law be shapen, so that one may declare gentleness and quietness, being an Hindu; and another fierceness and servility, being a Jew; and yet another ardour and manliness, being an Arab. Yet this matter toucheth the mystery of Incarnation, and is not here to be declared.

15. Now the grade of a Magister teacheth the Mystery of Sorrow, and the grade of a Magus the Mystery of Change, and the grade of Ipsissimus the Mystery of Selflessness, which is called also the Mystery of Pan.

16. Let the Magus then contemplate each in turn, raising {8} it to the ultimate power of Infinity. Wherein Sorrow is Joy, and Change is Stability, and Selflessness is Self. For the interplay of the parts hath no action upon the whole. And this contemplation shall be performed not by simple meditation --- how much less then by reason! but by the method which shall have been given unto Him in His initiation to the Grade.

17. Following which method, it shall be easy for Him to combine that trinity from its elements, and further to combine Sat-Chit-Ananda, and Light, Love, Life, three by three into nine that are one, in which meditation success shall be That which was first adumbrated to Him in the grade of Practicus (which reflecteth Mercury into the lowest world) in Liber XXVII, "Here is Nothing under its three forms."

18. And this is the Opening of the Grade of Ipsissimus, and by the Buddhists it is called the trance Nerodha-Samapatti.

19. And woe, woe, woe, yea woe, and again woe, woe, woe, unto seven times be His that preacheth not His law to men!

20. And woe also be unto Him that refuseth the curse of the grade of a Magus, and the burden of the Attainment thereof.

21. And in the word CHAOS let the book be sealed, yea, let the Book be sealed. {9}

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07004.html>

32 captures

29 Sep 2001 - 12 Aug 2025

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12

2021 2025 2026

About this capture

LIBER NV

SVB FIGVRA

XI

{11}

A ∴ A ∴

Publication in Class D

(for Winners of the Ordeal X.)

Imprimatur:

{three flags/axes meaning "Neteru"}...

V.V.V.V.V. ...

N. Fra A ∴ A ∴

O.M. 7 Degree = 4Square

LIBER NV

SVB FIGVRA XI

000. This is the Book of the Cult of the Infinite Without.

00. The Aspirant is Hadit. Nuit is the infinite expansion of the Rose; Hadit is the infinite concentration of the Rood. (Instruction of V.V.V.V.V.)

1. Worship, i.e. identify thyself with, the Khabs, the secret Light within the Heart. Within this, again, unextended, is Hadit.

This is the first practice of Meditation (ccxx. I. 6 and 21).

2. Adore and understand the Rim of the Stele of Revealing.

Above, the gemmed azure is
The naked splendour of Nuit;
She bends in ecstasy to kiss
The secret ardours of Hadit.

This is the first practice of intelligence (ccxx. I. 14).

3. Avoid any act of choice or discrimination

This is the first practice of Ethics (ccxx. I. 22). {13}

4. Consider of six and fifty that $50 \div 6 = 0.12$.

0 the circumference, Nuit.

. the centre, Hadit.

1 the unity proceeding, Ra-Hoor-Khuit.

2 the world of illusion.

Nuit thus comprehends All in None.

Also $50 + 6 = 56 = 5 + 6 + 11$, the key of all Rituals.

And $50 \times 6 = 300$, the Spirit of the Child within.

(Note N-digamma-iota-sigma= 72, the Shemhamphorash and the Quinaries of the Zodiac, etc.)

This is the second practice of Intelligence (ccxx. I. 24, 25).

5. The Result of this Practice is the Consciousness of the Continuity of Existence, the Omnipresence of the Body of Nuit. In other words, the Aspirant is conscious only of the Infinite Universe as a single Being. (Note for this the importance of Paragraph 3. ED.)

This is the first Indication of the Nature of the Result (ccxx. I. 26.)

6. Meditate upon Nuit as the Continuous One resolved into None and Two as the phases of her being. [For the Universe being self-contained must be capable of expression by the formula $n-n = 0$. For if not, let it be expressed by the formula $n-m = p$. That is, the Infinite moves otherwise than within itself, which is absurd. ED.]

This is the second practice of Meditation (ccxx. I. 27).

7. Meditate upon the facts of Samadhi on all planes, the liberation of heat in chemistry, joy in natural history, Ananda {14} in religion, when two things join to lose themselves in a third.

This is the third practice of Meditation (ccxx. I. 28, 29, 30).

8. Let the Aspirant pay utmost reverence to the Authority of the A ∴ A ∴ and follow Its instructions, and let him swear a great Oath of Devotion unto Nuit.

This is the second practice of Ethics (ccxx. I. 32).

9. Let the Aspirant beware of the slightest exercise of his will against another being.

Thus, lying is a better posture than sitting or standing, as it opposes less resistance to gravitation. Yet his first duty is to the force nearest and most potent; e.g. he may rise to greet a friend.

This is the third practice of Ethics (ccxx. I. 41).

10. Let the Aspirant exercise his will without the least consideration for any other being. This direction cannot be understood, much less accomplished, until the previous practice has been perfected.

This is the fourth practice of Ethics (ccxx. I. 42, 43, 44).

11. Let the Aspirant comprehend that these two practices are identical.
This is the third practice of Intelligence (ccxx. I. 45).

12. Let the Aspirant live the Life Beautiful and Pleasant. For this freedom hath he won.
But let each act, especially of love, be devoted wholly to his true mistress, Nuit.
This is the fifth practice of Ethics (ccxx. I. 51, 52, 61, 63).

13. Let the Aspirant yearn toward Nuit under the stars of Night, with a love directed by
his Magical Will, not merely proceeding from the heart.
This is the first practice of Magick Art (ccxx. I. 57). {15}

14. The Result of this Practice in the subsequent life of the Aspirant is to fill him with
unimaginable joys: to give him certainty concerning the nature of the phenomenon
called death; to give him peace unalterable, rest, and ecstasy.
This is the second Indication of the Nature of the Result (ccxx. I. 58).

15. Let the Aspirant prepare a perfume of resinous woods and gums, according to his
inspiration.
This is the second practice of Magick Art (ccxx. I. 59).

16. Let the Aspirant prepare a Pantacle, as follows.
Inscribe a circle within a Pentagram, upon a ground square or of such other convenient
shape as he may choose. Let the circle be scarlet, the Pentagram black, the ground
royal blue studded with golden stars.
Within the circle, at its centre, shall be painted a sigil that shall be revealed to the
Aspirant by Nuit Herself.
And this Pentacle shall serve for a Telismatic Image, or as an Eidolon, or as a Focus for
the mind.
This is the third practice of Magick Art (ccxx. I. 60).

17. Let the Aspirant find a lonely place, if possible a place in the Desert of Sand, or if
not, a place unfrequented, and without objects to disturb the view. Such are moorlands,
fens, the open sea, broad rivers, and open fields. Also, and especially, the summits of
mountains.
There let him invoke the Goddess as he hath Wisdom and Understanding so to do. But
let this Invocation be that of a pure heart, i.e. a heart wholly devoted to Her, and let him
remember that it is Hadit Himself in the most secret place thereof that invoketh. Then let
this serpent Hadit burst into flame. {16}
This is the forth practice of Magick Art (ccxx. i. 61).

18. Then shall the Aspirant come a little to lie in Her bosom.
This is the third Indication of the Nature of the Result (ccxx. I. 61).

19. Let the Aspirant stand upon the edge of a precipice in act or in imagination. And let
him imagine and suffer the fear of falling.
Next let him imagine with this aid that the Earth is falling, and he with it, or he from it;

and considering the infinity of space, let him excite the fear within him to the point of ecstasy, so that the most dreadful dream of falling that he hath ever suffered be as nothing in comparison.

This is the fourth practice of Meditation. (Instruction of V.V.V.V.V.)

20. Thus having understood the nature of this Third Indication, let him in his Magick Rite fall from himself into Nuit, or expand into Her, as his imagination may compel him. And at that moment, desiring earnestly the Kiss of Nuit, let him give one particle of dust, "i.e." let Hadit give himself up utterly to Her.

This is the fifth practice of Magick Art (ccxx. l. 61).

21. Then shall he lose all in that hour.

This is the fourth Indication of the Nature of the Result (ccxx. l. 61).

22. Let the Aspirant prepare a lovesong of rapture unto the Goddess, or let him be inspired by Her unto this.

This is the sixth practice of Magick Art (ccxx. 63).

23. Let the Aspirant be clad in a single robe. An {17} "abbai" of scarlet wrought with gold is most suitable. (The abbai is not unlike the Japanese Kimono. It must fold simply over the breast without belt or other fastening. ED.)

This is the seventh practice of Magick Art (ccxx. l. 61).

24. Let the Aspirant wear a rich head-dress. A crown of gold adorned with sapphires or diamonds with a royal blue cap of maintenance, or nemmes, is most suitable.

This is the eighth practice of Magick Art (ccxx. l. 61).

25. Let the Aspirant wear many jewels such as he may possess.

This is the ninth practice of Magical Art (ccxx. l. 63).

26. Let the Aspirant prepare an Elixir or libation as he may have wit to do.

This is the tenth practice of Magick Art (ccxx. l. 63).

27. Let the Aspirant invoke, lying supine, his robe spread out as it were a carpet.

This is the eleventh practice of Magical Art. (Instruction of V.V.V.V.V.)

28. Summary. Preliminaries.

These are the necessary possessions.

The Crown or head-dress.

The Jewels.

The Pantacle.

The Robe.

The Song or Incantation.

The Place of Invocation.

The Perfume.

The Elixir. {18}

29. Summary continued. Preliminaries.

These are the necessary comprehensions.

The Natures of Nuit and Hadit, and their relation.

The Mystery of the Individual Will.

30. Summary continued. Preliminaries.

These are the meditations necessary to be accomplished.

The discovery of Hadit in the Aspirant, and identification with him.

The continuous One.

The value of the Equation $n + (-n)$.

Cremnophobia.

31. Summary continued. Preliminaries.

These are the Ethical Practices to be accomplished.

Assertion of Kether-point-of-view.

Reverence to the Order.

Abolition of human will.

Exercise of true will.

Devotion to Nuit throughout a beautified life.

32. Summary continued. The Actual Rite.

Retire to desert with crown and other insignia and implements.

Burn perfume.

Chant incantation.

Drink unto Nuit of the Elixir.

Lying supine, with eyes fixed on the stars, practice the sensation of falling into nothingness.

Being actually within the bosom of Nuit, let Hadit surrender Himself. {19}

33. Summary concluded. The Results.

Expansion of consciousness to that of the Infinite.

Loss of all the highest mystical attainment.

True Wisdom and Perfect Happiness.

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<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07005.html>

31 captures

01 Oct 2001 - 12 Aug 2025

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2022 2023 2024

About this capture

LIBER ISRAFEL

SVB FIGVRA

LXIV

{21}

A ∴ A ∴

Publication in Class B.

Imprimatur:

N. Fra A ∴ A ∴

LIBER ISRAFEL

SVB FIGVRA LXIV

[This book was formerly called "Anubis," and is referred to the 20th key, "The Angel."]

0. The Temple being in darkness, and the Speaker ascended into his place let him begin by a ritual of the Enterer, as followeth.

1. HB:Vau Priocul, O procul este profani.

2. Bahlasti! Ompehda!

3. In the name of the Mighty and Terrible One, I proclaim that I have banished the Shells unto their habitations.

4. I invoke Tahuti, the Lord of Wisdom and of Utterance, the God that cometh forth from the Veil.

5. O Thou! Majesty of Godhead! Wisdom-crowned Tahuti! Lord of the Gates of the Universe! Thee, Thee, I invoke.

O Thou of the Ibis Head! Thee, Thee I invoke.

Thou who wieldest the Wand of Double Power! Thee, Thee I invoke!

Thou who bearest in Thy left hand the Rose and Cross of Light and Life: Thee, Thee, I invoke.

Thou, whose head is as an emerald, and Thy nemmes as the night-sky blue! Thee, Thee I invoke. {23}

Thou, whose skin is of flaming orange as though it burned in a furnace! Thee, Thee I invoke.

6. Behold! I am Yesterday, To-Day, and the Brother of To-Morrow!

I am born again and and again.

Mine is the Unseen Force, whereof the Gods are sprung! Which is as Life unto the Dwellers in the Watch-Towers of the Universe.

I am the Charioteer of the East, Lord of the Past and of the Future.

I see by mine own inward light: Lord of Resurrection; Who cometh forth from the Dusk,

and my birth is from the House of Death.

7. O ye two Divine Hawks upon your Pinnacles!
Who keep watch over the Universe!
Ye who company the Bier to the House of Rest!
Who pilot the Ship of Ra advancing onwards to the heights of heaven!
Lord of the Shrine which standeth in the Centre of the Earth!

8. Behold, He is in me, and I in Him!
Mine is the Radiance, wherein Ptah floatheth over the firmament!
I travel upon high!
I tread upon the firmament of Nu!
I raise a flashing flame, with the lightning of Mine Eye!
Ever rushing on, in the splendour of the daily glorified Ra: giving my life to the Dwellers of Earth.

9. If I say "Come up upon the mountains!" the Celestial Waters shall flow at my Word.
{24}
For I am Ra incarnate!
Kephra created in the Flesh!
I am the Eidolon of my father Tmu, Lord of the City of the Sun!

10. The God who commands is in my mouth!
The God of Wisdom is in my Heart!
My tongue is the Sanctuary of Truth!
And a God sitteth upon my lips.

11. My Word is accomplished every day!
And the desire of my heart realises itself, as that of Ptah when He createth!
I am Eternal; therefore all things are as my designs; therefore do all things obey my Word.

12. Therefore do Thou come forth unto me from Thine abode in the Silence: Unutterable Wisdom! All-Light! All-Power!
Thoth! Hermes! Mercury! Odin!
By whatever name I call Thee, Thou art still nameless to Eternity:. Come Thou forth, I say, and aid and guard me in this work of Art.

13. Thou, Star of the East, that didst conduct the Magi!
Thou art The Same all-present in Heaven and in Hell!
Thou that vibratest between the Light and the Darkness!
Rising, descending! Changing ever, yet ever The Same!
The Sun is Thy Father!
Thy Mother is the Moon! {25}
The Wind hath borne Thee in its bosom: and Earth hath ever nourished the changeless Godhead of Thy Youth!

14. Come Thou forth, I say, come Thou forth!
And make all Spirits subject unto Me:
So that every Spirit of the Firmament
And of the Ether.
And of the Earth.
And under the Earth.
On dry land
And in the Water.
Of whirling Air
And of rushing Fire.
And every Spell and Scourge of God the Vast One, may be obedient unto Me!

15. I invoke the priestess of the Silver Star, Asi the Curved One, by the ritual of Silence.

16. I make open the gate of Bliss; I descend from the Palace of the Stars; I greet you, I embrace you, O children of Earth, that are gathered together in the Hall of Darkness.

17. (A pause.)

18. The Speech in the Silence.
The Words against the Son of Night.
The Voice of Tahuti in the Universe in the Presence of the Eternal.
The Formulas of Knowledge.
The Wisdom of Breath.
The Root of Vibration.
The Shaking of the Invisible.
The Rolling Asunder of the Darkness.
The Becoming Visible of Matter. {26}
The Piercing of the Scales of the Crocodile.
The Breaking Forth of the Light!

19. (Follows the Lection.)

20. There is an end of the speech; let the Silence of darkness be broken; let it return into the silence of light.

21. The speaker silently departs; the listeners disperse unto their homes; yea, they disperse unto their homes. {27}

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07006.html>

45 captures

12 Jan 2002 - 12 Aug 2025

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About this capture

LIBER STELLAE RUBEAE

A secret ritual of Apep, the Heart of IAO-OAI, delivered unto V.V.V.V.V. for his use in a certain matter of Liber Legis, and written down under the figure

LXVI {29}

A ∴ A ∴

Publication in Class A.

Imprimatur:

N. Fra A ∴ A ∴

LIBER STELLAE RUBEAE {WEH NOTE: The manner of sacrifice is veiled. This is a ritual of sexual sacrifice, not murder. There are suggestions that the sexual act involved both homosexual and heterosexual acts illegal in England at the time of the writing, hence it is characterized under a metaphor of "child sacrifice". See also the Paris Working and Vision and Voice.}

Apep deifieth Asar.

Let excellent virgins evoke rejoicing, son of Night!

This is the book of the most secret cult of the Ruby Star. It shall be given to none, save to the shameless in deed as in word.

No man shall understand this writing --- it is too subtle for the sons of men.

If the Ruby Star have shed its blood upon thee; if in the season of the moon thou hast invoked by the Iod and the Pe, then mayest thou partake of this most secret sacrament.

One shall instruct another, with no care for the matters of men's thought.

There shall be a fair altar in the midst, extended upon a black stone.

At the head of the altar gold, and twin images in green of the Master.

In the midst a cup of green wine.

At the foot the Star of Ruby.

The altar shall be entirely bare.

First, the ritual of the Flaming Star.

Next, the ritual of the Seal. {31}

Next, the infernal adorations of OAI

Mu pa telai,

Tu wa melai

a, a, a.

Tu fu tulu!

Tu fu tulu

Pa, Sa, Ga.

Qwi Mu telai

Ya Pu melai;

u, u, u.

'Se gu malai;

Pe fu telai,

Fu tu lu.

O chi balae
Wa pa malae: ---
Ut! Ut! Ut!
Ge; fu latrai,
Le fu malai
Kut! Hut! Nut!

AI OAI
Rel moai
Ti --- Ti --- Ti!
Wa la pelai
Tu fu latai
Wi, Ni, Bi.

Also thou shalt excite the wheels with the five wounds and the five wounds.
Then thou shalt excite the wheels with the two and {32} the third in the midst; even
Saturn and Jupiter, Sun and Moon, Mars and Venus, and Mercury.
Then the five --- and the sixth.

Also the altar shall fume before the master with incense that hath no smoke.
That which is to be denied shall be denied; that which is to be trampled shall be
trampled; that which is to be spat upon shall be spat upon.

These things shall be burnt in the outer fire.
Then again the master shall speak as he will soft words, and with music and what else
he will bring forward the Victim.

Also he shall slay a young child upon the altar, and the blood shall cover the altar with
perfume as of roses.

Then shall the master appear as He should appear --- in His glory.
He shall stretch himself upon the altar, and awake it into life, and into death.
(For so we conceal that life which is beyond.)

The temple shall be darkened, save for the fire and the lamp of the altar.
There shall he kindle a great fire and a devouring.

Also he shall smite the altar with his scourge, and blood shall flow therefrom.
Also he shall have made roses bloom thereon.

In the end he shall offer up the Vast Sacrifice, at the moment when the God licks up the
flame upon the altar.

All these things shalt thou perform strictly, observing the time.

And the Beloved shall abide with Thee. {33}

Thou shalt not disclose the interior world of this rite unto any one: therefore have I
written it in symbols that cannot be understood.

I who reveal the ritual am IAO and OAI; the Right and the Averse.

These are alike unto me.

Now the Veil of this operation is called Shame, and the Glory abideth within.

Thou shalt comfort the heart of the secret stone with the warm blood. Thou shalt make a
subtle decoction of delight, and the Watchers shall drink thereof.

I, Apep the Serpent, am the heart of IAO. Isis shall await Asar, and I in the midst.
Also the Priestess shall seek another altar, and perform my ceremonies thereon.
There shall be no hymn nor dithyramb in my praise and the praise of the rite, seeing
that it is utterly beyond.
Thou shalt assure thyself of the stability of the altar.
In this rite thou shalt be alone.
I will give thee another ceremony whereby many shall rejoice.
Before all let the Oath be taken firmly as thou raisest up the altar from the black earth.
In the words that Thou knowest.
For I also swear unto thee by my body and soul that shall never be parted in sunder that
I dwell within thee coiled and ready to spring.
I will give thee the kingdoms of the earth, O thou Who hast mastered the kingdoms of
the East and of the West. {34}
I am Apep, O thou slain One. Thou shalt slay thyself upon mine altar: I will have thy
blood to drink.
For I am a mighty vampire, and my children shall suck up the wine of the earth which is
blood.
Thou shalt replenish thy veins from the chalice of heaven.
Thou shalt be secret, a fear to the world.
Thou shalt be exalted, and none shall see thee; exalted, and none shall suspect thee.
For there are two glories diverse, and thou who hast won the first shalt enjoy the
second.
I leap with joy within thee; my head is arisen to strike.
O the lust, the sheer rapture, of the life of the snake in the spine!
Mightier than God or man, I am in them, and pervade them.
Follow out these my words.
Fear nothing.
Fear nothing.
Fear nothing.
For I am nothing, and me thou shalt fear, O my virgin, my prophet within whose bowels I
rejoice.
Thou shalt fear with the fear of love: I will overcome thee.
Thou shalt be very nigh to death.
But I will overcome thee; the New Life shall illumine thee with the Light that is beyond
the Stars.
Thinkest thou? I, the force that have created all, am not to be despised.
And I will slay thee in my lust. {35}
Thou shalt scream with the joy and the pain and the fear and the love --- so that the
Lambda-Omicron-Gamma-Omicron-Sigma of a new God leaps out among the Stars.
There shall be no sound heard but this thy lion-roar of rapture; yea, this thy lion-roar of
rapture.
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2017 2025 2026

About this capture
ASTARTE
VEL

LIBER BERYLLI

SVB FIGVRA

CLXXV

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A ∴ A ∴
Publication in Class B.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra A ∴ A ∴
LIBER ASTARTE

VEL BERYLLI

SVB FIGVRA CLXXV

0. This is the Book of Uniting Himself to a particular Deity by devotion.

Considerations before the Threshold. First concerning the choice of a particular Deity. This matter is of no import, so be it that thou choose one suited to thine own highest nature. Howsoever, this method is not so suitable for gods austere as Saturn, or intellectual as Thoth. But for such deities as in themselves partake in anywise of love it is a perfect mode.

Concerning the prime method of this Magick Art. Let the devotee consider well that although Christ and Osiris be one, yet the former is to be worshipped with Christian, and the latter with Egyptian rites. And this although the rites themselves are ceremonially equivalent. There should, however, be one symbol declaring the transcending of such limitations; and with regard to the Deity also, there should be some one affirmation of his identity both with all other similar gods of other nations, and with the Supreme of whom all are but partial reflections.

Concerning the chief place of devotion. This is the Heart of the Devotee, and should be symbolically represented {39} by that room or spot which he loves best. And the dearest spot therein shall be the shrine of his temple. It is most convenient if this shrine and altar should be sequestered in woods, or in a private grove, or garden. But let it be protected from the profane.

Concerning the Image of the Deity. Let there be an image of the Deity; first because in

meditation there is mindfulness induced thereby; and second because a certain power enters and inhabits it by virtue of the ceremonies; or so it is said, and We deny it not. Let this image be the most beautiful and perfect which the devotee is able to procure; or if he be able to paint or to carve the same, it is all the better. As for Deities with whose nature no Image is compatible, let them be worshipped in an empty shrine. Such are Brahma, and Allah. Also some postcaptivity conceptions of Jehovah.

Further concerning the shrine. Let this shrine be furnished appropriately as to its ornaments, according to the book 777. With ivy and pine-cones, that is to say, for Bacchus, and let lay before him both grapes and wine. So also for Ceres let there be corn, and cakes; or for Diana moon-wort and pale herbs, and pure water. Further it is well to support the shrine with talismans of the planets, signs and elements appropriate. But these should be made according to the right Ingenium of the Philosophus by the light of the Book 777 during the course of his Devotion. It is also well, nevertheless, if a magick circle with the right signs and names be made beforehand.

Concerning the Ceremonies. Let the Philosophus prepare a powerful Invocation of the particular Deity according to his Ingenium. But let it consist of these several parts: {40} First, an Imprecation, as of a slave unto his Lord.

Second, an Oath, as of a vassal to his Liege.

Third, a Memorial, as of a child to his Parent.

Fourth, an Orison, as of a Priest unto his God.

Fifth, a Colloquy, as of a Brother with his Brother.

Sixth, a Conjunction, as to a Friend with his Friend.

Seventh, a Madrigal, as of a Lover to his Mistress.

And mark well that the first should be of awe, the second of fealty, the third of dependence, the fourth of adoration, the fifth of confidence, the sixth of comradeship, the seventh of passion.

Further concerning the ceremonies. Let then this Invocation be the principal part of an ordered ceremony. And in this ceremony let the Philosophus in no wise neglect the service of a menial. Let him sweep and garnish the place, sprinkling it with water or with wine as is appropriate to the particular Deity, and consecrating it with oil, and with such ritual as may seem him best. And let all be done with intensity and minuteness.

Concerning the period of devotion, and the hours thereof. Let a fixed period be set for the worship; and it is said that the least time is nine days by seven, and the greatest seven years by nine. And concerning the hours, let the Ceremony be performed every day thrice, or at least once, and let the sleep of the Philosophus be broken for some purpose of devotion at least once in every night.

Now to some it may seem best to appoint fixed hours for the ceremony, to others it may seem that the ceremony should be performed as the spirit moves them so to do: for this there is no rule. {41}

Concerning the Robes and Instruments. The Wand and Cup are to be chosen for this Art; never the Sword or Dagger, never the Pantacle, unless that Pantacle chance to be of a nature harmonious. But even so it is best to keep the Wand and Cup, and if one must choose, the Cup.

For the Robes, that of a Philosophus, or that of an Adept Within is most suitable; or, the robe best fitted for the service of the particular Deity, as a bassara for Bacchus, a white robe for Vesta. So also, for Vesta, one might use for instrument the Lamp; or the sickle,

for Chronos.

Concerning the Incense and Libations. The incense should follow the nature of the particular Deity; as, mastic for Mercury, dittany for Persephone. Also the libations, as, a decoction of nightshade for Melancholia, or of Indian hemp for Uranus.

Concerning the harmony of the ceremonies. Let all these things be rightly considered, and at length, in language of the utmost beauty at the command of the Philosophus, accompanied, if he has skill, by music, and interwoven, if the particular Deity be jocund, with dancing. And all being carefully prepared and rehearsed, let it be practised daily until it be wholly rhythmical with his aspiration, and as it were, a part of his being.

Concerning the variety of the ceremonies. Now, seeing that every man differeth essentially from every other man, albeit in essence he is identical, let also these ceremonies assert their identity by their diversity. For this reason do We leave much herein to the right Ingenium of the Philosophus.

Concerning the life of the devotee. First, let his way of life be such as is pleasing to the particular Deity. Thus to {42} invoke Neptune, let him go a-fishing; but if Hades, let him not approach the water that is hateful to Him.

Further, concerning the life of the devotee. Let him cut away from his life any act, word, or thought, that is hateful to the particular Deity; as, unchastity in the case of Artemis, evasions in the case of Ares. Besides this, he should avoid all harshness or unkindness of any kind in thought, word, or deed, seeing that above the particular Deity is One in whom all is One. Yet also he may deliberately practise cruelties, where the particular Deity manifests His Love in that manner, as in the case of Kali, and of Pan. And therefore, before the beginning of his period of devotion, let him practise according to the rules of Liber Jugorum.

Further concerning the life of the devotee. Now, as many are fully occupied with their affairs, let it be known that this method is adaptable to the necessities of all.

And We bear witness that this which followeth is the Crux and Quintessence of the whole Method.

First, if he have no Image, let him take anything soever, and consecrate it as an Image of his God. Likewise with his robes and instruments, his suffumigations and libations: for his Robe hath he not a nightdress; for his instrument a walking stick; for his suffumigation a burning match; for his libation a glass of water?

But let him consecrate each thing that he useth to the service of that particular Deity, and not profane the same to any other use.

Continuation. Next, concerning his time, if it be short. Let him labour mentally upon his Invocation, concentrating it, and let him perform this Invocation in his heart whenever {43} he hath the leisure. And let him seize eagerly upon every opportunity for this.

Continuation. Third, even if he have leisure and preparation, let him seek ever to bring inward the symbols, so that even in his well ordered shrine the whole ceremony revolve inwardly in his heart, that is to say in the temple of his body, of which the outer temple is but an image. For in the brain is the shrine, and there is no Image therein; and the breath of man is the incense and the libation.

Continuation. Further concerning occupation. Let the devotee transmute within the alembic of his heart every thought, or word, or act into the spiritual gold of his devotion. As thus: eating. Let him say: "I eat this food in gratitude to my Deity that hath sent it to me, in order to gain strength for my devotion to Him."

Or: sleeping. Let him say: "I lie down to sleep, giving thanks for this blessing from my Deity, in order that I may be refreshed for new devotion to Him."

Or: reading. Let him say: "I read this book that I may study the nature of my Deity, that further knowledge of Him may inspire me with deeper devotion to Him."

Or: working. Let him say: "I drive my spade into the earth that fresh flowers (fruit, or what not) may spring up to His glory, and that I, purified by toil, may give better devotion to Him."

Or: whatever it may be that he is doing, let him reason it out in his own mind, drawing it through circumstance and circumstance to that one end and conclusion of the matter.

And let him not perform the act until he hath done this. {44}

As it is written: Liber VII, cap. v. ---

22. Every breath, every word, every thought is an act of love with thee.

23. The beat of my heart is the pendulum of love.

24. The songs of me are the soft sighs:

25. The thoughts of me are very rapture:

26. And my deeds are the myriads of Thy Children, the stars and the atoms.

And Remember Well, that if thou wert in truth a lover, all this wouldst thou do of thine own nature without the slightest flaw or failure in the minutest part thereof.

Concerning the Lections. Let the Philosophus read solely in his copies of the holy books of Thelema, during the whole period of his devotion. But if he weary, then let him read books which have no part whatever in love, as for recreation.

But let him copy out each verse of Thelema which bears upon this matter, and ponder them, and comment thereupon. For therein is a wisdom and a magic too deep to utter in any other wise.

Concerning the Meditations. Herein is the most potent method of attaining unto the End, for him who is thoroughly prepared, being purified by the practice of the Transmutation of deed into devotion, and consecrated by the right performance of the holy ceremonies. Yet herein is danger, for that the Mind is fluid as quicksilver, and bordereth upon the Abyss, and is beset by many sirens and devils that seduce and attack it to destroy it. Therefore let the devotee beware, and precise accurately his meditations, even as a man should build a canal from sea to sea.

Continuation. Let then the Philosophus meditate {45} upon all love that hath ever stirred him. There is the love of David and of Jonathan, and the love of Abraham and Isaac, and the love of Lear and Cordelia, and the love of Damon and Pythias, and the love of Sappho and Atthis, and the love of Romeo and Juliet, and the love of Dante and Beatrice, and the love of Paolo and Francesca, and the love of Caesar and Lucrezia Borgia, and the love of Aucassin and Nicolette, and the love of Daphnis and Chloe, and the love of Cornelia and Caius Gracchus, and the love of Bacchus and Ariadne, and the love of Cupid and Psyche, and the love of Endymion and Artemis, and the love of Demeter and Persephone, and the love of Venus and Adonis, and the love of Lakshmi and Vishnu, and the love of Siva and Bhavani, and the love of Buddha and Ananda, and

the love of Jesus and John, and many more.

Also there is the love of many saints for their particular deity, as of St. Francis of Assisi for Christ, of Sri Sabhapaty Swami for Maheswara, of Abdullah Haji Shirazi for Allah, of St Ignatius Loyola for Mary, and many more.

Now do thou take one such story every night, and enact it in thy mind, grasping each identity with infinite care and zest, and do thou figure thyself as one of the lovers and thy Deity as the other. Thus do thou pass through all adventures of love, not omitting one; and to each do thou conclude: How pale a reflection is this of my love for this Deity!

Yet from each shalt thou draw some knowledge of love, some intimacy with love, that shall aid thee to perfect thy love. Thus learn the humility of love from one, its obedience from another, its intensity from a third, its purity from a fourth, its peace from yet a fifth. {46}

So then thy love being made perfect, it shall be worthy of that perfect love of His.

Further concerning meditation. Moreover let the Philosophus imagine to himself that he hath indeed succeeded in his devotion, and that his Lord hath appeared to him, and that they converse as may be fitting.

Concerning the Mysterious Triangle. Now then as three cords separately may be broken by a child, while those same cords duly twisted may bind a giant, let the Philosophus learn to entwine these three methods of Magic into a Spell.

To this end let him understand that as they are One, because the end is one, so are they One because the method is One, even the method of turning the mind toward the particular Deity by love in every act.

And lest thy twine slip, here is a little cord that wrappeth tightly round and round all, even the Mantram or Continuous Prayer.

Concerning the Mantram or Continuous Prayer. Let the Philosophus weave the Name of the Particular Deity into a sentence short and rhythmical, as, for Artemis:

epsilon-pi-epsilon-lambda-theta-omicron-nu,

epsilon-pi-epsilon-lambda-theta-omicron-nu, Alpha-rho-tau-epsilon-mu-iota-sigma; or,

for Shiva: Namō Shivaya namaha Aum; or, for Mary: Ave Maria; or for Pan,

chi-alpha-iota-rho-epsilon Sigma-omega-tau-eta-rho

kappa-omicron-sigma-mu-omicron-upsilon, Iota-omega Pi-alpha-nu, Iota-omega

Pi-alpha-nu; or, for Allah: Hua Allahu alazi lailaha illa Hua.

Let him repeat this day and night without cessation mechanically in his brain, which is thus made ready for the advent of that Lord, and armed against all other.

Concerning the Active and the Passive. Let the Philosophus change from the active love of his particular Deity to a state of passive waiting, even almost a repulsion, the repulsion not of distaste, but of sublime modesty. {47}

As it is written, Liber LXV.ii.59. I have called unto Thee, and I have journeyed unto Thee, and it availed me not. 60. I waited patiently, and Thou wast with me from the beginning.

Then let him change back to the Active, until a veritable rhythm is established between the states, as it were the swinging of a Pendulum. But let him reflect that a vast intelligence is required for this; for he must stand as it were almost without himself to watch those phases of himself, And to do this is a high Art, and pertaineth not altogether to the grade of Philosophus. Neither is it of itself helpful, but rather the reverse, in this

especial practice.

Concerning silence. Now there may come a time in the course of this practice when the outward symbols of devotion cease, when the soul is as it were dumb in the presence of its God. Mark that this is not a cessation, but a transmutation of the barren seed of prayer into the green shoot of yearning. This yearning is spontaneous, and it shall be left to grow, whether it be sweet or bitter. For often times it is as the torment of hell in which the soul burns and writhes unceasingly. Yet it ends, and at its end continue openly thy Method.

Concerning Dryness. Another state wherein at times the soul may fall is this dark night. And this is indeed purifying in such depths that the soul cannot fathom it. It is less like pain than like death. But it is the necessary death that comes before the rising of a body glorified.

This state must be endured with fortitude; and no means of alleviating it may be employed. It may be broken up by the breaking up of the whole Method, and a return to the world without. This cowardice not only destroys the value {48} of all that has gone before, but destroys the value of the Oath of Fealty that thou hast sworn, and makes thy Will a mockery to men and gods.

Concerning the Deceptions of the Devil. Note well that in this state of dryness a thousand seductions will lure thee away; also a thousand means of breaking thine oath in spirit without breaking it in letter. Against this thou mayst repeat the words of thine oath aloud again and again until the temptation be overcome.

Also the devil will represent to thee that it were much better for this operation that thou do thus and thus, and seek to affright thee by fears for thy health or thy reason.

Or he may send against thee visions worse than madness.

Against all this there is but one remedy, the Discipline of thine Oath. So then thou shalt go through ceremonies meaningless and hideous to thee, and blaspheme shalt thou against thy Deity and curse Him. And this mattereth little, for it is not thou, so be that thou adhere to the Letter of thine Obligation. For thy Spiritual Sight is closed, and to trust it is to be led unto the precipice, and hurled therefrom.

Further of this matter. Now also subtler than all these terrors are the Illusions of Success. For one instant's {WEH NOTE: Magick in Theory and Practice has "But one instant's..."} self-satisfaction or Expansion of thy Spirit, especially in this state of dryness, and thou art lost. For thou mayst attain the False Union with the Demon himself. Beware also of even the pride which rises from having resisted the temptations. But so many and so subtle are the wiles of Choronzon that the whole world could not contain their enumeration.

The answer to one and all is the persistence in the literal fulfilment of the routine.

Beware, then, last, of that devil {49} who shall whisper in thine ear that the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life, and answer: Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground, and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.

Yet shalt thou also beware of disputation with the devil, and pride in the cleverness of thine answers to him. Therefore, if thou hast not lost the power of silence, let it be first and last employed against him.

Concerning the Enflaming of the Heart. Now learn that thy methods are dry, one and all. Intellectual exercises, moral exercises, they are not Love. Yet as a man, rubbing two dry sticks together for long, suddenly found a spark, so also from time to time will true love

leap unasked into thy mediation. Yet this shall die and be reborn again and again. It may be that thou hast no tinder near.

In the end shall come suddenly a great flame and a devouring, and burn thee utterly. Now of these sparks, and of these splutterings of flame, and of these beginnings of the Infinite Fire, thou shalt thus be aware. For the sparks thy heart shall leap up, and thy ceremony or meditation or toil shall seem of a sudden to go of its own will; and for the little flames this shall be increased in volume and intensity; and for the beginnings of the Infinite Fire thy ceremony shall be caught up unto ravishing song, and thy meditation shall be ecstasy, and thy toil shall be a delight exceeding all pleasure thou hast ever known.

And of the Great Flame that answereth thee it may not be spoken; for therein is the End of this Magick Art of Devotion.

Considerations with regard to the use of symbols. It {50} is to be noted that persons of powerful imagination, will, and intelligence have no need of these material symbols.

There have been certain saints who are capable of love for an idea as such without it being otherwise than degraded by "idolising" it, to use this word in its true sense. Thus one may be impassioned of beauty, without even the need of so small a concretion of it as "The beauty of Apollo", the "beauty of roses", the "beauty of Attis". Such persons are rare; it may be doubted whether Plato himself attained to any vision of absolute beauty without attaching to it material objects in the first place. A second class is able to contemplate ideals through this veil; a third class need a double veil, and cannot think of the beauty of a rose without a rose before them. For such is this Method of most use; yet let them know that there is this danger therein, that they may mistake the gross body of the symbol for the idea made concrete thereby.

Considerations of further danger to those not purged of material thought. Let it be remembered that in the nature of the love itself is danger. The lust of the satyr for the nymph is indeed of the same nature as the affinity of Quicklime for water on the one hand, and of love of Ab for Ama on the other; so also is the triad Osiris, Isis, Horus like that of a horse, mare, foal, and of red, blue, purple. And this is the foundation of Correspondences.

But it were false to say "Horus is a foal" or "Horus is purple". One may say: "Horus resembles a foal in this respect, that he is the offspring of two complementary beings". Further of this matter. So also many have said truly that all is one, and falsely that since earth is That One, and {51} ocean is That One, therefore earth is ocean. Unto Him good is illusion, and evil is illusion; therefore good is evil. By this fallacy of logic are many men destroyed.

Moreover, there are those who take the image for the God; as who should say, my heart is in Tiphereth, and an Adeptus is in Tiphereth; I am therefore an adept.

And in this practice the worst danger is this, that the love which is its weapon should fail in one of two ways.

First, if the love lack any quality of love, so long is it not ideal love. For it is written of the Perfected One: "There is no member of my body which is not the member of some god." Therefore let not the Philosophus despise any form of love, but harmonise all. As it is written: Liber LXV, 32. "So therefore Perfection abideth not in the Pinnacles or in the Foundation, but in the harmony of One with all."

Second, if any part of this love exceed, there is disease therein. As, in the love of

Othello for Desdemona, love's jealousy overcame love's tenderness, so may it be in this love of a particular Deity. And this is more likely, since in this divine love no element may be omitted.

It is by virtue of this completeness that no human love may in any way attain to more than to foreshadow a little part thereof.

Concerning Mortifications. These are not necessary to this method. On the contrary, they may destroy the concentration, as counter-irritants to, and so alleviations of, the supreme mortification which is the Absence of the Deity invoked.

Yet as in mortal love arises a distaste for food, or a pleasure in things naturally painful, this perversion should be endured {52} and allowed to take its course. Yet not to the interference with natural bodily health, whereby the instrument of the soul might be impaired.

And concerning sacrifices for love's sake, they are natural to this Method, and right. But concerning voluntary privations and tortures, without use save as against the devotee, they are generally not natural to healthy natures, and wrong. For they are selfish. To scourge one's self serves not one's master; yet to deny one's self bread that one's child may have cake is the act of a true mother.

Further concerning Mortifications. If thy body, on which thou ridest, be so disobedient a beast that by no means will he travel in the desired direction, or if thy mind be baulkish and eloquent as Balaam's fabled Ass, then let the practice be abandoned. Let the shrine be covered in sackcloth, and do thou put on habits of lamentation, and abide alone. And do thou return most austerely to the practice of Liber Jugorum, testing thyself by a standard higher than that hitherto accomplished, and punishing effractions with a heavier goad. Nor do thou return to thy devotion until that body and mind are tamed and trained to all manner of peaceable going.

Concerning minor methods adjuvant in the ceremonies. I. Rising on the planes. By this method mayst thou assist the imagination at the time of concluding thine Invocation. Act as taught in Liber O, by the light of Liber 777.

Concerning minor methods adjuvant in the ceremonies. II. Talismanic Magic. Having made by thine Ingenium a talisman or pantacle to represent the particular Deity, and {53} consecrated it with infinite love and care, do thou burn it ceremonially before the shrine, as if thereby giving up the shadow for the substance. But it is useless to do this unless thou do really in thine heart value the talisman beyond all else that thou hast.

Concerning minor methods adjuvant in the ceremonies. III. Rehearsal. It may assist if the traditional history of the particular Deity be rehearsed before him; perhaps this is best done in dramatic form. This method is the main one recommended in the "Exercitios Espirituales" of St Ignatius, whose work may be taken as a model. Let the Philosophus work out the legend of his own particular Deity, and apportioning days to events, live that life in imagination, exercising the five senses in turn, as occasion arises.

Concerning minor matters adjuvant in the ceremonies. IV. Duresse. This method consists in cursing a deity recalcitrant; as, threatening ceremonially "to burn the blood of Osiris, and to grind down his bones to power." This method is altogether contrary to the spirit of love unless the particular Deity be himself savage and relentless; as Jehovah or Kali. In such a case the desire to perform constraint and cursing may be the sign of the assimilation of the spirit of the devotee with that of his God, and so an advance to the

Union with Hlm.

Concerning the value of this particular form of Union or Samadhi. All Samadhi is defined as the ecstatic union of a subject and object in consciousness, with the result that a third thing arises which partakes in no way of the nature of the two.

It would seem at first sight that it is of no importance {54} whatever to choose an object of meditation. For example, the Samadhi called Atmadarshana might arise from simple concentration of the thought on an imagined triangle, or on the heart.

But as the union of two bodies in chemistry may be endothermic or exothermic, the combination of Oxygen with Nitrogen is gentle, while that of Oxygen with Hydrogen is explosive; and as it is found that the most heat is disengaged as a rule by the union of bodies most opposite in character, and that the compound resulting from such is most stable, so it seems reasonable to suggest that the most important and enduring Samadhi results from the contemplation of the Object most opposite to the devotee. [On other planes, it has been suggested that the most opposed types make the best marriages and produce the healthiest children. The greatest pictures and operas are those in which violent extremes are blended, and so generally in every field of activity. Even in mathematics, the greatest parallelogram is formed if the lines composing it are set at right angles. ED.]

Conclusions from the foregoing. It may then be suggested to the Philosophus, that although his work will be harder his reward will be greater if he choose a Deity most remote from his own nature. This method is harder and higher than that of Liber E. For a simple object as there suggested is of the same nature as the commonest things of life, while even the meanest Deity is beyond uninitiated human understanding. On the same plane, too, Venus is nearer to man than Aphrodite, Aphrodite than Isis, Isis than Babalon, Babalon than Nuit.

Let him decide therefore according to his discretion on the {55} one hand and his aspiration on the other; and let not one outrun his fellow.

Further concerning the value of this Method. Certain objections arise. Firstly, in the nature of all human love is illusion, and a certain blindness. Nor is there any true love below the Veil of the Abyss. For this reason we give this method to the Philosophus, as the reflection of the Exempt Adept, who reflects the Magister Templi and the Magus. Let then the Philosophus attain this Method as a foundation of the higher Methods to be given to him when he attains those higher grades.

Another objection lies in the partiality of this Method. This is equally a defect characteristic of the Grade.

Concerning a notable danger of Success. It may occur that owing to the tremendous power of the Samadhi, overcoming all other memories as it should and does do, that the mind of the devotee may be obsessed, so that he declare his particular Deity to be sole God and Lord. This error has been the foundation of all dogmatic religions, and so the cause of more misery than all other errors combined.

The Philosophus is peculiarly liable to this because from the nature of the Method he cannot remain sceptical; he must for the time believe in his particular Deity. But let him (1) consider that this belief is only a weapon in his hands, (2) affirm sufficiently that his Deity is but an emanation or reflection or eidolon of a Being beyond him, as was said in Paragraph 2. For if he fail herein, since man cannot remain permanently in Samadhi, the memorised Image in his mind will be degraded, and replaced by the corresponding

Demon, to his utter ruin. {56}

Therefore, after Success, let him not delight overmuch in his Deity, but rather busy himself with his other work, not permitting that which is but a step to become a goal. As it is written also, Liber CLXXXV.: "remembering that Philosophy is the Equilibrium of him that is in the House of Love."

Concerning the secrecy and the rites of Blood. During this practice it is most wise that the Philosophus utter no word concerning his working, as if it were a Forbidden Love that consumeth him. But let him answer fools according to their folly; for since he cannot conceal his love from his fellows, he must speak to them as they may understand.

And as many Deities demand sacrifice, one of men, another of cattle, a third of doves, let these sacrifices be replaced by the true sacrifices in thine own heart. Yet if thou must symbolise them outwardly for the hardness of thine heart, let thine own blood, and not another's, be spilt before that altar. [The exceptions to this rule pertain neither to this practice, nor to this grade. N. Fra. A ∴ A ∴.]

Nevertheless, forget not that this practice is dangerous, and may cause the manifestation of evil things, hostile and malicious, to thy great hurt.

Concerning a further sacrifice. Of this it shall be understood that nothing is to be spoken; nor need anything be spoken to him that hath wisdom to comprehend the number of the paragraph. And this sacrifice is fatal beyond all, unless it be a sacrifice indeed. Yet there are those who have dared and achieved thereby.

Concerning yet a further sacrifice. Here it is spoken of actual mutilation. Such acts are abominable; and while {57} they may bring success in this Method, form an absolute bar to all further progress.

And they are in any case more likely to lead to madness than to Samadhi. He indeed who purposeth them is already mad.

Concerning human affection. During this practice thou shalt in no wise withdraw thyself from human relations, only figuring to thyself that thy father or thy brother or thy wife is as it were an image of thy particular Deity. Thus shall they gain, and not lose, by thy working. Only in the case of thy wife this is difficult, since she is more to thee than all others, and in this case thou mayst act with temperance, lest her personality overcome and destroy that of thy Deity.

Concerning the Holy Guardian Angel. Do thou in no wise confuse this invocation with that.

The Benediction. And so may the love that passeth all Understanding keep your hearts and minds through Iota-Alpha-Omega Alpha-Delta-Omicron-Nu-Alpha-Iota Sigma-Alpha-Beta-Alpha-Omega and through BABALON of the City of the Pyramids, and through Astarte, the Starry One green-girdled, in the name ARARITA. AMN. {58}

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07008.html>

32 captures

1 Oct 2001 - 12 Aug 2025

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19

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About this capture
LIBER RV
VEL

SPIRITVS

SVB FIGVRA

CCVI

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A ∴ A ∴
Publication in Class B.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra A ∴ A ∴
LIBER RV

VEL SPIRITVS

SVB FIGVRA CCVI

{Note no item 1 is shown}

Let the Zelator observe the current of his breath.

Let him investigate the following statements, and prepare a careful record of research.

(a) Certain actions induce the flow of the breath through the right nostril (Pingala); and, conversely, the flow of the breath through Pingala induces certain actions.

(b) Certain other actions induce the flow of the breath through the left nostril (Ida), and conversely.

(c) Yet a third class of actions induce the flow of the breath through both nostrils at once (Sushumna), and conversely.

(d) The degree of mental and physical activity is interdependent with the distance from the nostrils at which the breath can be felt by the back of the hand.

First practice. --- Let him concentrate his mind upon the act of breathing, saying mentally, "The breath flows in," "The breath flows out," and record the results. (This practice may resolve itself into Mahasatipatthana ("vide" Liber {61} XXV) or induce Samadhi. Whichever occurs should be followed up as the right Ingenium of the Zelator, or the advice of his Practicus, may determine.)

Second practice. Pranayama. This is outlined in Liber E. Further, let the Zelator accomplished in those practices endeavour to master a cycle of 10. 20. 40 or even 16. 32. 64. But let this be done gradually and with due caution. And when he is steady and easy both in Asana and Pranayama, let him still further increase the period.

Thus let him investigate these statements which follow:

(a) If Pranayama be properly performed, the body will first of all become covered with sweat. This sweat is different in character from that customarily induced by exertion. If

the Practitioner rub this sweat thoroughly into his body, he will greatly strengthen it.

(b) The tendency to perspiration will stop as the practice is continued, and the body become automatically rigid. Describe this rigidity with minute accuracy.

(c) The state of automatic rigidity will develop into a state characterised by violent spasmodic movements of which the Practitioner is unconscious, but of whose result he is aware. This result is that the body hops gently from place to place. After the first two or three occurrences of this experience, Asana is not lost. The body appears (on another theory) to have lost its weight almost completely, and to be moved by an unknown force. {62}

{Illustration facing page 62 described. Top caption: "PRAMAYAMA {sic} PROPERLY PERFORMED. [It has been found necessary to show this because students were trying to do it without exertion, and in other ways incorrectly. --- ED.]" Bottom caption: "1. The end of Purakam. The bad definition of the image is due to the spasmodic trembling which accompanies the action. 2. Kunbhakam. 3. The end of Rekakam."}

These are halftone photographs like those of the fontispiece. They are three rectangular photos one-above-the-other in a vertical column. These are numbered in white 1 (top), 2 (center) and 3 (bottom) in the upper left corner of each. The field is black and the photos are separated by two thin white horizontal lines. Roughly the right half of each photo is composed of a mirror set at an angle to show the left side of the figure. There is a leopard skin beneath the figure, completely covering some sort of table or other medium sized support. The model is Crowley, as described for the fontispiece. The body is about 3/4 profile, showing directly the right side and chest.

#1, top: Left leg with knee directly to the front of the figure on the floor, foot flat against floor with sole up and heel against right hip. Left leg in a squatting position, with knee upward and foreleg angled inward, ball of foot just beyond left ankle and on floor. Right arm extended straight at a slight angle and right elbow on right knee, hand open but with thumb and forefinger touching. Head very slightly back and eyes bugged out. Left hand appears to be closing the left nostril with thumb and forefinger.

#2, center: Same as #1, except left hand is now straight at an angle with back of hand resting on left knee. Both hands are in mudra with thumb and index fingers touching while back of hand is on knee. Head fully erect, features expressionless with mouth closed, eyes straight ahead.

#3, bottom: Legs as in #1 and #2. Back hunched forward slightly, neck and head bent forward and down, face at a 40 degree angle from the rear vertical. Left arm is bent at elbow and at rest on left thigh, left hand in same mudra as #1 but just back of knee on little finger side of hand. Right arm bent with thumb and forefinger joined to compress right nostril with outer side of forefinger. Face is in darkness.}

(d) As a development of this stage, the body rises into the air, and remains there for an appreciably long period, from a second to an hour or more.

Let him further investigate any mental results which may occur.

Third Practice. In order both to economise his time and to develop his powers, let the Zelator practise the deep full breathing which his preliminary exercises will have taught

him during his walks. Let him repeat a sacred sentence (mantra), or let him count, in such a way that his footfall beats accurately with the rhythm thereof, as is done in dancing. Then let him practise Pranayama, at first without the Kumbhakham,{WEH NOTE: Magick in Theory and Practice spells this "Kumbhakam".} and paying no attention to the nostrils otherwise than to keep them clear. Let him begin by an indrawing of the breath for 4 paces, and a breathing out for 4 paces. Let him increase this gradually to 6.6, 8.8, 12.12, 16.16, and 24.24, or more if he be able. Next let him practise in the proper proportion 4.8, 6.12, 8.16, 12.24 and so on. Then if he choose, let him recommence the series, adding a gradually increasing period of Kumbhakham.{WEH NOTE: Magick in Theory and Practice spells this "Kumbhakam".}

Fourth practice. Following on this third practice, let him quicken his mantra and his pace until the walk develops into a dance. This may also be practised with the ordinary waltz step, using a mantra in three-time, such as epsilon-pi-epsilon-lambda-theta-omicron-nu, epsilon-pi-epsilon-lambda-theta-omicron-nu, Alpha-rho-tau-epsilon-mu-iota-sigma; or IAO, IAO SABAO; in such cases the practice may be combined with devotion to a particular deity: see Liber CLXXV. For the dance as such it is better to use a mantra of a non-committal character, such as tau-omicron epsilon-iota-nu-alpha-iota, tau-omicron kappa-alpha-lambda-omicron-nu, tau-omicron 'gamma-alpha-theta-alpha-nu,{WEH NOTE: Magick in Theory and Practice has this last word as: "Alpha-gamma-alpha-delta-omicron-nu".} or the like. {63}

Fifth practice. Let him practice mental concentration during the dance, and investigate the following experiments:

- (a) The dance becomes independent of the will.
- (b) Similar phenomena to those described in 5 (a) (b) (c) (d) occur.
- (c) Certain important mental results occur.

A note concerning the depth and fullness of the breathing. In all proper expiration the last possible portion of air should be expelled. In this the muscles of the throat, chest, ribs, and abdomen must be fully employed, and aided by the pressing of the upper arms into the flanks, and of the head into the thorax.

In all proper inspiration the last possible portion of air must be drawn into the lungs. In all proper holding of the breath, the body must remain absolutely still.

Ten minutes of such practice is ample to induce profuse sweating in any place of a temperature of 17 Degree C or over.

The progress of the Zelator in acquiring a depth and fullness of breath should be tested by the respirometer.

The exercises should be carefully graduated to avoid overstrain and possible damage to the lungs.

This depth and fullness of breath should be kept as much as possible, even in the rapid exercises, with the exception of the sixth practice following.

Sixth Practice. Let the Zelator breathe as shallowly and rapidly as possible. He should assume the attitude of his moment of greatest expiration, and breathe only with the muscles of his throat. He may also practise lengthening the period between each shallow breathing. {64} (This may be combined when acquired with concentration on the Visuddhi cakkra, "i.e." let him fix his mind unwaveringly upon a point in the spine opposite the larynx. ED.)

{WEH NOTE: This step is missing from the version in Magick in Theory and Practice.}

Seventh practice. Let the Zelator breathe as deeply and rapidly as possible.

Eighth practice. Let the Zelator practise restraint of breathing in the following manner.

At any stage of breathing let him suddenly hold the breath, enduring the need to breathe until it passes, returns, and passes again, and so on until consciousness is lost, either rising to Samadhi or similar supernormal condition, or falling into oblivion.

Ninth practice. Let him practice the usual forms of Pranayama, but let Kumbhakham be used after instead of before expiration. Let him gradually increase the period of this Kumbhakham as in the case of the other.

A note concerning the conditions of these experiments.

The conditions favourable are dry, bracing air, a warm climate, absence of wind, absence of noise, insects and all other disturbing influences,<> a retired situation, simple food eaten in great moderation at the conclusion of the practices of morning and afternoon, and on no account before practising. Bodily health is almost essential, and should be most carefully guarded. (See Liber CLXXXV., Task of a Neophyte). A diligent and tractable disciple, or the Practicus of the Zelator, should aid him in his work. Such a disciple should be noiseless, patient, vigilant, prompt, cheerful, of gentle manner and reverent to his master, intelligent to anticipate {65} his wants, cleanly and gracious, not given to speech, devoted and unselfish. With all this he should be fierce and terrible to strangers and all hostile influences, determined and vigorous, increasingly vigilant, the guardian of the threshold.

It is not desirable that the Zelator should employ any other creature than a man, save in cases of necessity. Yet for some of these purposes a dog will serve, for others a woman. There are also others appointed to serve, but these are not for the Zelator.

Tenth Practice. Let the Zelator experiment if he will with inhalations of oxygen, nitrous oxide, carbon dioxide, and other gases mixed in small proportion with his air during his practices. These experiments are to be conducted with caution in the presence of a medical man of experience, and they are only useful as facilitating a simulacrum of the results of the proper practices, and thereby enheartening the Zelator.

Eleventh practice. Let the Zelator at an time during the practices, especially during the periods of Kumbhakham, throw his will utterly towards his Holy Guardian Angel, directing his eyes inward and upward, and turning back his tongue as if to swallow it. (This latter operation is facilitated by severing the fraenum linguae, which, if done, should be done by a competent surgeon. We do not advise this or any similar method of cheating difficulties. This is, however, harmless.{WEH NOTE: Harmless, that is, if you don't mind the danger of choking to death in your sleep!})

In this manner the practice is to be raised from the physical to the spiritual plane, even as the words Ruh, Ruach, Pneuma, Spiritus, Geist, Ghost, and indeed words of almost all languages, have been raised from their physical meanings of wind, air, breath, or movement, to the spiritual plane. {66} (RV is the old root meaning Yoni and hence Wheel (Fr. roue, Lat. rota, wheel), and the corresponding Semitic root means "to go". Similarly spirit is connected with "spiral." --- Ed.)

Let the Zelator attach no credit to any statements that may have been made throughout the course of this instruction, and reflect that even the counsel which we have given as suitable to the average case may be entirely unsuitable to his own.

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<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07009.html>

34 captures

1 Oct 2001 - 12 Aug 2025

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About this capture

LIBER	LIBER
ARCANORVM tau-omega-nu	CARCERORVM tau-omega-nu
ATV tau-omega-nu TAHVTI	QLIPHOTH
QUAS VIDIT	CVM SVIS
ASAR IN	GENIIS
AMENNTI	
SVB FIGVRA	ADDVNTVR SIGILLA ET
CCXXXI	NOMINA EORVM

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A ∴ A ∴

Publication in Class A.

Imprimatur:

N. Fra A ∴ A ∴

{Illustration on facing page presents a considerable problem in representation. It is composed of 44 sigils in two parallel tables with a cross reference column between them. These sigils correspond to the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. In this attempt to describe, the layout and captions will be presented first, and this will be followed by somewhat inadequate descriptions and partial representations of the individual sigils.

Layout and captions:

LIBER XXII DOMARUM MERCURII	LIBER XXII CARCERORUM QLIPHOTH
CUM SUIS GENIIS	CUM SUIS GENNIIS

.---.---.---	.---.---.---
:G :B :A :	Compare :A :B :G :
:---+---+---	A with Tz :---+---+---
:H :V :D :	B " G :D :H :V :
:---+---+---	G " B :---+---+---
:T :Ch :Z :	D " A'a :Z :Ch :T :
:---+---+---	H " Ch :---+---+---
:L :K :Y :	V " K :Y :K :L :
:---+---+---	Z " D :---+---+---
:S :N :M :	Ch " H :M :N :S :
:---+---+---	T " Sh :---+---+---
:Tz :P :A'a :	Y " M :A'a :P :Tz :
:---+---+---	K " V :---+---+---
:Sh :R :Q :	L " S :Q :R :Sh :
:---.---.---	M " S :---.---.---

:Th	:	N	"	Sh	:Th	:
.-----.		S	"	Z	.-----.	
		A'a	"	P		
		P	"	Q		
		Tz	"	A		
		Q	"	P		
		R	"	Z		
		Sh	"	T		
		Th	"	B		

In the above, the Hebrew letters are in the upper left corner of each box, except those of the right column of ...MERCURII... which are in the upper right corner of each box.

Next, here is a description of the content of each box. This is necessarily incomplete in that some of the sigils are too obscure to admit a description.

The boxes of ...MERCURII..., mostly reflecting Tarot correspondences to the Hebrew letters with some astrological and Thelemic used as well:

HB:Aleph : This is a widdershins swastika (nazi shaped) of thin lines with all line elements parallel to the sides of the box. There is a small circle about the central intersection. There are four dots in symmetric array, one in the center of each space defined by an arm of the swastika. Greek letters in capitals appear at the ends of the arms of the swastika, oriented toward the outside. Counterclockwise from lower right: Tau, Alpha, Rho, Omega. (The suggestion is that Aleph is swastika shaped and spins out TARO).

HB:Bet : This is a composition of three separate forms. The central one is a vertical wand with a three pointed crown at top. To the right is a simple vesica. To the left is a Shiva-lingam consisting of a round top vertical shaft on a flat base. (Tools of the Magus).

HB:Gemel : This sigil cannot be fully described. It is composed of two shield forms in upper right and left with lines depending. The two forms are separate. The shield in upper left is hatched with nearly horizontal lines, descending slightly toward right. This shield has a slightly concave top with extension to the upper left and is completed by two convex sides which join in a downward point below. The line from the left shield issues from the upper right side as a short upward diagonal, curves down in a arch to the left, recurves down to the right with a curve issuing convexly upward toward the lower right base of the shield while the principle line continues as a lesser curve toward to bottom of the box --- giving a "y" shape in the lower part of this line. The shield in upper right is hatched with nearly vertical lines, deviating slightly downward to left. It is defined by three curved sides, a concave at top slightly downward to the right, an elbow curve forming the left and bottom edges at slight angles in parallel and at right angles to the hatching and a curved line to form the right side nearly parallel to the left but extending below the shield. The line associated issues from the left side symmetrically to the line of the other shield, but ends below in horizontal elipsoidal spindle, point to

left, below the shield instead of a fork as did the other. (Possibly male and female or female pregnant and barren).

HB:Dalet : This sigil is composed of five elements. There are two off vertical lines curving inward from the upper quarters of the box to frame the sides. In the upper center to center is a figure rather like a radish: The bulb has a small line extending below and has inner semicircles touching the right and left parts of the circular bulb, at the inner top of the bulb is a rectangle pierced by a point that flares up to right and left to form a sort of confine for what would be the foliage on the "radish", this last portion contains an array of ten dots forming an inverted tetractys. The remaining two elements are a "T" to the left below of the "raddish" and an isosceles triangle with point up to the right. (Probably vulvicular symbolism).

HB:Vau : This figure is a circular ring, right eye of Horus in center, thirteen clockwise hooked flames about the outer rim. In a circular pattern concentric and inside the ring are following characters from top clockwise: V, infinity, V, 3, V, 10, V, 8, V, O. (Plays on unity of V.V.V.V.V. name and other Thelemic elements).

HB:Heh : This is a simple upright pentagram formed of solid lines. In the bays formed by the points with each other are the following symbols, clockwise from upper right: Mercury, A, Sulfur, I, Salt. (Out of alphabetic sequence with the preceeding, may be wrong letters. It appears to be an epitome of five with emphasis on alchemical aspects.).

HB:Zain : This sigil is composed of four elements. At top center is a crescent with horns upward crossed by a vertical arrow, point down and fledging at top. Beneath this is a lineal upright pentagram with five lines issuing radially out from the intersections of the points. To the left below is a Neter sign like a golf club with head to the left on a vertical shaft, three dots vertically below the head. The last element is to the right, the same as the one just described but the head is to the bottom below the dots and points to the right. (Simple diagram of Lover's Trump).

HB:Chet : This sigil is a solid black pentagram of narrow points, one point to top and the intersections of the points have issuing wavy rays on outward radials. (Possibly the idea of contained force associated to Cancer and the Chariot in the Royal Arch).

HB:Tet : This sigil is chiefly a large equilateral triangle with point upward, inside it and sharing the same base and axis is a smaller equilateral triangle. Between the upper apexes of the two triangles is a circle with a dot in center (sun symbol). Midway on the excluded space between the sides of the two triangles on left and right are two small shapes that may be flowers. To the left of the larger top apex is a circle dot (sun) and to the right is a Leo symbol. Within the smaller triangle is a pattern of

Roman numerals giving the value 666: D

C L

X V I. (Sun in Leo and 666).

HB:Yod : This sigil is a traditional "Aladin's lamp" occupying the bottom half of the box, handle to left and wick spout to right. A single vertical line emerges from the wick hole and terminates in a cross with serifs on its three end points. (Lamp of the Hermit).

HB:Koph : This is a circle with one vertical diameter and two others dividing the interior space into six equal parts. Greek capital letters appear at top: Sigma; at lower right, Tau; and at lower left, Rho. (Wheel of Fortune with letters for the three figures).

HB:Lamed : This sigil is based upon a scrolled "U" shape. This is slightly more open at the top than normal and has two tight spiral loops outward and down at the line ends. There is a dot below. Immediately above the lower dip and within is a lineal trident (a "Y" with continuation of the vertical. Above this are three horizontal dots. Above the dots is a simple figure of a horizontal line with two verticals down at its ends and a single vertical across its center. This last vertical element terminates above the upper part of the "U" in a feather of Maat with plume to the right. (Scales of Justice).

HB:Mem : This sigil is composed of a hollow, double walled, equilateral triangle with a cross issuing from its apex, the cross being terminated on the three open ends by serifs. The upper arm of this cross touches a horizontal line. This horizontal line proceeds to the right, makes a right angle and drops in a vertical to terminate in another serified cross at the lower right of the box. (Simply a Hanged Man on a gibbet with the inverted Sulfur symbol for the figure).

HB:Nun : This sigil has a rectangle below with the letters LVX inside. Above this are the Roman numerals CXX. Above this is an inverted "V" of two straight lines having small circles at the ends of the lines and at the junction. (Possibly refers to the R+C mystery of the tomb of Fr. C.R.).

HB:Samekh : This Sigil is composed of two shapes like a rectangle cut in half horizontally and separated vertically. The lower elongate "U" has a vertical rising a short distance from its base, and all three verticals terminate above in three-serif crosses. The portion above is the same inverted except that the vertical continues both above and below the figure, the lower portion ending in an arrow head and the upper in a 3-serif cross. The letters QST appear across the shaft of the arrow. (This is an allusion to Sagittarius and the rainbow paths on the Tree of Life).

HB:Ayin : This is a circle with ocular mark at top, pierced from below by a nail. The nail ends in two round bulbs below. There is a Sigma to the left of the base and an Eta to the right. (Possibly a goat in coitus).

HB:Peh : Below is a large letter Ayin. Immediately above this is a lineal letter "Y". Above this is a small circle with a short line dependent below, essentially the antique Greek letter Qopa. (Looks like a stick figure about to fall into a Hell-mouth).

HB:Tzaddi : The basic figure is a deosil swastika. This is contained by an open box shape formed by four coils at top, bottom and sides. Within the chambers so created

are letters and a shape. Clockwise from upper left: The shape is the sword of ten points on the Tree of Life; O; N; B.

HB:Qof : The central motif is an inverted "Y" shape of equal angles. Below this is an upright equilateral triangle. Above is a crescent moon with horns pointing right. To either side and near center are two mirrored patterns. The one on the left looks like a Theban "k" with a Nun to its right, all on a slope toward the lower left. The pattern on the right is a mirror reversal. (Possibly a stylized Moon Trump).

HB:Resh : The sigil is compound. Above is a six-pointed star, one point up, the points slender and the center formed by a "happy face". Below is a crescent with horns upward. The numbers 6 and 9 are dependent from the lower left and right points of the star. Three vertical dots descend from these on either side to pass just beyond the horns of the crescent. There are two Netteru symbols just inside these columns of dots, the one on the left having its head at top and to the right, the one on the right having its head at bottom to the left, within the hollow of the horns of the crescent. (This is generally modeled on a type of the Sun Trump, with indications of mutual oral intercourse.)

HB:Shin : This is a perspective drawing of a four sided pyramid, sides shaded and opening to the lower right as a tiny white rectangle at the base. There is a horizontally transverse rectangular chamber on the lower-left to upper right diagonal visible within the pyramid. (Clearly inspired by the tomb symbolism of the Judgment Trump).

HB:Taw : In the elongated box at the bottom of the table is a connected design. To the left is a thick numeral "1", sans-serif. To the right is a thick ring or zero. These are connected across the bottom by a squiggle which forms a vertical loop in center before continuing on. (Possible the 1 and 0 Thelemic motif).

The boxes of ...CARCERORUM QLIPHOTH..., mostly reflecting Tarot correspondences to the Hebrew letters with some astrological and Thelemic used as well. Most of these are too irregular in shape to permit exact description:

HB:Aleph : This is an open interior form shaped like an "E" made of string with an extension of the common loop to the left below. The thing has hair up the back and part way along the upper arm. There are needle teeth below on the upper arm and above on the middle arm. The general effect is like a grotesque head, virtually all mouth.

HB:Bet : This is a complex and decorative device. It is delineated on left and right by two curved swords, they are straight and curve in only at the top, cross hilted with serifs at bottom. There is an "equals" sign immediately below each hilt. Between the points at top is a thin crescent, horns up. A large and flat dish-shaped crescent, points up is at bottom, the lower arc broken by two pairs of very short transverse lines to right and left. There is a dot asymmetrically below the lower crescent to the left (possibly a printing fault). There is a small wiggling crescent shaped line like a smiling mouth above this. Three wavy lines are vertical on and to either side of center. Two dots like eyes

complete the sigil between the upper ends of these lines. The whole figure is like a face emerging from smoke out of a bowl and between the two "swords".

HB:Gemel : This composite is a face. The eyes are two dots with small curved brows over them from the outside and not passing the center. The nose is a simple crosshilted sword, point to top. There is an oval with ocular ellipse inside at top for the mouth and a thin solid crescent for the chin. The cheeks are set forth by inward curving lines crowned at top by tiny outward tending, tiny curved clefts.

HB:Dalet : The basic figure is a vertical and flatly compressed "S" shape to left, a similar twig extending across that and past center at top. Below are three elongate drops with bulb to right forming a lower base with the end of the upright. Dependent on a short line from top is a water triangle with a fern-like stalk of three curls issuing at the top right base and drooping to the right.

HB:Heh : Two dot eyes beneath hairy eyebrows. A plump "U" shape below that for a nose. A dot below that for a mouth. A beard formed of three crosses, two at cheeks and one at bottom and two squiggles between them.

HB:Vau : One vertical line diverging in two angle lines like a "Y" at top. This is crossed by a horizontal line at center and terminates below in a small cross. Just above the termination is a short horizontal line which diverges in two short diagonals ending below in crosses. The upper four line ends have the letter Yod as their terminators.

HB:Zain : A vertical forked stick in center, fork small at bottom. A curved arc across the lower quarter, ends down and terminating in linear shapes like earphones with the openings to the right. At an angle over the top of the stick a little below the upper end is a deep, thin, hollow crescent, horns up, the left higher. This crescent terminates on the right in a very small crescent, horns up to right, and is crossed by a short line just a bit below that. The short line ends in diverging thin crescents.

HB:Chet : This is a complex doodle. There is a squiggle beginning in the upper left area, forming somewhat of a tail for the head and neck of a camel extending across the center of the box. A simple line curves down from the base of the neck and attaches to the feet of a horizontal face-down human form at bottom.

HB:Tet : This is an odd sort of thing rather reminiscent of one or two of the elongate Goetic sigils. It has a hairy face like that of a dog at the left, ears with the eyes dots and the nose and mouth represented by a straight line with a button at top. A flat dish on its side issues from this to form the body. There are four feet below represented by upright vesicas in a line, these being connected to the body by curved lines like knees angled to the left. There is a tail in the form of a curved line that issues from the far right end, curves above the body in parallel, makes a tight bend and curves back above that to trail off slightly upward at the very end.

HB:Ayin : This is a shape like that of the sigils of the Archangels. It is lineal, starts on

the left center in curved line that comes up toward the center above. This bends back and down from a cusp in a tight little curve, then up again in a cusp and a slightly wider down curve, up to a cusp and then straight down for a short distance, small circular loop and curve up to right in another small circular loop. Then horizontal back to the left just through the top edge of the first loop and drooping down to end in a serif cross.

HB:Koph : Top center, a circle with horns at top and a cross of vertical and horizontal diameters inside. Below this a radial extends downward for a short distance and then breaks up into three flat "S" curves ended in simple loose crosses.

HB:Lamed : Composite figure: Simple Libra type balances to left and above, no support. The lower pan hangs at an angle toward the center. The bar is diagonal in the upper left quarter of the box. The upper pan is blown horizontal. There is a form like a hockey stick angled from the lower left toward the center with the head vertical. A human head tops this, looking to the right. A horizontal line crosses the stick head below the human one, the right end terminating in a circle with a black and sinuous Yod inside. The left takes a angle down and touches the lower balance pan. In the lower right is a sword, angled up toward the serif-cross hilt to the right.

HB:Mem : This is a storm cloud with eyes and a sort of mouth. It is very flat and five shapes like icicles hang from it to the left of center. The letters N V H are vertical below the cloud and to the right of the icicle shapes. There is a downward pointed fledged arrow parallel and to the right of the letters.

HB:Nun : Left center is an "X" of two crossed sticks with a flower in center. Just above and to the right is the point of a scythe blade, arcing up to above top center and beyond before it curves down in a lineal handle ending below center in a serif-cross hilt. A stylized and crowned corpse to right holds this in right hand (shown as a short of brush). The head is a simplified death head canted to the right. The neck is narrow, The body and left arm look like a plucked chicken with a wishbone for a tail.

HB:Samekh : Difficult to describe. The lower center is misshapen cross of Malta ending in a blunt pestle below. A narrow isosceles triangle touches to top of this from above with its point. There is a pair of tiny golf-club shapes at the top base of the triangle, heads turned outward. This complex depends from a line that diverges symmetrically to either side at top. This line is wavy and reaches down on the left to touch the bristle end of a shape like a shaving brush. The line on the right forms a vertical word: SKRL, and continues down and below the bottom in crumpled waves to connect up the to handle of the "brush".

HB:Ayin : Odd shapes. There is a figure like an apple with two tiny leaves to left and top. A face is on this with curves for shut eyes and a downward curve for a mouth (nose?). Below this is the letter "B". Issuing to the right from the mouth point is a hollow lineal figure of curved lines, two lobes at top, a letter "K" below that, the lower lobe extended in a shaft toward the left center bottom and a rounded end at the bottom. The letter "R" is to the right, a little below midway of this shaft. The letter "N" is beneath the

shaft end.

HB:Peh : This is a barten with letters. The top has four crennels, simply, with the letter "D" in air above. The upper walls drop from the end crennels, right angle outward and then drop to the base. The base continues the walls with another small angle outward and a drop to a horizontal line across the bottom and extending slightly beyond each wall. There is a flattened rectangle within this base. An inverted "U" with serifs forms the door above this rectangle, and there is an inverted Latin cross hanging from the top inside that. Two windows complete the structure, inverted "U" shaped with flats cutting off the bottoms and inverted Latin Crosses acting to divide them are situated in the upper section and just past the first outward bends. The upper walls are flanked to left by "N" and to right by "V". The lower walls are flanked to left by "V" and to the right by "S". The base is flanked on the left by "M" and the right by "D". The word "SUE" is beneath the base.

HB:Tzaddi : This is one image. The lower part is a face, natural chin and sides smoothly going up until the ears appear as short laps to either side. Above this are two tapering lines, curved from below the ears and ascending in slight convergence to the top half of the image, about twice the height of the face above the chin. At this point there is a structure composed of two semicircles. The arcs are broken by vertical lines with a gap between in the lower part. In the upper part the arcs are interrupted by vertical elipsoid with a smaller horizontal elipsoid at top. The details of the face itself are a natural mouth, a little "U" shaped nose, two dots for eyes, brows meeting in a third arch.

HB:Qof : Three black crescents, horns down, are in vertical array in the center. They dwindle from the largest on top to a smaller near the bottom. Below the lowest of these is a vesica on its side. There is a fan of lines extending down from the upper arc of the vesica, creating an image a bit like a shell. To the right of this shell a series of seven crescents arcs upward to the right and comes a bit back toward the center at top. These crescents have horns downward at various angles to accommodate the curve, and the size increases slightly as they rise. A similar curve of crescents proceeds upward and to the left from just beyond the left side of the shell. These are more strongly incurved at top and reach nearly to the upper border of the box. There are twelve in this curve, with the ones near the shell being about half the size of those ending the curve near the upper limit, waxing in overall size as they go up.

HB:Resh : There are four elements to the sigil. In the center above is a black disk, the lower edge of it has a slender white crescent. Below this is a small horned circle with a dot in center. A line descends vertically from this small circle. A short horizontal bar crosses this line near the bottom and the ends of this bar drop verticals just short of the termination level of the main vertical line. Neteru are on either side, the one on the left has the head at top left, that on the right has its head at top right.

HB:Shin : This is a face melded into an exploded drawing of a rectangular box. The top rectangle has "NON" inside. The next rectangle has small rectangular "ears" to either side and "PAT" inside. The next down rectangle has "EBO" inside. The bottom

contiguous rectangle has a set of lips and a lower lip fringe beard. To the left and right of the upper rectangle are two angled dashes for eyes and beyond them two slight curved lines for brows.

HB:Taw : This is a strange sigil. From the right: Two large lower case letter "i"s, sansserf. From near the bottom of the left most is a horizontal squiggle of three vertical loops, then a curve to vertical and another horizontal squiggle of five downward loops, the last loop of this starts an arched squiggle up to the top of the next structure. The next structure is a vertical bar, from the bottom of which a curved squiggle arches right and about, crossing the second horizontal squiggle and reaching back over the left top to the upper end of a second parallel bar. From the bottom of this second bar a squiggle diagonals up about half the height of the bar to the left, continuing as a horizontal squiggle into the underside of the last element in the sigil. This element loops like a simplified drawing of a turtle, head downward and belly toward left. Back spotted in the pattern of Acquisitio and only two legs showing. This last could also be a sheep, such is the simplicity of the drawing.}

LIBER CCXXXI

(This book is true up to the grade of Adeptus Exemptus. V.V.V.V.V. 8 Degree, 3Square.) O. A, the heart of IAO, dwelleth in ecstasy in the secret place of the thunders. Between Asar and Asi he abideth in joy.

The lightnings increased and the Lord Tahuti stood forth. The Voice came from the Silence. Then the One ran and returned.

Now hath Nuit veiled herself, that she may open the gate of her sister.

The Virgin of God is enthroned upon an oyster-shell; she is like a pearl, and seeketh Seventy to her Four. In her heart is Hadit the invisible glory.

Now riseth Ra-Hoor-Khuit, and dominion is established in the Star of the Flame.

Also is the Star of the Flame exalted, bringing benediction to the universe.

Here then beneath the winged Eros is youth, delighting in the one and the other. He is Asar between Asi and Nepthi; he cometh forth from the veil.

He rideth upon the chariot of eternity; the white and the black are harnessed to his car. Therefore he reflecteth the Fool, and the sevenfold veil is revealed. {71}

Also came forth mother Earth with her lion, even Sekhet, the lady of Asi.

Also the Priest veiled himself, lest his glory be profaned, lest his word be lost in the multitude.

Now then the Father of all issued as a mighty wheel; the Sphinx, and the dog-headed god, and Typhon, were bound on his circumference.

Also the lady Maat with her feather and her sword abode to judge the righteous. For Fate was already established.

Then the holy one appeared in the great water of the North; as a golden dawn did he appear, bringing benediction to the fallen universe.

Also Asar was hidden in Amennti; and the Lords of Time swept over him with the sickle of death.

And a mighty angel appeared as a woman, pouring vials of woe upon the flames, lighting the pure stream with her brand of cursing. And the iniquity was very great.

Then the Lord Khem arose, He who is holy among the highest, and set up his crowned staff for to redeem the universe.

He smote the towers of wailing; he brake them in pieces in the fire of his anger, so that he alone did escape from the ruin thereof.

Transformed, the holy virgin appeared as a fluidic fire, making her beauty into a thunderbolt.

By her spells she invoked the Scarab, the Lord Kheph-Ra, so that the waters were cloven and the illusion of the towers was destroyed. {72}

Then the sun did appear unclouded, and the mouth of Asi was on the mouth of Asar.

Then also the Pyramid was builded so that the Initiation might be complete.

And in the heart of the Sphinx danced the Lord Adonai, in His garlands of roses and pearls making glad the concourse of things; yea, making glad the concourse of things.

THE GENII OF THE 22 SCALES OF THE SERPENT AND OF THE QLIPHOTH

Aleph	Aa'au-iao-ua'aa [a'a=Ayin]	:Amprodias
Bet	Bea'a-theta-aoooabitom	:Baratchial
Gemel	Git-omega-nosap-phi-omeg-allois	:Gargophias
Dalet	D-etanastartar-omega-theta	:Dagdagiel
Heh	Hoo-oor-omega-ist	:Hemethterith
Vau	Vuaretza --- [a secret name follows]	:Uriens
Zain	Zoo-omega-asar	:Zamradiel
Chet	Chiva-abrahamadabra-cadaxviii	:Characith
Tet	Theta-ala'aster-a-dekerval	:Temphioth
Yod	Iehuvahastana'a-theta-atan	:Yamatu
Koph	Kerugunaviel	:Kurgasiac
Lamed	Lusanaherandraton	:Lafcursiac
Mem	Malai	:Malkunofat
Nun	Nadimraphoroiza'a-theta-alai	:Niantiel
Samekh	Sala-theta-lala-amrodna-theta-a'aist	:Saksaksalim
Ayin	Oaoaaaoooo'a-ist	:A'ano'nin
Peh	Pura-theta-metai-ap-eta-metai	:Parfaxitas
Tzaddi	Xan-theta-asteransh-koppa-ist [sh koppa = sh, q]	:Tzuflifu
Qof	Qani-Delta-nayx-ipamai	:Qulielfi
Resh	Ra-a-gioselahladnaimawa-ist	:Raflifu
Shin	Shabnax-odobor	:Shalicu
Taw	Thath'th'thitha'athuth-thist.	:Thantifaxath

{73}

NOTE BY H. FRA. P. 4 Degree = 7Square (1899) ON THE R.O.T.A. BY THE
QABALAH OF NINE CHAMBERS

Units are divine --- The upright Triangle.

Tens reflected --- The averse Triangle.

Hundreds equilibrated --- The Hexagram their combination.

1. "Light." ---[Here can be no evil.] Aleph The hidden light---the "wisdom of
God foolishness with men.
Yod The Adept bearing Light.
Qof The Light in darkness and illusion.
[Khephra about to rise.]
2. "Action." --- Bet Active and Passive --- dual current, etc. --- the
Alternating Forces in Harmony.
Koph The Contending Forces --- fluctuation of earth-life.
Resh The Twins embracing --- eventual glory of harmonised
life under Sun.
3. "The Way." --- [Here also no evil.] Gemel The Higher Self.
Lamed The severe discipline of the Path.
Shin The judgment and resurrection
[0 Degree=0Square and 5 Degree=6Square rituals.]
4. "Life." --- Dalet The Mother of god. Aima.
Mem The Son Slain.
Taw The Bride.
5. "Force" (Purification). --- Heh The Supernal Sulphur purifying by fire.
Nun The Infernal Water Scorpio purifying by
putrefaction.
This work is not complete; therefore is
there no equilibration.
6. "Harmony." --- Vau The Reconciler [Vau of Yod-Heh-Vau-Heh] above.
Samekh The Reconciler below [lion and eagle, etc.].
This work also unfinished.
7. "Birth." --- Zain The Powers of Spiritual Regeneration.
[The Z.A.M. as Osiris risen between Isis and Nephthys.
The path of Gemel, Diana, above his head.]
Ayin The gross powers of generation.
8. "Rule." --- Chet The Orderly Ruling of diverse forces.
Peh The Ruin of the Unbalanced Forces.
9. "Stability." --- Tet The Force that represses evil.
Tzaddi The Force that restores the world ruined by evil.

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07010.html>

37 captures

12 Jan 2002 - 12 Aug 2025

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2017 2025 2026

About this capture

LIBER TAV

VEL

KABBALAE TRIVM LITERARUM

SVB FIGVRA

CD {75}

A ∴ A ∴

Publication in Class A.

Imprimatur:

N. Fra A ∴ A ∴

{Illustration on the facing page partly represented and partly described:

"LIBER [KABBALAE TRIUM LITERARUM.] Taw SVB FIGVRA CD"

In the top quarter of the page is an elongated Hebrew letter Taw, and within this letter are all the other Hebrew letters except Taw, arranged in three rows and seven columns. These Hebrew letters proceed from right to left thusly:

1st row: ZAIN	VAU	HEH	DALET	GIMEL	BET	ALEPH
2nd row: NUN	MEM	LAMED	KAPH	YOD	TET	CHET
3rd row: SHIN	RESH	QOF	TZADDI	PE	AYIN	

SAMEKH

The text given below is presented vertically below each of the seven columns, beginning on the right. The text is bordered on right and left by lotus crowned wands.

"The Magister Templi, the Adeptus, the Neophyte [8 Degree=3Square, 5 Degree=6Square, 0 Degree=0Square]

"The Ultimate Illusion, the Illusion of Force, the Illusion of Matter.

"The Functions of the 3 Orders: Silence in Speech; Silence; Speech in Silence: Construction, Preservation, Destruction.

"The Supreme Unveiling (or Unveiling of Light), the Unveiling of Life, the Unveiling of Love.

"Equilibrium; on the Cubic Stone, on the Path, and among the Shells.

"The Rituals of Initiation, 8 Degree=3Square, 5 Degree=6Square, 0 Degree=0Square:
Asar, as Bull, as Man, as Sun.

"The Ordeals of Initiation, 8 Degree=3Square, 5 Degree=6Square, 0 Degree=0Square:
Birth, Death, Resurrection."}

[This analysis may be checked by adding the columns vertically, 69, 81, 93, 114, 135,
246, 357. Dividing by 3 we get 23, 27, 31, 38, 45, 82, 119, which in the Sepher
Sephiroth mean respectively Life, Purity, Negation, "38x11=418," Innocent, Formation,
Prayer, Weeping. The analogies are obvious.]

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07011.html>

34 captures

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May SEP Aug

19

2017 2023 2025

About this capture
LIBER OS ABYSMI
VEL

DAATH

SVB FIGVRA

CDLXXIV {77}

A ∴ A ∴

Publication in Class B.

Imprimatur:

N. Fra A ∴ A ∴

LIBER OS ABYSMI

VEL DAATH

SVB FIGVRA CDLXXIV

This book is the Gate of the Secret of the Universe.

Let the Exempt Adept procure the Prolegomena of Kant, and study it, paying special
attention to the Antinomies.

Also Hume's doctrine of Causality in his "Enquiry."

Also Herbert Spencer's discussion of the three theories of the Universe in his "First

Principles," Part I.

Also Huxley's Essays on Hume and Berkeley.

Also Crowley's Essays: Berashith, Time, The Soldier and the Hunchback, et cetera.

Also the "Logik" of Hegel.

Also the "Questions of King Milinda" and the Buddhist Suttas which bear on Metaphysic.

Let him also be accomplished in Logic. (Formal Logic, Keynes.) Further let him study any classical works to which his attention may be sufficiently directed in the course of his reading.

Now let him consider special problems, such as the Origin of the World, the Origin of Evil, Infinity, the Absolute, the Ego and the non-Ego, Freewill and Destiny, and such others as may attract him. {79}

Let him subtly and exactly demonstrate the fallacies of every known solution, and let him seek a true solution by his right Ingenium.

In all this let him be guided only by clear reason, and let him forcibly suppress all other qualities such as Intuition, Aspiration, Emotion, and the like.

During these practices all forms of Magick Art and Meditation are forbidden to him. It is forbidden to him to seek any refuge from his intellect.

Let then his reason hurl itself again and again against the blank wall of mystery which will confront him.

Thus also following is it said, and we deny it not. At last automatically his reason will take up the practice, sua sponte, and he shall have no rest therefrom.

Then will all phenomena which present themselves to him appear meaningless and disconnected, and his own Ego will break up into a series of impressions having no relation one with the other, or with any other thing.

Let this state then become so acute that it is in truth Insanity, and let this continue until exhaustion.

According to a certain deeper tendency of the individual will be the duration of this state. It may end in real insanity, which concludes the activities of the Adept during this present life, or by his rebirth into his own body and mind with the simplicity of a little child.

And then shall he find all his faculties unimpaired, yet cleansed in a manner ineffable. And he shall recall the simplicity of the Task of the Adeptus Minor, and apply himself thereto with fresh energy in a more direct manner. {80}

And in his great weakness it may be that for awhile the new Will and Aspiration are not puissant, yet being undisturbed by those dead weeds of doubt and reason which he hath uprooted, they grow imperceptibly and easily like a flower.

And with the reappearance of the Holy Guardian Angel he may be granted the highest attainments, and be truly fitted for the full experience of the destruction of the Universe.

And by the Universe We mean not that petty Universe which the mind of man can conceive, but that which is revealed to his soul in the Samadhi of Atmadarshana.

Thence may he enter into a real communion with those that are beyond, and he shall be competent to receive communication and instruction from Ourselves directly.

Thus shall We prepare him for the confrontation of Choronzon and the Ordeal of the Abyss, when we have received him into the City of the Pyramids.

So, being of Us, let the Master of the Temple accomplish that Work which is appointed. (In Liber CDXVIII. is an adequate account of this Ordeal and Reception. See also Liber

CLVI. for the preparation.)

Also concerning the Reward thereof, of his entering into the Palace of the King's Daughter, and of that which shall thereafter befall, let it be understood of the Master of the Temple. Hath he not attained to Understanding? Yea, verily, hath he not attained to Understanding?

{81}

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07012.html>

38 captures

12 Jan 2002 - 19 Sep 2023

Dec SEP Oct

19

2017 2023 2024

About this capture

LIBER H A D

SVB FIGVRA

DLV {83}

A ∴ A ∴

Publication in Class D

(for Winners of the Ordeal X.)

Imprimatur:

{three flags/axes meaning "Neteru"}...

V.V.V.V.V. ...

N. Fra A ∴ A ∴

O.M. 7 Degree = 4Square.

LIBER H A D

SVB FIGVRA DLV 000. This is the Book of the Cult of the Infinite Within.

00. The Aspirant is Nuit. Nuit is the infinite expansion of the Rose; Hadit the infinite concentration of the Rood. (Instruction of V.V.V.V.V.)

0. First let the Aspirant learn in his heart the Second Chapter of the Book of the Law. (Instruction of V.V.V.V.V.)

Worship, i.e. identify thyself with, Nuit, as a lambent flame of blue, all-touching, all-penetrant, her lovely hands upon the black earth, and her lithe body arched for love, and her soft feet not hurting the little flowers, even as She is imaged in the Stele of Revealing.

This is the first practice of Meditation (ccxx. I. 26).

Let him further identify himself with the heart of Nuit, whose ecstasy is in that of her children, and her joy to see their joy, who sayeth: I love you! I yearn to you. Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous, I who am all pleasure and purple, and drunkenness of the

innermost sense, desire you. Put on the wings, and arose the coiled splendour within you: come unto me! ... Sing the rapturous love-song unto me! Burn to me perfumes! Wear to me jewels! Drink to me, for I love you! I love you! I am the blue-lidded daughter of {85} Sunset; I am the naked brilliance of the voluptuous night-sky. To me! To me! This is the second practice of Meditation (ccxx. I. 13, 61, 63, 64, 65).

Let the Aspirant apply himself to comprehend Hadit as an unextended point clothed with Light ineffable. And let him beware lest he be dazzled by that Light.

This is the first practice of Intelligence (ccxx. II. 2).

Let the Aspirant apply himself to comprehend Hadit as the ubiquitous centre of every sphere conceivable.

This is the second practice of Intelligence (ccxx. I. 2).

Let the Aspirant apply himself to comprehend Hadit as the soul of every man, and of every star, conjoining this in his Understanding with the Word (cxx. I. 2). "Every man and every woman is a star." Let this conception be that of Life, the giver of Life, and let him perceive that therefore the knowledge of Hadit is the knowledge of death.

This is the third practice of Intelligence (ccxx. II. 6).

Let the Aspirant apply himself to comprehend Hadit as the Magician or maker of Illusion, and the Exorcist or destroyer of Illusion, under the figure of the axle of the Wheel, and the cube in the circle. Also as the Universal Soul of Motion.

(This conception harmonises Thoth and Harpocrates in a very complete and miraculous manner. Thoth is both the Magus of Taro (see Lib. 418) and the Universal Mercury; Harpocrates both the destroyer of Typhon and the Babe on the Lotus. Note that the "Ibis position" formulates this conception most exactly. ED.)

This is the fourth practice of Intelligence (ccxx. II. 7). {86}

Let the Aspirant apply himself to comprehend Hadit as the perfect, that is Not, and solve the mystery of the numbers of Hadit and his components by his right Ingenium.

This is the fifth practice of Intelligence (ccxx. II. 15, 16).

Let the Aspirant, bearing him as a great King, root out and destroy without pity all things in himself and his surroundings which are weak, dirty, or diseased, or otherwise unworthy. And let him be exceeding proud and joyous.

This is the first practice of Ethics (ccxx. II. 18, 19, 20, 21).

Let the Aspirant apply himself to comprehend Hadit as the Snake that giveth Knowledge and Delight and bright glory, who stirreth the hearts of men with drunkenness. This snake is blue and gold; its eyes are red, and its spangles green and ultra-violet.

(That is, as the most exalted form of the Serpent Kundalini.)

This is the sixth practice of Intelligence (ccxx. II. 22, 50, 51).

Let him further identify himself with this Snake.

This is the second practice of Meditation (ccxx. II. 22).

Let the Aspirant take wine and strange drugs, according to his knowledge and experience, and be drunk thereof.

(The Aspirant should be in so sensitive a condition that a single drop, perhaps even the smell, should suffice. ED.)

This is the first practice of Magick Art (ccxx. II. 22).

Let the Aspirant concentrate his consciousness in the Rood Cross set up upon the Mountain, and identify himself with It. Let him be well aware of the difference between Its {87} own soul, and that thought which it habitually awakes in his own mind. This is

the third practice of Meditation, and as it will be found, a comprehension and harmony and absorption of the practices of Intelligence (ccxx, II. 22).

Let the Aspirant apply himself to comprehend Hadit as the Unity which is the Negative. (Ain Elohim. ED.)

This is the seventh practice of Intelligence (ccxx, II. 23).

Let the Aspirant live the life of a strong and beautiful being, proud and exalted, contemptuous of and fierce toward all that is base and vile.

This is the second practice of Ethics (ccxx, II. 24, 25, 45-49, 52, 56- 60).

Let the Aspirant apply himself to comprehend Hadit according to this 26th verse of the Second Chapter of the Book of the Law. And this shall be easy for him if he have well accomplished the Third Practice of Meditation.

This is the eighth practice of Intelligence (ccxx, II. 26).

Let the Aspirant destroy Reason in himself according to the practice in Liber CDLXXIV.

This is the fourth practice of Meditation (ccxx, II. 27-33).

Let the Aspirant observe duly the Feasts appointed by the A ∴ A ∴ and perform such rituals of the elements as he possesseth, invoking them duly in their season.

This is the second practice of Magick Art (ccxx, II. 35-43).

Let the Aspirant apply himself to comprehend Hadit as a babe in the egg of the Spirit (Akasha. ED.) that is invisible within the 4 elements.

This is the ninth practice of Intelligence (ccxx, II. 49). {88}

The Aspirant seated in his Asana will suddenly commence to breathe strangely, and this without the Operation of his will; the Inspiration will be associated with the thought of intense excitement and pleasure, even to exhaustion; and the Expiration very rapid and forceful, as if this excitement were suddenly released.

This is the first and last Indication of the Sign of the Beginning of this Result (ccxx, II. 63).

A light will appear to the Aspirant, unexpectedly. Hadit will arise within him, and Nuit concentrate Herself upon him from without. He will be overcome, and the Conjunction of the Infinite Without with the Infinite Within will take place in his soul, and the One be resolved into the None.

This is the first Indication of the Nature of the Result (ccxx, II. 61, 62, 64).

Let the Aspirant strengthen his body by all means in his power, and let him with equal pace refine all that is in him to the true ideal of Royalty. Yet let his formula, as a King's ought, be Excess.

This is the third practice of Ethics (ccxx, II. 70, 71).

To the Aspirant who succeeds in this practice the result goes on increasing until its climax in his physical death in its due season. This practice should, however, prolong life.

This is the second Indication of the Nature of the Result (ccxx, II. 66, 72-74).

Let the Adept aspire to the practice of Liber XI. and preach to mankind.

This is the fourth Practice of Ethics (ccxx, II. 76). {89}

Let the Adept worship the Name, foursquare, mystic, wonderful, of the Beast, and the name of His house; and give blessing and worship to the prophet of the lovely Star.

This is the fifth practice of Ethics (ccxx, II. 78, 79).

Let the Aspirant expand his consciousness to that of Nuit, and bring it rushing inward. It may be practised by imagining that the Heavens are falling, and then transferring the

consciousness to them.

This is the fifth practice of Meditation. (Instruction of V.V.V.V.V.)

Summary. Preliminaries.

These are the necessary possessions.

Wine and strange drugs.

Summary continued. Preliminaries. These are the necessary comprehensions.

The nature of Hadit (and of Nuit, and the relations between them.)

Summary continued. Preliminaries.

These are the meditations necessary to be accomplished.

Identification with Nuit, body and spirit.

Identification with Hadit as the Snake.

Identification with Hadit as the Rood Cross.

Destruction of Reason.

The falling of the Heavens.

Summary continued. Preliminaries.

These are the Ethical Practices to be accomplished.

The destruction of all unworthiness in one's self and one's surroundings.

Fulness, almost violence, of life. {90}

Summary continued. Preliminaries.

These are the Magick Arts to be practised.

During the preparation, perform the Invocations of the Elements.

Observe the Feasts appointed by the A ∴ A ∴

Summary continued. The actual Practice.

Procure the suitable intoxication.

As Nuit, contract thyself with infinite force upon Hadit.

Summary continued. The Results.

Peculiar automatic breathing begins.

A light appears.

Samadhi of the two Infinities within aspirant.

Intensification of 3 on repetition.

Prolongation of life.

Death becomes the climax of the practice.

Summary concluded.

These are the practices to be performed in token of Thanksgiving for success.

Aspiration to Liber XI.

Preaching of Theta-epsilon-lambda-eta-mu-alpha to mankind.

Blessing and Worship to the prophet of the lovely Star.

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<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07013.html>

34 captures

12 Jan 2002 - 12 Aug 2025

Feb SEP Aug

19

2017 2023 2025

About this capture
LIBER TAV
SVB FIGVRA

DCCCXXXI {93}

A ∴ A ∴
Publication in Class B.
Imprimatur:
N. Fra A ∴ A ∴
LIBER TAV

SVB FIGVRA DCCCXXXI (This book was formerly called Vesta. It is referred to the path of Virgo and the letter Yod.)

I.

This is the Book of drawing all to a point.

Herein are described three methods whereby the consciousness of the Many may be melted to that of the One.

II.

FIRST METHOD 0. Let a magical circle be constructed, and within it an upright Tau drawn upon the ground. Let this Tau be divided into 10 squares (See Liber CMLXIII., Illustration 1).

Let the Magician be armed with the Sword of Art.[This ritual is preferably performed by the Adept as an Hermit armed with wand and lamp, instead of as in text. --- N.]

Let him wear the black robe of a Neophyte.

Let a single small flame of camphor burn at the top of the Tau, and let there be no other light or ornament.[This ritual is preferably performed by the Adept as an Hermit armed with wand and lamp, instead of as in text. --- N.]

Let him "open" the Temple as in DCLXXI., or in any other convenient manner. {95}

Standing at the appropriate quarters, at the edge of the circle, let him banish the 5 elements by the appropriate rituals.

Standing at the edge of the circle, let him banish the 7 planets by the appropriate rituals.

Let him face the actual position of each planet in the heavens at the time of his working.

Let him further banish the twelve signs of the Zodiac by the appropriate rituals, facing each sign in turn.

Let him at each of these 24 banishings make three circuits widdershins, with the signs of Horus and Harpocrates in the East as he passes it.

Let him advance to the square of Malkuth in the Tau, and perform a ritual of banishing Malkuth. But here let him not leave the square to circumambulate the circle, but use the formula and God-form of Harpocrates.

Let him advance in turn to the squares Jesod, Hod, Netzach, Tiphereth, Geburah, Chesed, and banish each by appropriate rituals.

And let him know that such rituals include the pronunciation of the appropriate names of God backwards, and also a curse against the Sephira in respect of all that which it is,

for that it is that which distinguishes and separates it from Kether.

Advancing to the squares of Binah and Chokmah in turn, let him banish these also. And for that by now an awe and trembling shall have taken hold upon him, let him banish these by a supreme ritual of inestimable puissance. And let him beware exceedingly lest his will falter, or his courage fail.

Finally, let him, advancing to the square of Kether, {96} banish that also by what means he may. At the end whereof let him set his foot upon the light, extinguishing it; [If armed with wand and lamp, let him extinguish the light with his hand. --- N.] and, as he falleth, let him fall within the circle.

SECOND METHOD

Let the Hermit be seated in his Asana, robed, and let him meditate in turn upon every several part of his body until that part is so unreal to him that he no longer includes it in his comprehension of himself. For example, if it be his right foot, let him touch that foot, and be alarmed, thinking, "A foot! What is this foot? Surely I am not alone in the Hermitage!"

And this practice should be carried out not only at the time of meditation, but during the day's work.

This meditation is to be assisted by reasoning; as "This foot is not I. If I should lose my foot, I should still be I. This foot is a mass of changing and decaying flesh, bone, skin, blood, lymph, etc., while I am the Unchanging and Immortal Spirit, uniform, not made, unbegotten, formless, self-luminous," etc.

This practice being perfect for each part of the body, let him combine his workings until the whole body is thus understood as the non-Ego and as illusion.

Let then the Hermit, seated in his Asana, meditate upon the Muladhara cakra and its correspondence as a power of the mind, and destroy it in the same manner as aforesaid. Also by reasoning: "This emotion (memory, imagination, intellect, will, as it may be) is not I. This emotion is {97} transient: I am immovable. This emotion is passion; I am peace." And so on.

Let the other Cakrams in their turn be thus destroyed, each one with its mental or moral attribute.

In this let him be aided by his own psychological analysis, so that no part of his conscious being be thus left undestroyed. And on his thoroughness in this matter may turn his success.

Lastly, having drawn all his being into the highest Sahasrara Cakra, let him remain eternally fixed in meditation thereupon.

Aum.

THIRD METHOD.

Let the Hermit stimulate each of the senses in turn, concentrating upon each until it ceases to stimulate.

[The senses of sight and touch are extremely difficult to conquer. In the end the Hermit must be utterly unable by any effort to see or feel the object of those senses. O.M.]

This being perfected, let him combine them two at a time.

For example, let him chew ginger (taste and touch), and watch a waterfall (sight and hearing), and watch incense (sight and smell), and crunch sugar in his teeth (taste and hearing), and so on.

These twenty-five practices being accomplished, let him combine them three at a time,

then four at a time.

Lastly, let him combine all the senses in a single object.

And herein may a sixth sense be included. He is then to withdraw himself entirely from all the stimulations, *perinde ac cadaver*, in spite of his own efforts to attach himself to them.

By this method it is said that the demons of the *Ruach*, {98} that is, thoughts and memories, are inhibited, and We deny it not. But if so be that they arise, let him build a wall between himself and them according to the method.

Thus having stilled the voices of the Six, may he sense the subtlety of the Seventh.

Aum.

[We add the following, contributed by a friend at that time without the A ∴ A ∴ and its dependent orders. He worked out the method himself, and we think it may prove useful to many. O.M.]

(1) The beginner must first practise breathing regularly through the nose, at the same time trying hard to believe that the breath goes to the Ajna and not to the lungs.

The prana yama exercises described in the *EQUINOX*, Vol. I, No. 4, p. 101, must next be practised, always with the idea that Ajna is breathing.

Try to realise that "power," not air, is being drawn into the Ajna, is being concentrated there during *Kumbhaka*, and is vivifying the Ajna during expiration. Try rather to increase the force of concentration in Ajna than to increase so excessively the length of *Kumbhaka*, as this is dangerous if rashly undertaken.

(2) Walk slowly in a quiet place; realise that the legs are moving, and study their movements. Understand thoroughly that these movements are due to nerve messages sent down from the brain, and that the controlling power lies in the Ajna. The legs are automatic, like those of a wooden monkey: the power in Ajna is that which does the work, is that which walks. This is not hard to realise, and should be grasped firmly, ignoring all other walking sensations.

Apply this method to every other muscular movement. {99}

(3) Lie flat on the back with the feet under a heavy piece of furniture. Keeping the spine straight and the arms in a line with the body, rise slowly to a sitting posture, by means of the force residing in the Ajna ("i.e." try to prevent the mind dwelling on any other exertion or sensation.)

Then let the body slowly down to its original position. Repeat this two or three times every night and morning, and slowly increase the number of repetitions.

(4) Try to transfer all bodily sensations to the Ajna: "e.g." "I am cold" should mean "I feel cold," or, better still, "I am aware of a sensation of cold" --- transfer this to the Ajna, "The Ajna is aware," etc.

(5) Pain if very slight may easily be transferred to the Ajna after a little practice. The best method for beginner is to "imagine" he has a pain in the body and then imagine that it passes directly into the Ajna. It does not pass through the intervening structures, but goes direct. After continual practice even severe pain may be transferred to the Ajna.

(6) Fix the mind on the base of the spine and then gradually move the thoughts upwards to the Ajna.

(In this meditation Ajna is the Holy of Holies, but it is dark and empty.)

Finally, strive hard to drive anger and other obsessing thoughts into the Ajna. Try to develop a tendency to think hard of Ajna when these thoughts attack the mind, and let Ajna conquer them.

Beware of thinking of "my Ajna." In these meditations and practices, Ajna does not belong to you; Ajna is the master and worker, you are the wooden monkey. {100}

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07015.html>

36 captures

13 Jan 2002 - 8 Nov 2025

Feb SEP Aug

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2017 2023 2025

About this capture

LIBER Taw-Yod-Shin-Aleph-Resh-Bet (ThIShARB)

VIAE MEMORIAE

SVB FIGVRA

CMXIII {105}

A ∴ A ∴

Publication in Class B.

Imprimatur:

N. Fra A ∴ A ∴

LIBER Taw-Yod-Shin-Aleph-Resh-Bet

VIAE MEMORIAE

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For in the Abyss no effort is anywise possible. The Abyss is passed by virtue of the mass of the Adept and his Karma. Two forces impel him: (1) the attraction of Binah, (2) the impulse of his Karma; and the ease and even the safety of his passage depend on the strength and direction of the latter.

Should one rashly dare the passage, and take the irrevocable Oath of the Abyss, he might be lost therein through AEons of incalculable agony; he might even be {107} thrown back upon Chesed, with the terrible Karma of failure added to his original imperfection.

It is even said that in certain circumstances it is possible to fall altogether from the Tree of Life, and to attain the Towers of the Black Brothers. But We hold that this is not possible for any adept who has truly attained his grade, or even for any man who has really sought to help humanity even for a single second,<> and that although his aspiration have been impure through vanity or any similar imperfection.

Let then the Adept who finds the result of these meditations unsatisfactory refuse the Oath of the Abyss, and live so that his Karma gains strength and direction suitable to the task at some future period.

Memory is essential to the individual consciousness; otherwise the mind were but a blank sheet on which shadows are cast. But we see that not only does the mind retain impressions, but that it is so constituted that its tendency is to retain some more excellently than others. Thus the great classical scholar, Sir Richard Jebb, was unable to learn even the schoolboy mathematics required for the preliminary examination at Cambridge University, and a special act of the authorities was required in order to admit him.{WEH NOTE: Normally this would be an exercise of Medieval privilege by a Royal or other nobility. Wars have been lost over such "Grace" being given in the qualification of officers!}

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The stimulation of memory useful in both practices is also achieved by simple meditation (Liber E), in a certain stage of which old memories arise unbidden. The adept may then practise this, stopping at that stage, and encouraging instead of suppressing the flashes of memory.

Zoroaster has said, "Explore the River of the Soul, whence or in what order you have come; so that although you have become a servant to the body, you may again rise to

that Order (the A ∴ A ∴) from which you descended, joining Works (Kamma) to the Sacred Reason (the Tao)."

The Result of the Second Method is to show the Adept to what end his powers are destined. When he has passed the Abyss and become NEMO, the return of the current causes him "to appear in the Heaven of Jupiter as a morning star or as an evening star." [The formula of the Great Work "Solve et Coagula" may be thus interpreted. Solve, the dissolution of the Self in the Infinite; Coagula, the presentation of the Infinite in a concrete form to the outer. Both are necessary to the Task of a Master of the Temple.]

In other words, he should discover what may be the nature of his work. Thus Mohammed was a Brother reflected into Netzach, Buddha a Brother reflected into Hod, or, as some say, Daath. The present manifestation of Frater P. to the outer is in Tiphereth, to the inner in the path of Leo.

First Method. Let the Exempt Adept first train himself to think backwards by external means, as set forth here following.

("a") Let him learn to write backwards, with either hand.

("b") Let him learn to walk backwards. {109}

("c") Let him constantly watch, if convenient, cinematograph films, and listen to phonograph records, reversed, and let him so accustom himself to these that they appear natural, and appreciable as a whole.

("d") Let him practise speaking backwards; thus for "I am He" let him say, "Eh ma I".

("e") Let him learn to read backwards. In this it is difficult to avoid cheating one's self, as an expert reader sees a sentence at a glance. Let his disciple read aloud to him backwards, slowly at first, then more quickly.

("f") Of his own ingenuity, let him devise other methods.

In this his brain will at first be overwhelmed by a sense of utter confusion; secondly, it will endeavour to evade the difficulty by a trick. The brain will pretend to be working backwards when it is really normal. It is difficult to describe the nature of the trick, but it will be quite obvious to anyone who has done practices ("a") and ("b") for a day or two. They become quite easy, and he will think that he is making progress, an illusion which close analysis will dispel.

Having begun to train his brain in this manner, and obtained some little success, let the Exempt Adept, seated in his Asana, think first of his present attitude, next of the act of being seated, next of his entering the room, next of his robing, et cetera, exactly as it happened. And let him most strenuously endeavour to think each act as happening backwards. It is not enough to think: "I am seated here, and before that I was standing, and before that I entered the room," etc. That series is the trick detected in the preliminary practices. {110} The series must not run "ghi-def-abc" but "ihg fedcba": not "horse a is this" but "esroh a si siht". To obtain this thoroughly well, practice ("c") is very useful. The brain will be found to struggle constantly to right itself, soon accustoming itself to accept "esroh" as merely another glyph for "horse." This tendency must be constantly combated.

In the early stages of this practice the endeavour should be to meticulous minuteness of detail in remembering actions; for the brain's habit of thinking forwards will at first be insuperable. Thinking of large and complex actions, then, will give a series which we may symbolically write "opqrstu-hijklmn-abcdefg." If these be split into detail, we shall have "stu-pqr-o---mn-kl-hij---fg-cde-ab," which is much nearer to the ideal

"utsrqponmlkjihgfedcba."

Capacities differ widely, but the Exempt Adept need have no reason to be discouraged if after a month's continuous labour he find that now and again for a few seconds his brain really works backwards.

The Exempt Adept should concentrate his efforts upon obtaining a perfect picture of five minutes backwards rather than upon extending the time covered by his meditation. For this preliminary training of the brain is the Pons Asinorum of the whole process.

This five minutes' exercise being satisfactory, the Exempt Adept may extend the same at his discretion to cover an hour, a day, a week, and so on. Difficulties vanish before him as he advances; the extension from a day to the course of his whole life will not prove so difficult as the perfecting of the five minutes.

This practice should be repeated at least four times {111} daily, and progress is shown firstly by the ever easier running of the brain, secondly by the added memories which arise.

It is useful to reflect during this practice, which in time becomes almost mechanical, upon the way in which effects spring from causes. This aids the mind to link its memories, and prepares the adept for the preliminary practice of the Second Method. Having allowed the mind to return for some hundred times to the hour of birth, it should be encouraged to endeavour to penetrate beyond that period. If it be properly trained to run backwards, there will be little difficulty in doing this, although it is one of the distinct steps in the practice.

It may be then that the memory will persuade the adept of some previous existence.

Where this is possible, let it be checked by an appeal to facts, as follows:

It often occurs to men that on visiting a place to which they have never been, it appears familiar. This may arise from a confusion of thought or a slipping of the memory, but it is conceivably a fact.

If, then, the adept "remember" that he was in a previous life in some city, say Cracow, which he has in this life never visited, let him describe from memory the appearance of Cracow, and of its inhabitants, setting down their names. Let him further enter into details of the city and its customs. And having done this with great minuteness, let him confirm the same by consultation with historians and geographers, or by a personal visit, remembering (both to the credit of his memory and its discredit) that historians, geographers, and himself are alike fallible. But let him not trust his memory {112} to assert its conclusions as fact, and act thereupon, without most adequate confirmation. This process of checking his memory should be practised with the earlier memories of childhood and youth by reference to the memories and records of others, always reflecting upon the fallibility even of such safeguards.

All this being perfected, so that the memory reaches back into aeons incalculably distant, let the Exempt Adept meditate upon the fruitlessness of all those years, and upon the fruit thereof, severing that which is transitory and worthless from that which is eternal. And it may be that he being but an Exempt Adept may hold all to be savourless and full of sorrow.

This being so, without reluctance will he swear the Oath of the Abyss.

Second Method. Let the Exempt Adept, fortified by the practice of the First Method, enter the preliminary practice of the Second Method.

Second Method. Preliminary Practices. Let him, seated in his Asana, consider any

event, and trace it to its immediate causes. And let this be done very fully and minutely. Here, for example, is a body erect and motionless. Let the adept consider the many forces which maintain it; firstly, the attraction of the earth, of the sun, of the planets, of the farthest stars, nay, of every mote of dust in the room, one of which (could it be annihilated) would cause that body to move, although so imperceptibly. Also the resistance of the floor, the pressure of the air, and all other external conditions. Secondly, the internal forces which sustain it, the vast and complex machinery of the skeleton, the muscles, {113} the blood, the lymph, the marrow, all that makes up a man. Thirdly the moral and intellectual forces involved, the mind, the will, the consciousness. Let him continue this with unremitting ardour, searching Nature, leaving nothing out. Next, let him take one of the immediate causes of his position, and trace out its equilibrium. For example, the will. What determines the will to aid in holding the body erect and motionless?

This being discovered, let him choose one of the forces which determined his will, and trace out that in similar fashion; and let this process be continued for many days until the interdependence of all things is a truth assimilated in his inmost being.

This being accomplished, let him trace his own history with special reference to the causes of each event. And in this practice he may neglect to some extent the universal forces which at all times act on all, as for example the attraction of masses, and let him concentrate his attention upon the principal and determining or effective causes.

For instance, he is seated, perhaps, in a country place in Spain. Why? Because Spain is warm and suitable for meditation, and because cities are noisy and crowded. Why is Spain warm? and why does he wish to meditate? Why choose warm Spain rather than warm India? To the last question: Because Spain is nearer to his home. Then why is his home near Spain? Because his parents were Germans. And why did they go to Germany? And so during the whole meditation.

On another day, let him begin with a question of another kind, and every day devise new questions, not only concerning his present situation, but also abstract questions. {114} Thus let him connect the prevalence of water upon the surface of the globe with its necessity to such life as we know, with the specific gravity and other physical properties of water, and let him perceive ultimately through all this the necessity and concord of things, not concord as the schoolmen of old believed, making all things for man's benefit or convenience, but the essential mechanical concord whose final law is "inertia." And in these meditations let him avoid as if it were the plague any speculation sentimental or fantastic.

Second Method. The Practice Proper. Having then perfected in his mind these conceptions, let him apply them to his own career, forging the links of memory into the chain of necessity.

And let this be his final question: To what purpose am I fitted? Of what service can my being prove to the Brothers of the A :: A :: if I cross the Abyss, and am admitted to the City of the Pyramids?

Now that he may clearly understand the nature of this question, and the method of solution, let him study the reasoning of the anatomist who reconstructs an animal from a single bone. To take a simple example.

Suppose, having lived all my life among savages, a ship is cast upon the shore and wrecked. Undamaged among the cargo is a "Victoria." What is its use? The wheels

speak of roads, their slimness of smooth roads, the brake of hilly roads. The shafts show that it was meant to be drawn by an animal, their height and length suggest an animal of the size of a horse. That the carriage is open suggests a climate tolerable at any rate for part of the year. The height of the box suggest crowded streets, or the spirited character of the {115} animal employed to draw it. The cushions indicate its use to convey men rather than merchandise; its hood that rain sometimes falls, or that the sun is at times powerful. The springs would imply considerable skill in metals; the varnish much attainment in that craft.

Similarly, let the adept consider of his own case. Now that he is on the point of plunging into the Abyss a giant Why? confronts him with uplifted club.

There is no minutest atom of his composition which can be withdrawn without making him some other than he is; no useless moment in his past. Then what is his future? The "Victoria" is not a waggon; it is not intended for carting hay. It is not a sulky; it is useless in trotting races.

So the adept has military genius, or much knowledge of Greek; how do these attainments help his purpose, or the purpose of the Brothers? He was put to death by Calvin, or stoned by Hezekiah; as a snake he was killed by a villager, or as an elephant slain in battle under Hamilcar. How do such memories help him? Until he have thoroughly mastered the reason for every incident in his past, and found a purpose for every item of his present equipment,[A brother known to me was repeatedly baffled in this meditation. But one day being thrown with his horse over a sheer cliff of forty feet, and escaping without a scratch or a bruse, he was reminded of his many narrow escapes from death. These proved to be the last factors in his problem, which, thus completed, solved itself in a moment. O.M. {WEH NOTE ADDENDA: Here Crowley speaks of himself, the event being noted in his China walk account.}] he cannot truly answer even those Three Question what were first put to him, even the Three Questions of the Ritual of the Pyramid; he is not ready to swear the Oath of the Abyss. But being thus enlightened, let him swear the Oath of the Abyss; yea, let him swear the Oath of the Abyss.

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<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07015.html>

36 captures

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A ∴ A ∴

Publication in Class B.

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The first method to be described has been detailed in Bhikkhu Ananda Metteya's "Training of the Mind" (EQUINOX, I. 5, pp. 28-59, and especially pp. 48-56). We have little to alter or to add. Its most important result, as regards the Oath of the Abyss, is the freedom from all desire or clinging to anything which it gives. Its second result is to {108} aid the adept in the second method, by supplying him with further data for his investigation.

The stimulation of memory useful in both practices is also achieved by simple meditation (Liber E), in a certain stage of which old memories arise unbidden. The adept may then practise this, stopping at that stage, and encouraging instead of suppressing the flashes of memory.

Zoroaster has said, "Explore the River of the Soul, whence or in what order you have come; so that although you have become a servant to the body, you may again rise to that Order (the A ∴ A ∴) from which you descended, joining Works (Kamma) to the Sacred Reason (the Tao)."

The Result of the Second Method is to show the Adept to what end his powers are destined. When he has passed the Abyss and become NEMO, the return of the current causes him "to appear in the Heaven of Jupiter as a morning star or as an evening star." [The formula of the Great Work "Solve et Coagula" may be thus interpreted. Solve, the dissolution of the Self in the Infinite; Coagula, the presentation of the Infinite in a concrete form to the outer. Both are necessary to the Task of a Master of the Temple.]

In other words, he should discover what may be the nature of his work. Thus Mohammed was a Brother reflected into Netzach, Buddha a Brother reflected into Hod, or, as some say, Daath. The present manifestation of Frater P. to the outer is in Tiphereth, to the inner in the path of Leo.

First Method. Let the Exempt Adept first train himself to think backwards by external means, as set forth here following.

("a") Let him learn to write backwards, with either hand.

("b") Let him learn to walk backwards. {109}

("c") Let him constantly watch, if convenient, cinematograph films, and listen to phonograph records, reversed, and let him so accustom himself to these that they appear natural, and appreciable as a whole.

("d") Let him practise speaking backwards; thus for "I am He" let him say, "Eh ma I".

("e") Let him learn to read backwards. In this it is difficult to avoid cheating one's self, as an expert reader sees a sentence at a glance. Let his disciple read aloud to him backwards, slowly at first, then more quickly.

("f") Of his own ingenuity, let him devise other methods.

In this his brain will at first be overwhelmed by a sense of utter confusion; secondly, it will endeavour to evade the difficulty by a trick. The brain will pretend to be working backwards when it is really normal. It is difficult to describe the nature of the trick, but it will be quite obvious to anyone who has done practices ("a") and ("b") for a day or two. They become quite easy, and he will think that he is making progress, an illusion which close analysis will dispel.

Having begun to train his brain in this manner, and obtained some little success, let the Exempt Adept, seated in his Asana, think first of his present attitude, next of the act of being seated, next of his entering the room, next of his robing, et cetera, exactly as it

happened. And let him most strenuously endeavour to think each act as happening backwards. It is not enough to think: "I am seated here, and before that I was standing, and before that I entered the room," etc. That series is the trick detected in the preliminary practices. {110} The series must not run "ghi-def-abc" but "ihg fedcba": not "horse a is this" but "esroh a si siht". To obtain this thoroughly well, practice ("c") is very useful. The brain will be found to struggle constantly to right itself, soon accustoming itself to accept "esroh" as merely another glyph for "horse." This tendency must be constantly combated.

In the early stages of this practice the endeavour should be to meticulous minuteness of detail in remembering actions; for the brain's habit of thinking forwards will at first be insuperable. Thinking of large and complex actions, then, will give a series which we may symbolically write "opqrstu-hijklmn-abcdefg." If these be split into detail, we shall have "stu-pqr-o---mn-kl-hij---fg-cde-ab," which is much nearer to the ideal "utsrqponmlkjihg fedcba."

Capacities differ widely, but the Exempt Adept need have no reason to be discouraged if after a month's continuous labour he find that now and again for a few seconds his brain really works backwards.

The Exempt Adept should concentrate his efforts upon obtaining a perfect picture of five minutes backwards rather than upon extending the time covered by his meditation. For this preliminary training of the brain is the Pons Asinorum of the whole process.

This five minutes' exercise being satisfactory, the Exempt Adept may extend the same at his discretion to cover an hour, a day, a week, and so on. Difficulties vanish before him as he advances; the extension from a day to the course of his whole life will not prove so difficult as the perfecting of the five minutes.

This practice should be repeated at least four times {111} daily, and progress is shown firstly by the ever easier running of the brain, secondly by the added memories which arise.

It is useful to reflect during this practice, which in time becomes almost mechanical, upon the way in which effects spring from causes. This aids the mind to link its memories, and prepares the adept for the preliminary practice of the Second Method. Having allowed the mind to return for some hundred times to the hour of birth, it should be encouraged to endeavour to penetrate beyond that period. If it be properly trained to run backwards, there will be little difficulty in doing this, although it is one of the distinct steps in the practice.

It may be then that the memory will persuade the adept of some previous existence. Where this is possible, let it be checked by an appeal to facts, as follows:

It often occurs to men that on visiting a place to which they have never been, it appears familiar. This may arise from a confusion of thought or a slipping of the memory, but it is conceivably a fact.

If, then, the adept "remember" that he was in a previous life in some city, say Cracow, which he has in this life never visited, let him describe from memory the appearance of Cracow, and of its inhabitants, setting down their names. Let him further enter into details of the city and its customs. And having done this with great minuteness, let him confirm the same by consultation with historians and geographers, or by a personal visit, remembering (both to the credit of his memory and its discredit) that historians, geographers, and himself are alike fallible. But let him not trust his memory {112} to

assert its conclusions as fact, and act thereupon, without most adequate confirmation. This process of checking his memory should be practised with the earlier memories of childhood and youth by reference to the memories and records of others, always reflecting upon the fallibility even of such safeguards.

All this being perfected, so that the memory reaches back into aeons incalculably distant, let the Exempt Adept meditate upon the fruitlessness of all those years, and upon the fruit thereof, severing that which is transitory and worthless from that which is eternal. And it may be that he being but an Exempt Adept may hold all to be savourless and full of sorrow.

This being so, without reluctance will he swear the Oath of the Abyss.

Second Method. Let the Exempt Adept, fortified by the practice of the First Method, enter the preliminary practice of the Second Method.

Second Method. Preliminary Practices. Let him, seated in his Asana, consider any event, and trace it to its immediate causes. And let this be done very fully and minutely. Here, for example, is a body erect and motionless. Let the adept consider the many forces which maintain it; firstly, the attraction of the earth, of the sun, of the planets, of the farthest stars, nay, of every mote of dust in the room, one of which (could it be annihilated) would cause that body to move, although so imperceptibly. Also the resistance of the floor, the pressure of the air, and all other external conditions.

Secondly, the internal forces which sustain it, the vast and complex machinery of the skeleton, the muscles, {113} the blood, the lymph, the marrow, all that makes up a man.

Thirdly the moral and intellectual forces involved, the mind, the will, the consciousness.

Let him continue this with unremitting ardour, searching Nature, leaving nothing out.

Next, let him take one of the immediate causes of his position, and trace out its equilibrium. For example, the will. What determines the will to aid in holding the body erect and motionless?

This being discovered, let him choose one of the forces which determined his will, and trace out that in similar fashion; and let this process be continued for many days until the interdependence of all things is a truth assimilated in his inmost being.

This being accomplished, let him trace his own history with special reference to the causes of each event. And in this practice he may neglect to some extent the universal forces which at all times act on all, as for example the attraction of masses, and let him concentrate his attention upon the principal and determining or effective causes.

For instance, he is seated, perhaps, in a country place in Spain. Why? Because Spain is warm and suitable for meditation, and because cities are noisy and crowded. Why is Spain warm? and why does he wish to meditate? Why choose warm Spain rather than warm India? To the last question: Because Spain is nearer to his home. Then why is his home near Spain? Because his parents were Germans. And why did they go to Germany? And so during the whole meditation.

On another day, let him begin with a question of another kind, and every day devise new questions, not only concerning his present situation, but also abstract questions.

{114} Thus let him connect the prevalence of water upon the surface of the globe with its necessity to such life as we know, with the specific gravity and other physical properties of water, and let him perceive ultimately through all this the necessity and concord of things, not concord as the schoolmen of old believed, making all things for man's benefit or convenience, but the essential mechanical concord whose final law is

"inertia." And in these meditations let him avoid as if it were the plague any speculation sentimental or fantastic.

Second Method. The Practice Proper. Having then perfected in his mind these conceptions, let him apply them to his own career, forging the links of memory into the chain of necessity.

And let this be his final question: To what purpose am I fitted? Of what service can my being prove to the Brothers of the A :: A :: if I cross the Abyss, and am admitted to the City of the Pyramids?

Now that he may clearly understand the nature of this question, and the method of solution, let him study the reasoning of the anatomist who reconstructs an animal from a single bone. To take a simple example.

Suppose, having lived all my life among savages, a ship is cast upon the shore and wrecked. Undamaged among the cargo is a "Victoria." What is its use? The wheels speak of roads, their slimness of smooth roads, the brake of hilly roads. The shafts show that it was meant to be drawn by an animal, their height and length suggest an animal of the size of a horse. That the carriage is open suggests a climate tolerable at any rate for part of the year. The height of the box suggest crowded streets, or the spirited character of the {115} animal employed to draw it. The cushions indicate its use to convey men rather than merchandise; its hood that rain sometimes falls, or that the sun is at times powerful. The springs would imply considerable skill in metals; the varnish much attainment in that craft.

Similarly, let the adept consider of his own case. Now that he is on the point of plunging into the Abyss a giant Why? confronts him with uplifted club.

There is no minutest atom of his composition which can be withdrawn without making him some other than he is; no useless moment in his past. Then what is his future? The "Victoria" is not a waggon; it is not intended for carting hay. It is not a sulky; it is useless in trotting races.

So the adept has military genius, or much knowledge of Greek; how do these attainments help his purpose, or the purpose of the Brothers? He was put to death by Calvin, or stoned by Hezekiah; as a snake he was killed by a villager, or as an elephant slain in battle under Hamilcar. How do such memories help him? Until he have thoroughly mastered the reason for every incident in his past, and found a purpose for every item of his present equipment,[A brother known to me was repeatedly baffled in this meditation. But one day being thrown with his horse over a sheer cliff of forty feet, and escaping without a scratch or a bruse, he was reminded of his many narrow escapes from death. These proved to be the last factors in his problem, which, thus completed, solved itself in a moment. O.M. {WEH NOTE ADDENDA: Here Crowley speaks of himself, the event being noted in his China walk account.}] he cannot truly answer even those Three Questions what were first put to him, even the Three Questions of the Ritual of the Pyramid; he is not ready to swear the Oath of the Abyss. But being thus enlightened, let him swear the Oath of the Abyss; yea, let him swear the Oath of the Abyss.

{116}

4 Jul 2002 - 12 Aug 2025
Jan FEB Aug
24
2022 2024 2025

About this capture
ADONIS
AN ALLEGORY

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

Inscribed to Adonis.

{117}

{Robin note: perhaps someone would like to do a better job of formatting this for HTML.
For now it is presented preformatted.}

PERSONS OF THE ALLEGORY

THE KING OF BABYLON, "tributary to the King of Greece"
HERMES, "a Greek Physician"
THE LADY PSYCHE
THE COUNT ADONIS, "at first known as the Lord Esarhaddon"
THE LADY ASTARTE
"The Warriors of the King of Babylon"
HANUMAN, "Servant to Hermes"
CHARIS,.
ELPIS, : "Attendants on Psyche"
PISTIS,.
"Three Aged Women"
"Handmaidens and Slaves of Astarte"

ADONIS

ACT I

SCENE I: "The hanging gardens of Babylon. R., the House of the Lady Astarte; L., a gateway; C., a broad lawn enriched with clustered flowers and sculptures. The sun is nigh his setting. On a couch under the wall of the city reposes the Lord Esarhaddon, fanned by two slaves, a negro boy and a fair Kabyle girl, clad in yellow and blue, the boy's robes being covered with a veil of silver, the girl's with a veil of gold."

"They are singing to him softly:"

THE BOY. All crimson-veined is Tigris' flood;
The sun has stained his mouth with blood.

THE GIRL. Orange and green his standards sweep.

THE BOY. His minions keen.

THE GIRL. His maidens weep.

THE BOY. But thou, Lord, thou! The hour is nigh
When from the prow of luxury
Shall step the death of all men's hearts,
She whose live breath, a dagger's darts,
A viper's vice, an adder's grip,
A cockatrice 'twixt lip and lip,
She whose black eyes are suns to shower {119}
Love's litanies from hour to hour,
Whose limbs are scythes like Death's of whom
The body writhes, a lotus-bloom
Swayed by the wind of love, a crime
Too sweetly sinned, the queen of time,
The lady of heaven, to whom the stars,
Seven by seven, from their bars
Lean and do worship --- even she
Who hath given all her sweet self to thee,
The Lady Astarte!

THE GIRL. Peace, O peace!
A swan, she sails through ecstasies
Of air and marble and flowers, she sways
As the full moon through midnight's haze
Of gauze --- her body is like a dove
And a snake, and life, and death, and love!

THE BOY. Even as the twilight so is she,
Half seen, half subtly apprehended,
Ethereally and bodily.

The soul incarnate, the body transcended!

THE GIRL. Aching, aching passionately,

Evoking the presence
Of savour to sight!

4TH MAIDEN. List to the trill
And the ripple and roll
Of a tune that may thrill
Thee through sense to the soul!

5TH MAIDEN. Look on the fairest,
The masterless maid!
Ere thine eye thou unbarest,
I flicker, I fade.

All. Wake! as her garland is tossed in the air
When the nymph meets Apollo, our forehead is bare.
We divide, we disperse, we dislimn, we dissever,
For we are but now, and our lady for ever!

["They go out."]

ESARHADDON. I dreamed of thee!
Dreams beyond form and name!
It was a chain of ages, and a flash
Of lightning --- which thou wilt --- since --- Oh I see
Nothing, feel nothing, and am nothing --- ash
Of the universe burnt through! {122}

ASTARTE. And I the flame!

ESARHADDON. Wreathing and roaring for an ageless aeon,
Wrapping the world, spurning the empyrean,
Drowning with dark despotic imminence
All life and light, annihilating sense ---
I have been sealed and silent in the womb
Of nothingness to burst, a babe's bold bloom,
Into the upper aethyr of thine eyes.
Oh! one grave glance enkindles Paradise,
One sparkle sets me on the throne above,
Mine orb the world.

ASTARTE. Nay, stir not yet. Let love
Breathe like the zephyr on the unmoved deep,
Sigh to awakening from its rosy sleep;
Let the stars fade, and all the east grow grey
And tender, ere the first faint rose of day
Flush it. Awhile! Awhile! There's crimson bars
Enough to blot the noblest of the stars,

And bow for adoration ere the rim
 Start like God's spear to ware the world of Him!
 Softly!
 ESARHADDON. But kiss me!
 ASTARTE. With an eyelash first!
 ESARHADDON. Treasure and torture!
 ASTARTE. Tantalising thirst
 Makes the draught more delicious. Heaven were worth
 Little without the purgatory, earth!
 ESARHADDON. You make earth heaven.
 ASTARTE. And heaven hell. To choose thee
 Is to interpret misery "To lose thee." {123}
 ESARHADDON. Ay! death end all if it must end thy kiss!
 ASTARTE. And death be all if it confirm life's bliss!
 ESARHADDON. And death come soon if death fill life's endeavour!
 ASTARTE. And if it spill life's vintage, death come never!
 ESARHADDON. The sun sets. Bathe me in the rain of gold!
 ASTARTE. These pearls that decked it shimmering star-cold
 Fall, and my hair falls, wreathes an aureole.
 Even as thy love encompasses my soul!
 ESARHADDON. I am blinded; I am bruised; I am stung.
 Each thread
 Hisses.
 ASTARTE. There's life there for a thousand dead!
 ESARHADDON. And death there for a million!
 ASTARTE. Even so.
 Life, death, new life, a web spun soft and slow
 By love, the spider, in these palaces
 That taketh hold.
 ESARHADDON. Take hold.
 ASTARTE. Keen joyaunces
 Mix with the multitudinous murmurings,
 And all the kisses sharpen into stings.
 Nay! shall my mouth take hold? Beware! Once fain,
 How shall it ever leave thy mouth again?
 ESARHADDON. Why should it?
 ASTARTE. Is not sleep our master yet?
 ESARHADDON. Why must we think when wisdom would forget? {124}
 ASTARTE. Lest we in turn forget to fill the hour.
 ESARHADDON. The pensive beehive leaves honey in the flower.
 ASTARTE. Now the sun's rim is dipped. And thus I dip
 My gold to the horizon of thy lip.
 ESARHADDON. Ah! ...
 ASTARTE. There's no liquor, none, within the cup.
 ESARHADDON. Nay, draw not back; nay, then, but lift me up.
 I would the cup were molten too; I'd drain

Its blasting agony.
 ASTARTE. In vain.
 ESARHADDON. In vain?
 Nay, let the drinker and the draught in one
 Blaze up at last, and burn down Babylon!
 ASTARTE. All but the garden, and our bed, and --- see!
 The false full moon that comes to rival me.
 ESARHADDON. She comes to lamp our love.
 ["A chime of bells without."
 ASTARTE. I'll tire my hair.
 The banquet waits. Girls, follow me.
 ["They go out, leaving" ESARHADDON.
 ESARHADDON. How fair
 And full she sweeps, the buoyant barge upon
 The gilded curves of Tigris. She's the swan
 That drew the gods to gaze, the fawn that called
 Their passion to his glades of emerald,
 The maid that maddened Mithras, the quick quiver
 Of reeds that drew Oannes from the river! ...
 She is gone. The garden is a wilderness.
 Oh for the banquet of the lioness, {125}
 the rich astounding wines, the kindling meats,
 The music and the dancers! Fiery seats
 Of empire of the archangels, let your wings
 Ramp through the empyrean! Lords and Kings
 Of the Gods, descend and serve us, as we spurn
 And trample life, fill death's sardonyx urn
 With loves immortal --- how shall I endure
 This moment's patience? Ah, she comes, be sure!
 Her foot flits on the marble. ... Open, gate!
 ["The gate, not of the house but of the garden, opens. The Lady Psyche
 appears. She is clothed in deep purple, as mourning, and her hair
 is bound with a fillet of cypress and acacia. She is attended by
 three maidens and three aged women."
 What tedious guest arrives?
 PSYCHE. White hour of fate!
 I have found him!
 ESARHADDON. Who is this? ... Fair lady, pardon.
 You seek the mistress of the garden?
 PSYCHE. I thought I had found the lord I seek.
 Your pardon, lord. These eyes are weary and weak
 With tears and my vain search.
 ESARHADDON. Whom seek you then?
 PSYCHE. My husband --- my sole miracle of men,
 The Count Adonis.
 [ESARHADDON "staggers and falls on the couch."

PSYCHE. You know of him?
 ESARHADDON. No.
 I cannot tell what struck me so.
 I never heard the name. {126}
 PSYCHE. Indeed, your eyes
 Are liker his than wedded dragon-flies!
 Your brows are his, your mouth is his ---
 Yet all's awry!
 ESARHADDON. May be it is!
 PSYCHE. Oh, pardon. Mine is but a mad girl's glance
 Adonis is this soul's inheritance.
 All else is madness.
 ESARHADDON. Mad! Mad! Mad! Mad! Mad!
 Why say you this? Who are you? Sad? Glad?
 Bad?
 Bad! Bad! Speak, speak! Bleak peak of mystery?
 Weak cheek of modesty?
 PSYCHE. Oh, pardon me!
 I did not mean to move you thus.
 ESARHADDON. I am stirred
 Too easily. You used a shameful word!
 PSYCHE. Accept my sorrow. I am all alone
 In this black night. My heart is stone,
 My limbs are lead, mine eyes accurst,
 My throat a hell of thirst. ...
 My husband --- they suppose him dead. ...
 They made me wear these weeds. Could I
 In my heart credit half they said,
 Not these funereal robes should wrap me round,
 But the white cerements of a corpse, and high
 Upon a pyre of sandal and ebony,
 Should dare through flame the inequitable profound!
 But only these of all mine household come
 In faith and hope and love so far from home, {127}
 And these three others joined me --- why, who knows?
 But thou, lord, in whose face his likeness shows ---
 At the first glance --- for now, i' faith, 'tis gone! ---
 Hast thou dwelt away here in Babylon?
 ESARHADDON. Now must I laugh --- forgive me in your sorrow!
 My life's not yesterday and not to-morrow.
 I live; I know no more.
 PSYCHE. How so?
 ESARHADDON. I fear
 I know but this, that I'm a stranger here.
 The call me the Lord Esarhaddon --- name
 Borrowed or guessed, I cannot tell! I came

Whence I know not --- some malady
Destroyed my memory.

PSYCHE. Oh, were you he! But yet I see you are not.

Had you no tokens from the life forgot?

ESARHADDON. Nay, I came naked into Babylon.

I live the starlight and sleep through the sun.

I am happy in love, I am rich, I eat and drink,

I gather goods, I laugh, I never think.

Know me the prince of perfect pleasure!

PSYCHE. Yet

Is there not something that you would forget?

Some fear that chills you? While you talk to me

I see you glance behind you fearfully.

ESARHADDON ("with furtive fear amounting to horror")

You see the Shadow?

PSYCHE. No: slim shadows stretch

From yonder moon, and woo the world, and etch {128}

With their fantastic melancholy grotesques

The earth --- man's destiny in arabesques.

ESARHADDON. You are blind! You are mad! See where he stands!

It is the King of Babylon,

Reeking daggers in his hands ---

And black blood oozes, oozes, throbs and dips

From his eyes and nostrils to his lips

That he sucks, gnashing his fangs. Upon

His head is a crown of skulls, and monkeys new

And gibber and mop about him. Skew! Spew! Ugh!

Hu! Mow! Now! Mow! they go --- cannot you hear them?

What? have you courage to go near them?

PSYCHE. Nothing is there.

ESARHADDON. Oh, but he has the head

Of a boar, the black boar Night! All dead, dead, dead,

The eyes of girls that once were beautiful

Hang round his neck. Whack! Crack! he slaps a skull

For a drum --- Smack! Flack! Thwack! Back, I'll not attack.

Quack! Quack! there's ducks and devils on his back.

Keep him away. You want a man, you say?

Well, there's a king for you to-day.

Go, kiss him! Slobber over him! His ribs

Should be readily tickled. Wah! Wah! Wah! she jibs.

Ugh! there he came too close. I'll bite the dust;

I'll lick the slime of Babylon. Great lust,

Great god, great devil, gar-gra-gra-gra! Spare me! {129}

Take this wench, though she were the womb that bare me!

See! Did I tell you, he's the King, the King,

The King of Terrors. See me grovelling!

PSYCHE. There's nothing there. Are you a man
To craze at naught?

ESARHADDON. Immitigable ban!

Immitigable, pitiful, profound ---

Ban, can, fan, ran, and pan is underground,

Round, bound, sound --- Oh have pity! ...

Who art thou

Whose coming thus unmans me? Not till now

Saw I, or felt I, or heard I, the King

So mumbling near; black blood's on everything.

Boo! Scow! Be off! Out! Vanish! Fly! Begone!

Out! Off! Out! Off! I'm King of Babylon.

Oh no! Thy pardon. Spare me! 'Tis as a slip

O' th' lip. Now flip! rip! bawdy harlot, skip!

["He threatens her. She trembles, but holds her ground."]

Strip, yes, I'll strip you naked, strip your flesh

In strips with my lips, gnaw your bones like a dog.

Off, sow! Off, grumpet! Strumpet! Scum-pit! Flails to thresh

Your body! Clubs to mash your face in! Knives

To cut away your cat's nine lives!

ASTARTE. ("Entering hastily.") What's this? Who are you? What right have you to come

And make this havoc in the home?

Can you not see what wreck your tempest makes? {130}

Begone! I have a fiery flight of snakes

To lash you hence!

PSYCHE. It may be mine's the right.

It may be you are nothing in my sight.

It may be I have found my lord at last;

And you --- his concubine? May be out-cast.

ASTARTE. This is the sure thing, that I chase thee. Slaves!

Hither your whips! that are more black with blood

Of such as this thing than your skins with kisses

Of your sun's frenzy. ["The slaves run up."

PSYCHE. Thou vain woman! Now

I know him, lost, wrecked, mad, but mine, but mine.

Indissolubly dowered with me, my husband,

The Count Adonis!

ESARHADDON. Ah!

["He falls, but into the arms of "ASTARTE.

ASTARTE. Ho! guard us now

And lash this thing from the garden!

I "The slaves form in line between "PSYCHE "and the others."

PSYCHE. Adonis!

ESARHADDON. Ah!

Astarte, there's some sorcery abroad.
 ASTARTE. The spell is broken, dear my lord.
 There is a wall of ebony and steel
 About us.
 ESARHADDON. What then do I feel
 When that name sounds?
 ASTARTE. A trick of mind.
 Things broken up and left behind
 Keep roots to plague us when we least expect them. {131}
 The wise --- and thou art wise --- let naught affect them.
 Let us to feast!
 ESARHADDON. Ah no! I tremble still,
 Despite my reason and despite my will.
 Let me lie with thee here awhile, and dream
 Upon thine eyes beneath the moon,
 Whose slanted beam
 Lights up thy face, that sends its swoon
 Of languour and hunger through
 The infinite space that severs two
 So long as they cannot rise above
 Into the unity of love.
 However close lock hands and feet,
 Only one moment may they meet;
 When in the one pang that runs level
 With death and birth, the royal revel,
 The lover and the loved adore
 The thing that is, when they are not.
 ASTARTE. No more!
 Bury thy face between these hills that threat
 The heaven, their rosy spears (the gods that fret)
 Tipping thine ears, and with my hair I'll hide thee;
 And these mine handmaidens shall stand beside thee,
 And mix their nightingale with lion
 Of the guard that chorus and clash iron,
 While as a river laps its banks
 My fingertips caress thy flanks!
 ("Chorus.")
 MEN. Under the sun there is none, there is none
 That hath heard such a word as our lord hath begun. {132}
 WOMEN. Under the moon such a tune, such a tune
 As his thought hath half caught in this heaven of June.
 MEN. Never hath night such a light, such a rite!
 WOMEN. Never had day such a ray, such a sway!
 MEN. Never had man, since began the earth's plan,
 Such a bliss, such a kiss, such a woman as this!
 WOMEN. Never had maid since God bade be arrayed

Earth's bowers with his flowers, such a man to her powers!
 MEN. Mix in the measure,
 Black grape and white cherry!
 A passion, a pleasure,
 A torment, a treasure,
 You to be mournful and we to be merry!
 WOMEN. We shall be solemn
 And grave and alluring,
 You be the column
 Upstanding, enduring.
 We be the ivy and vine
 To entwine ---
 My mouth on your mouth, and your mouth on mine!
 MEN. Burnish our blades
 With your veils,
 Merry maids!
 WOMEN. Sever their cords
 With the scales
 Of your swords!
 MEN. As a whirlwind that licks up a leaf
 Let us bear {133}
 You, an aureate sheaf
 Adrift in the air!
 WOMEN. As a butterfly hovers and flits,
 Let us guide
 To bewilder your wits
 Bewitched by a bride!
 MEN. Now, as the stars shall
 Encircle the moon,
 Our ranks let us marshal
 In time and in tune!
 WOMEN. Leading our lady and lord
 To the feast,
 Ere the night be abroad,
 The black rose of the east!
 MEN AND WOMEN. Arise! arise! the feast is spread,
 The wine is poured; the singers wait
 Eager to lure and lull; the dancers tread
 Impatient to invoke the lords of Fate.
 Arise, arise! the feast delayed delays
 The radiant raptures that must crown its ways.
 ASTARTE. Come now. Ah! still the pallor clings?
 Wine will redeem the roses. Stretch the strings
 Of thy slack heart! Still trembling? Lean on me!
 This shoulder could hold up eternity.
 ["They go forth to the banquet."

{134}

SCENE II. THE HALL OF THE PALACE OF ASTARTE. "Onyx, alabaster, porphyry and

malachite are the pillars; and the floor of mosaic. In the high seat is" ASTARTE, "on her right" HERMES, "A Greek physician. He is a slight, old man, with piercing eyes and every mark of agility and vigour. His dress is that of a Babylonish physican."

HERMES. And now, polite preliminaries past,
Tell me, dear lady, what the little trouble is!

ASTARTE. It was quite sudden.

HERMES. Good; not like to last.
It bursts, such malady a brittle bubble is!
How is the pulse? Allow me!

ASTARTE. Not for me
Your skill. My husband's lost his memory.

HERMES. Yet he remembers you?

ASTARTE. O quite, of course!

HERMES. Let it alone! Don't flog the willing horse!
Were I to cure him by my magic spells,
The odds are he'd remember someone else!

ASTARTE. Ah, but --- a month ago --- a woman came ---

HERMES. Cool --- warm --- hot --- now we're getting near the flame!

ASTARTE. And what she said or did who knows?

HERMES. These men!

ASTARTE. Yes! But he's never been the same since then!
I've taken endless trouble not to fret him,
Done everything I could to please and pet him,
And now this wretched woman has upset him! {135}

HERMES. Was he distressed much at the time?

ASTARTE. Distressed?
Mad as an elephant in spring!

HERMES. I guessed
It. Think he took a fancy to the girl?

ASTARTE. Well, honestly, I don't. My mind's a whirl
With worry. She's a flimsy creature, rags
Of sentiment, and tears, and worn-out tags
Of wisdom.

HERMES. Yes, you've nothing much to fear
While you appear as ... what you do appear.

ASTARTE. Well, there they stood, crying like butchered swine,
She and her maids. It seems she's lost her man,
Can't get another, wanted to claim mine.

I put a stopper on the pretty plan.
But ever since --- well, I can't say what's wrong,
But something's wrong.

HERMES. Yes; yes. Now is it long?

ASTARTE. About a month.

HERMES. What physic have you tried?

ASTARTE. The usual things; young vipers skinned and dried
And chopped with rose-leaves; cow's hoof stewed in dung,
One pilule four times daily, on the tongue;
Lark's brains in urine after every meal,
With just a touch of salt and orange-peel.

HERMES. And yet he is no better?

ASTARTE. Not a whit. {136}

Oh yes, though, not I come to think of it,
Snails pounded up and taken after food
Did seem to do some temporary good.
Of course we kept him on a doubled diet.

HERMES. Have you tried change of air, and rest, and quiet?

ASTARTE. No; what a strange idea!

HERMES. As strange as new.

Yet there seems somehow something in it too!
Still, here's where silence is worth seven speeches ---
I might get strangled by my brother leeches.
Now, are you sure you want him cured?

ASTARTE. Why, yes,

Why should I call you in?

HERMES. But none the less

It might be awkward his remembering more.

ASTARTE. I simply want him as he was before.

HERMES. And if it should turn out, as I suspect,
He was this woman's husband.

ASTARTE. Then select

A --- you know --- something suitable --- to put her
Where she won't worry me, or want a suitor.

HERMES. I understand you; but I'm old; your beauty
Might fail to make me careless of my duty.

ASTARTE. I'll take the risk.

HERMES. Then let me see the victim;

If bound, we'll loosen him; if loose, constrict him.

There, madam, in one phrase from heart to heart,
Lies the whole mystery of the healer's art!

Where is the pathic? {137}

ASTARTE. Hush! in Babylon

We say "the patient."

HERMES. Yes?

ASTARTE. It's often one.

For Babylonish is so quaint a tongue
One often goes too right by going wrong!
I'll call him from the garden. ["Goes out."

HERMES. ("alone"). Is there need
To see the man? He's simply off his feed.
A child could see the way to make him hearty:
More exercise, less food --- and less Astarte!
["Enter" ESARHADDON.

I greet your lordship.
ESARHADDON. Greeting, sir!
HERMES. And so
We're not as healthy as a month ago?
The pulse? Allow me! Ah! Tut! Tut! Not bad.
The tongue? Thanks! Kindly tell me what you had
For dinner.

ESARHADDON. Nothing: practically nothing.
I seem to look on food with utter loathing.
HERMES. Just so; but you contrived to peck a bit?
ESARHADDON. Only a dozen quails upon the spit,
A little sturgeon cooked with oysters, wine,
Mushrooms and crayfish. ...

HERMES. That is not to dine.
ESARHADDON. Well, after that I toyed with pheasant pasty,
Sliced --- you know how --- with pineapple.
HERMES. Eat hasty? {138}

ESARHADDON. No, not at all. Well, then a sucking-pig
Stuffed with grape, olive, cucumber, peach, fig,
And lemon. Then I trifled with a curry ----
HERMES. You're sure you didn't eat it in a hurry?
ESARHADDON. Quite sure. The curry was simplicity
Itself --- plain prawns. Then there was --- let me see! ---
A dish of fruit, then a kid roasted whole,
Some venison fried with goose-liver, a roll
Of very tender spicy well-cooked veal
Done up with honey, olive oil, and meal,
Some sweets, but only three or four, and those
I hardly touched.

HERMES. But why now?
ESARHADDON. I suppose
I wasn't hungry.

HERMES. Diagnosis right;
A simple case of loss of appetite!
Surely they tempted you with something else.
ESARHADDON. A few live lobsters broiled within their shells.
I ate two only.

HERMES. That explains the tongue.

Now let me listen!

Sound in heart and lung.

(And I should think so!) 'Twas a sage that sung:

"Whom the Gods love, love lobsters; they die young."

And yet greater sage sublimely said:

"Look not upon the lobster when it's red!" {139}

ESARHADDON. A Babylonish bard has said the same
Of wine.

HERMES. Ah, wine now? Out with it! Die game!

ESARHADDON. By fin and tail of great Oannes, I
Am the mere model of sobriety.

HERMES. What did you drink for dinner?

ESARHADDON. Scarce a drop

At any time --- four flagons, there I stop.

With just a flask of barley-wine to top.

HERMES. Just so becomes a nobleman of sense
Whose moderation errs toward abstinence.

ESARHADDON. Abstinence! That's the word I couldn't think of!
I'm an abstainer. Everything I drink of
Is consecrated by a melancholic
Priest.

HERMES. Which prevents it being alcoholic!

ESARHADDON. Sir, you appear to understand my case
As no one else has done. Appalling face
These quacks have that crowd Babylon. Your fee?
Though none can pay the service done to me.

HERMES. One moment. What about your memory?

Well, never mind, just follow my advice;

That will come back before you say "knife" twice.

First, fire your slaves, the rogues that thief and laze:

A slave's worse than two masters now-a-days.

Next, live on nothing but boiled beans and tripe,

With once a week a melon --- when they're ripe. {140}

Next, send the Lady Astarte up the river;

She looks to me to have a touch of liver.

And you must teach your muscles how to harden,

So stay at home, and labour in the garden!

ESARHADDON. You damned insulting blackguard! Charlatan!

Quack! Trickster! Scoundrel! Cheating medicine-man!

You ordure-tasting privy-sniffing rogue,

You think because your humbug is the vogue

You can beard me?

HERMES. I'll tell you just one thing.

Disobey me, and --- trouble with the King!

ESARHADDON. Ring-a-ling-ting! Ping! Spring!

HERMES. That's cooked his goose.

I'll tell Astarte, though it's not much use. ["He goes out."
It's only one more of life's little curses ---
The best of women make the worst of nurses!

{141}

SCENE III. THE CONSULTING-ROOM OF HERMES. "It has two parts, the first filled with stuffed crocodiles, snakes, astrolabes, skeletons, lamps of strange shape, vast rolls of papyri, vases containing such objects as a foetus, a mummied child, a six-legged sheep. Hands (obviously those of criminals) have been painted with phosphorus, and give light. Sculptures of winged bulls and bricks inscribed with arrow-head characters are ranged about the walls. A chain of elephant's bones covered with its hide contains the doctor, who is dressed as before in a long black robe covered with mysterious characters. On his head is a high conical cap of black silk dotted with gold stars. In his right hand is a wand of human teeth strung together, in his left a "book" of square palm-leaves bound in silver. At the back of the room is a black curtain completely veiling its second portion. This curtain is covered with cabalistic characters and terrifying images in white."

["Enter the servant of" HERMES, "a negro uglier than an ape. He is immensely long and lean; his body hangs forward, so that his arms nearly touch the ground. He is clad in a tightly fitting suit of scarlet, and wears a scarlet skull-cap. he makes deep obeisance."]

HERMES. Speak, Hanuman!

HANUMAN. A lady.

[HERMES "nods gravely. Exit" HANUMAN.

HERMES. Abaoth!

Abraxas! Pur! Put! Aeou! Thoth!

["Enter the" LADY PSYCHE "with one attendant." {142}

Ee! Oo! Uu! Iao Sabaoth!

Dogs of Hell!

Mumble spell!

Up! Up! Up!

Sup! Sup! Sup!

U! Aoth!

Abaoth!

Abraoth!

Sabaoth!

Livid, loath,

Obey the oath!

Ah!

["He shuts the book with a snap,"

You have come to me because you are crossed
In love.

PSYCHE. Most true, sir!

HERMES. Ah! you're Greek!

PSYCHE. As you yourself, sir.

HERMES. Then I've lost

My pains. I need not fear to speak.

I took you for a fool. Ho! veil, divide!

[HANUMAN "appears and lays his hand on a cord."

Things are much pleasanter the other side.

["The doctor throws off his cloak and cap, his straggling white hair and long pointed beard, appearing as a youth dressed fashionably; at the same time the curtain pulled back shows a room furnished with the luxury of a man of the world. A low balcony of marble at the back gives a view of the city, and of the Tigris winding far into the distance, where dim blue mountains rim the horizon."] {143}

["The doctor conducts his client to a lounge, where they sit."

HERMES. Bring the old Chian, Hanuman!

["The negro goes to obey."

This joke

Is the accepted way of scaring folk;

And if they're scared, they may find confidence

Which is half cure. Most people have no sense.

If only they would sweat, and wash, eat slow,

Drink less, think more, the leech would starve or go.

But they prefer debauchery, disease,

Clysters, drugs, philtres, filth, and paying fees!

Now then, to business!

PSYCHE. Tell me how you guessed

It was my heart that found itself distressed!

HERMES. I always sing a woman just that song;

In twenty years I've never once been wrong.

Seeing me thus marvellously wise,

Veneration follows on surprise:

Sometime they will do what I advise!

PSYCHE. I see. You have real knowledge.

HERMES. Not to be learnt at college!

PSYCHE. Good; you're my man. I am come from Greece,

Where the Gods live and love us, sorrowing

For my lost husband. I have found him here,

But with his memory gone, his mind distraught,

Living in luxury with a courtesan

(I could forgive him that if he knew me),

Filled with a blind unreasoning fear of what

Who knows? He's haunted by a spectre king. {144}

HERMES. Physicians must know everything:

Half the night burn learning's candle,
 Half the day devote to scandal.
 Here's the mischief of the matter
 That I learn most from the latter!
 Yesterday I paid a visit
 To the fair ... Astarte, is it?
 Saw the kitchen and the closet,
 Deduced diet from deposit,
 Saw where silkworm joined with swan
 To make a bed to sleep upon,
 Saw the crowd of cringing knaves
 That have made their masters slaves,
 Saw Astarte --- diagnosed
 What had made him see a ghost!
 PSYCHE. Can you cure him?
 HERMES. In my hurry
 (And a not unnatural worry
 At the name of lobster curry)
 I so far forgot my duty
 As to mention to the beauty
 What ... well! here's the long and short of it!
 Just exactly what I thought of it.
 Tempests, by Oannes' fin!
 PSYCHE. Sorry that he'd called you in?
 HERMES. So much so that I'd a doubt
 If he wouldn't call me out!
 PSYCHE. Then he will not hear your counsel?
 HERMES. No; I bade him live on groundsel; {145}
 But the little social friction
 Interfered with the prescription.
 PSYCHE. There's no hope, then?
 HERMES. Lend an ear!
 We may rule him by his fear!
 Somehow we may yet contrive
 That he see the King, and live!
 Have you influence?
 PSYCHE. At Court?
 Plenty, in the last resort.
 Letters from his suzerain!
 HERMES. You are high in favour then?
 PSYCHE. Ay, that needs not to be sworn;
 I am his own daughter born.
 HERMES. In thy blood the spark divine
 Of Olympus?
 PSYCHE. Even in mine!
 HERMES. Hark, then! At the Hour of Fears

When the lordly Lion rears
In mid-heaven his bulk of bane
Violently vivid, shakes his mane
Majestical, and Snake and Bull
Lamp the horizon, and the full
Fire of the moon tops heaven, and spurs
The stars, while Mars ruddily burns,
And Venus glows, and Jupiter
Ramps through the sky astride of her,
Then, unattended, let the king
Press on the little secret spring
That guards the garden, and entering {146}
Lay once his hand upon him, even
While in the white arms of his heaven
He swoons to sleep. That dreadful summons
From the wild witchery his woman's.
That shaft of shattering truth shall splinter
The pine of his soul's winter.
Then do thou following cry once
His name; as from eclipse the sun's
Supernal splendour springs, his sight
Shall leap to light.

PSYCHE. Shall leap to light!

Master, this wisdom how repay?

HERMES. I am sworn unto thy father --- Nay!

Weep not and kneel not! See, mine art

["The two other handmaidens are seen standing by their fellow."]

Hath wrought such wonder in thine heart

That --- look!

PSYCHE. Ah! Pistis, Elpis! how

Are you here? You were not with me now!

You fled me. Charis only came

Through those dark dreams.

HERMES. Farewell! Proclaim

For my reward my art's success.

More than yourself need happiness.

PSYCHE. Farewell and prosper greatly!

["She goes out with her maidens."]

HERMES. And thou, live high and stately

In glory and gree tenfold

That which thou hadst of old! ["He draws the curtain." {147}]

SCENE IV: THE ANTECHAMBER OF THE KING'S PALACE. "It is a vast hall of black marble. At the corners four fountains play in basins of coloured marble. At the back a narrow door pillared by vast man-bulls in white marble."

"In mid-stage the" LADY PSYCHE, "seated on the ground, her long hair unloosed, her robe of shining silver, mourns."

"With her are the three handmaidens bowed and mourning at front of the stage" R., C., "and" L. "The aged women are grouped in front of stage "C., "on the steps which lead to the hall."

"No light comes save through the robes of the" LADY PSYCHE "from the jewels that adorn her. Their glimmer is, however, such as to fill the hall with moony radiance, misty dim, and lost in the vastness of the building."

PSYCHE. Silence grows hateful; hollow is mine heart

Here in the fateful hall; I wait apart.

Dimmer, still dimmer darkness veils my sight;

There is no glimmer heralding the light.

I, the King's daughter, am but serf and thrall

Where Time hath wrought her cobweb in the hall.

This blood avails not; where's the signet ring

Whose pussiance fails not to arouse the King?

Heir of his heart, I am uncrowned; then, one

That hath no art or craft in Babylon.

I left my home and found a vassal's house ---

This lampless dome of death, vertiginous!

O for the foam of billows that carouse

About the crag-set columns! for the breeze {148}

That fans their flagging Caryatides!

For the gemmed vestibule, the porch of pearl,

The bowers of rest, the silences that furl

Their wings upon mine amethystine chamber

Whose lions shone with emerald and amber!

O for the throne whereon my father's awe,

Lofty and lone, lets liberty love law!

All justice wrought, its sword the healer's knife!

All mercy, not less logical than life!

Alas! I wait a widowed suppliant

Betrayed to fate, blind trampling elephant.

I wait and mourn. Will not the dust disclose

The Unicorn, the Unicorn that goes

About the gardens of these halls of Spring,

First of the wardens that defend the King?

Wilt thou not bring me to the Unicorn?

["The Unicorn passes over. He has the swiftness of the horse, the slimness of the deer, the whiteness of the swan, the horn of the narwhal. He couches upon the right side of the" LADY PSYCHE.]

Hail! thou that holdest thine appointed station,

Lordliest and boldest of his habitation,

Silence that foldest over its creation!

["The Lion passes over. He is redder than the setting sun. He couches upon the left side of the" LADY PSYCHE.]

Hail! thou that art his ward and warrior,
The brazen heart, the iron pulse of war!

Up start, up start! and set thyself to roar! {149}

["The Peacock passes over. This peacock is so great that his fan, as he spreads it on couching before the face of the" LADY PSYCHE, "fills the whole of the hall."]

Hail! glory and light his majesty that hideth,
Pride and delight whereon his image rideth,
While in thick night and darkness he abideth!

["The stage now darkens. Even the light shed by the jewels of the" LADY PSYCHE "is extinguished. Then, from the gate of the Palace between the man-bulls there issueth a golden hawk. In his beak is a jewel which he drops into the lamp that hangs from the height above the head of the" LADY PSYCHE. "This lamp remains dark. During this darkness the Unicorn, the Lion, and the Peacock disappear."]

Love me and lead me through the blind abysses!

Fill me and feed me on the crowning kisses,

Like flowers that flicker in the garden of glory,

Pools of pure liquor like pale flames and hoary

That lamp the lightless empyrean! Ah! love me!

All space be sightless, and thine eyes above me!

Thrice burnt and branded on this bleeding brow,

Stamp thou the candid stigma --- even now!

["The lamp flashes forth into dazzling but momentary radiance. As it goes out a cone of white light is seen upon the head of" THE LADY PSYCHE, "And before her stands a figure of immense height cloaked and hooded in perfect blackness."]

THE KING. Come! for the throne is hollow. The eagle hath cried:

Come away! The stars are numbered, and the tide {150}

Turns. Follow! Follow! Thine Adonis slumbered.

As a bride

Adorned, come, follow! Fate alone is fallen and wried.

Follow me, follow! The unknown is satisfied.

["The" LADY PSYCHE "is lifted to her feet. In silence she bows, and in silence follows him as he turns and advances to the gate while the curtain falls."]

SCENE V: THE GARDEN OF THE LADY ASTARTE. THE LORD ESARHADDON "is lying on

the couch with his mistress. Their arms are intertwined. They and their slaves and maidens are all fallen into the abysses of deep sleep.

It is a cloudless night; and the full moon, approaching mid-heaven,
casts but the shortest shadows."

"The Murmur of the Breeze"

I am the Breeze to bless the bowers,
Sigh through the trees, caress the flowers;
Each folded bud to sway, to swoon,
With its green blood beneath the moon
Stirred softly by my kiss; I bear
The sort reply of amber air
To the exhaled sighs of the heat
That dreams and dies amid the wheat,
From the cool breasts of mountains far ---
Their serried crests clasp each a star!
The earth's pulse throbs with mighty rivers;
With her low sobs God's heaven quivers; {151}
The dew stands on her brow; with love
She aches for all the abyss above,
Her rocks and chasms the lively strife
Of her sharp spasms of lust, of life.
Hark! to the whisper of my fan,
My sister kiss to maid and man.
Through all earth's wombs, through all sea's waves,
Gigantic glooms, forgotten graves,
I haunt the tombs of kings and slaves.
I hush the babe, I wake the bird,
I wander away beyond stars unstirred,
Soften the ripples of the tide,
Soothe the bruised nipples of the bride,
Help stars and clouds play hide-and-seek,
Wind seamen's shrouds, bid ruins speak,
Bring dreams to slumber, sleep to dream
Whose demons cumber night's extreme.
And softer sped than dream or death
Quiet as the dead, or slain love's breath,
I sigh for loves that swoon upon
The hanging groves of Babylon.
Each terrace adds a shower of scent
Where lass and lad seduce content;
Each vine that hangs confirms the stress
Of purer pangs of drunkenness;
Each marble wall and pillar swerves
Majestical my course to curves

Subtle as breasts and limbs and tresses
Of this caressed suave sorceress's
That raves and rests in wildernesses {152}
Whose giant gifts are strength that scars
Her soul and lifts her to the stars,
Savage, and tenderness that tunes
Her spirit's splendour to the moon's,
And music of passion to outrun
The fiery fashion of the sun.
Hush! there's a stir not mine amid the groves,
A foot divine that yet is not like love's.
Hush! let me furl my forehead! I'll be gone
To flicker and curl above great Babylon.

["The Gate of the Garden opens." THE LADY PSYCHE "advances and makes way
for" THE KING OF BABYLON. "He is attended by many companies of
warriors in armour of burnished silver and gold, with swords,
spears, and shields.

These take up position at the back of the stage, in perfect silence of
foot as of throat."]

[THE LADY PSYCHE "remains standing by the gate;" THE KING OF BABYLON
advances with infinite stealth, dignity, slowness, and power,
toward the couch."]

PSYCHE. Life? Is it life? What hour of fate is on the
bell?

Of this supreme ordeal what issue? Heaven or
hell?

I am stripped of all my power now when I need it
most;

I am empty and unreal, a shadow or a ghost.

All the great stake is thrown, even now the dice are
falling.

All deeds are locked in links, one to another calling {153}

Through time: from the dim throne the first rune that
was ree'd

By God, the supreme Sphinx, determined the last
deed.

[THE KING OF BABYLON "reaches forth his hand and arm. It is the hand and
arm of a skeleton. He touches the forehead of the sleeping lord.

Instantly, radiant and naked, a male figure is seen erect."]

PSYCHE. Adonis!

ADONIS. Psyche!

["They run together and embrace."

PSYCHE. Ah! long-lost!

ADONIS. My wife!

Light, O intolerable! Infinite love! O life
Beyond death!

PSYCHE. I have found thee!
 ADONIS. I was thine.
 PSYCHE. I thine
 From all the ages!
 ADONIS. To the ages!
 PSYCHE. Mine!
 ["The" KING "passes over and departs."

"Chorus of Soldiers"

Hail to the Lord!
 Without a spear, without a sword
 He hath smitten, he hath smitten, one stroke of his
 Worth all our weaponed puissiances.
 There is no helm, no hauberk, no cuirass,
 No shield of sevenfold steel and sevenfold brass {154}
 Resists his touch; no sword, no spear but shivers
 Before his glance. Eternally life quivers
 And reels before him; death itself, the hound of God,
 Slinks at his heel, and licks the dust that he hath trod.
 ["They follow their Lord, singing."

PSYCHE. I am a dewdrop focussing the sun
 That fires the forest to the horizon.
 I am a cloud on whom the sun begets
 The iris arch, a fountain in whose jets
 Throbs inner fire of the earth's heart, a flower
 Slain by the sweetness of the summer shower.

ADONIS. I am myself, knowing I am thou.
 Forgetfulness forgotten now!
 Truth, truth primeval, truth eternal,
 Unconditioned, sempiternal,
 Sets the God within the shrine
 And my mouth on thine, on thine.

[THE LADY ASTARTE "wakes. In her arms is the corpse of the" LORD
 ESARHADDON.]

ASTARTE. O fearful dreams! Awake and kiss me! Awake!
 I thought I was crushed and strangled by a snake.
 ["She rises. The corpse falls."

He is dead! He is dead! O lips of burning bloom,
 You are ashen. ["The jaw falls."

 The black laughter of the tomb!
 Then let me kill myself! Bring death distilled
 From nightshade, monkshood. Let no dawn regild
 this night. Let me not see the damned light
 Of day, but drown in this black-hearted night!

Ho, slaves! [ADONIS "and" PSYCHE "advance to her." {155}]

ADONIS. Thyself a slave! What curse (unbated
Till patient earth herself is nauseated)
Is worse than this, an handmaiden that creeps
Into her mistress' bed while her lord sleeps,
And robs her?

ASTARTE. And what worse calamity
Than his revenge? But leave me, let me die!
["She falls prone at their feet."]

PSYCHE. Add robbery to robbery! We need thee
To serve us. Let us raise thee up and feed thee,
Comfort and cherish thee until the end,
Less slave than child, less servitor than friend.

ADONIS. Rise! let the breath flow, let the lips affirm
Fealty and love. To the appointed term
Within thy garden as beloved guests
Of thine, let us abide. Now lips and breasts
Touching, three bodies and one soul, the triple troth
Confirm.

PSYCHE. The great indissoluble oath!

ASTARTE. Lift me! ["They raise her; all embrace."
By him that ever reigns upon
The throne, and wears the crown, of Babylon,
I serve, and love.

PSYCHE. This kiss confirm it!

ADONIS. This!

ASTARTE. I have gained all in losing all. Now kiss
Once more with arms linked!

ADONIS. The dawn breaks!

ASTARTE. Behold
Love's blush! {156}

PSYCHE. Light's breaking!

ADONIS. Life's great globe of gold!

ASTARTE. Come! let us break our fast.

PSYCHE. My long fast's broken.

ADONIS. Let us talk of love.

PSYCHE. Love's first-last word is spoken.

ADONIS. Nay! but the tides of trouble are transcended.
The word's begun, but never shall be ended.
And through the sun forsake the maiden east,
Life be for us a never-fading feast.
["They go towards the house, singing."]

ALL. The Crown of our life is our love,
The crown of our love is the light
That rules all the region above
The night and the stars of the night;

That rules all the region aright,
The abyss to abysses above;
For the crown of our love is the light,
And the crown of our light is our love.

{157}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07017.html>

41 captures

4 Jul 2002 - 12 Aug 2025

Sep FEB Aug

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

THE GHOULS

CROQUIS DE CROQUE-MITAIN

PAR

ALEISTER CROWLEY

To Gwendolen Otter

{159}

{Robin note: perhaps someone would like to do a better job of formatting this for HTML.
For now it is presented preformatted.}

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

STANISLAS WASKA, "a virtuoso"

FENELLA LOVELL, "his pupil, a gipsy girl"

M'PERSON, "the doctor at Foyers"

"An Undertaker"

THE M'ALISTER, "laird of Boleskine and heritor of the burying-ground"

GEORGE FOSTER, "Fenella's lover"

THE GHOULS

SCENE I: "A bedroom in the hotel at Foyers. A large open window gives on Loch Ness and Meallfavournie, ablaze in the sun. In the bed lies Waska, propped with pillows, his face a ghastly ochre. He is absolutely bald and hairless; all his teeth are gone but the unnaturally long fangs of his canines. By the bed are medicine-bottles on a small table, and on the bed close to his hands, which lie like claws upon the sheets, is his violin-case.

"Over him bends the doctor, a red, burly Scot. By the window stands Fenella, fantastically dressed in red, yellow, and blue, her black hair wreathed with flowers. She is slight, thin, with very short skirts, her spider legs encased in pale blue stockings. Her golden shoes with their exaggerated heels have paste buckles. In her pale face her round black eyes blaze. She is roughed and powered; her thin lips are painted heavily. Her shoulder-bones stare from her low-necked dress, and a diamond dog-collar clasps her shining throat. She is about seventeen years old. She is standing by a pot of blue china containing a hydrangea, tearing at the blossoms in her nervousness."

THE DOCTOR ["rising and addressing her"]. There is very little likelihood of his regaining consciousness. {161}

FENELLA. He's done for, then?

M'PHERSON. Both lungs gone. I don't know how he's lived this last month.

FENELLA. Oh, he's a tough one. ["Lowering her voice."] You know, they say he's sold his soul to the devil.

M'PHERSON. If he has, the bill's overdue.

FENELLA. When will he die?

M'PHERSON. One can't say exactly. Maybe an hour, maybe less. Or he might last till morning.

FENELLA. How can I tell?

M'PHERSON. You can't tell. I'll look in again in an hour. I'm off the the laird's; his ledgy's near her time. I'll look in as I pass.

FENELLA. All right. I'll wire for the undertaker to come down from Inverness by the afternoon boat.

M'PHERSON. But, Good God! the man isn't dead.

FENELLA. But you say he will be by morning!

M'PHERSON. Anyhow you needn't trouble. He's in the hotel now; he came down this morning for old Mrs Fraser of Stratherrick.

FENELLA. All right. I'll talk to him. ["The doctor goes."]

In an hour's time, then. I hope you'll have something more definite to say -- why can't I get into the sunshine? I haven't been out for three days.

M'PHERSON ["at the door"]. Well, you wouldn't have a nurse.

FENELLA. No, I wouldn't. He's my master: I'll never leave him till he's dead. How do I know what she'd do?

M'PHERSON. In an hour then. Good day.

["He goes out and closes door." {162}]

FENELLA ["crying after him"]. Send that undertaker up if you see him! ["Alone, walking up and down the room nervously."] I wish I dared touch the Strad! But he's not dead yet. I could finish him if I knew how.

FENELLA. ["Goes to window, and whistles. An answering whistle." FENELLA "leans out."] It's all right, George, I hope. The doctor says it will be over in an hour, or at latest, by morning. You shall lie in my arms all night. I'll drive you mad. I'll play on the Strad at last. You shall die, dear. Do you love me? ... Yes, I know. O! I can see it in your eyes. To-night, then. Or to-morrow and for ever! Will you take me to Paris? I should like to live on Montmartre, and set the city on fire while I played, as Nero did. What an orchestra, the roaring flames!

WASKA ["sitting up in bed"]. What the devil are you doing, Fenella? Who are you talking to?

FENELLA. I was talking to myself, master. You haven't been very good company, lately.

WASKA. Ah, you spiteful little beast! If you'd been kind to me I would never have been ill.

FENELLA. I've nursed you.

WASKA. You've stolen my life, damn you, you vampire!

FENELLA. Rubbish!

WASKA. Yes; but I've been with the devil.

FENELLA. What's that?

WASKA. He's given me back my youth and strength.

FENELLA. For what price? What have you to give?

WASKA. Ah yes! I sold my soul for my art. I am to play duets with Paganini in hell. But I've a new trick. I'm to {163} have you for fifty years, and to find new ways to torture your soul for his pleasure.

FENELLA. You devil! But I'm Christ's; you can't touch me. I'm a virgin! I'm a virgin! He'll save me from you.

WASKA. U! Hu! Hu! you Christ's! I spit!

FENELLA. Yes; you shall roast; I can see your flesh burning and blackening, and smell the stink of it. For ever! For ever! Ha! Ha! Ha!

WASKA. Ah! I've my strength back. You shall come to my bed to-night, Fenella.

FENELLA. Faugh!

WASKA. I've the power at last. You ungrateful little wildcat! Didn't I pick you out

of the gutter, and care for you like my own flesh and blood? Didn't I dress you fine, and teach you to dance and play?

FENELLA. You never let me touch the Strad.

WASKA. No; and you never shall. It's the devil's Strad; you shan't touch it. Now, dance for me!

FENELLA. I won't.

WASKA. You will. If you don't I'll put a curse on you! I'll twist your spider-legs with rheumatism!

FENELLA. All right: I'll dance.

["She dances lightly and gracefully for him. He claps his hands for the time."]

WASKA. Bravo! Bravo! But put passion into it. You've got to love me now.

FENELLA. Love you! Love a corpse! Love a wrinkled, haggard, toothless old wolf. Filth! Filth! If you had sense enough to know what your own bed was like --- this last month. {164}

WASKA. You'll sleep in it to-night. I'll get a child on you to-night! An imp! A monster! A thing with horns and hoofs!

FENELLA. You'll die to-night! Your pact's up. Die, stink, rot, you rag! And all the sulphur of hell will never fumigate your soul.

WASKA. I'll beat you for this. Bring me the whip!

FENELLA. Your dog-whip days are done. ["She finds the whip."] Take that! ["She lashes him across the face. No blood follows the blow."] See! you've no strength.

["She gives him a little push. He falls back on the pillow, gasping."]

WASKA. Now hear me curse you! ["A knock at the door."]

FENELLA ["excitedly"]. Come in!

["The undertaker, hat in hand, comes cringing in."]

UNDERTAKER. Good evening, miss. I heard you were wanting to see me.

FENELLA. Yes, measure this corpse.

UNDERTAKER. Why, miss, the man's not dead.

FENELLA. He will be to-night.

UNDERTAKER. I'll come again, miss, when I hear from the doctor.

["He turns to go."]

WASKA ["rising"]. Yes! it's true, you! But mark me, you can make no boards tough enough nor clamps of steel to hold me! There's no grave deep enough to bury me, no earth that will lie on me. I'm the devil's fiddler, Mr Undertaker! Now am I afraid, or are you?

UNDERTAKER. I see he's not in his right mind, miss. Consumptives is often like that at the last.

["He goes out."]

WASKA. It's true, Fenella, I'm dying. I lied to you. {165} Now come here! D'ye see, I'm tired of my bargain. I'm afraid of hell. Look you, here's my plan. You'll bury the Strad with me, and maybe, when the trumpet sounds, if I play the "Messiah," Christ'll hear me, and take me up to heaven. There's not many fiddlers like me either in heaven or on earth. Paganini's in hell; you can hear it in his music; he's writhing and roasting in hell, I say. Shouldn't that be enough for Master Satan?

FENELLA. I don't care where you are, so long as you're out of here. The Strad's

mine, you promised it to me. You swore it on the holy cross!

WASKA. Only if you slept with me. I'm not to be cheated. I'm not the one to give something for nothing, damn you for a greedy, heartless wench.

FENELLA. Damn you! Before you're cold I'll play your dirge on it; and it shall sound like a wedding march.

WASKA. Oh no! you won't! Come closer! ["She obeys."] Here, you've never seen this. ["He takes a little wooden cross from under the pillow."] It's the wood of the True Cross! Now swear, or I'll curse you! Take it in your hand! Say it after me.

["She takes the cross and repeats the oath after him."]

I, Fenella Lovell, the gipsy, swear by my soul's salvation and by the blessed wood of the holy rood, to bury my master's violin with him --- don't falter, damn you! --- and if I don't, may Christ spit me out, Christ spit me out, and may I fall into hell and be roasted for ever by devils with pitchforks, Amen! And on earth may my hair fall out, and my eyes rot in my head, and the lupus eat my nose, and the cancer eat {166} my tongue, and my throat be twisted, and my lungs wither away, and my heart be torn out, and my liver be earthen by worms, and my bowels be thrown to the dogs. May my skin be white with the leprosy, and my blood corrupted with the plague, and my bones rotted with the pox; so hear me, blessed Christ, Amen!

[FENELLA "falls fainting."]

She won't dare now!

["A knock at the door." M'PHERSON "follows it."]

Now, doctor, I'm your man!

["He falls back on the pillows. The doctor rushes forward, and makes his examination."]

M'PHERSON. Dead this time, and no error! Come, Miss Lovell, bear up!

["He lifts" FENELLA.]

FENELLA. Dead, did you say?

M'PHERSON. I'm sorry to say so.

FENELLA. O, if it had only come ten minutes earlier! ... Go! Leave me! Send the people to do what must be done!

M'PHERSON. I'm thinking you'd be the better for a doze of physic yourself.

FENELLA. Do you think the priest can take off dead men's curses?

M'PHERSON. I'm afraid that's hardly in my line. But I'll send for a priest from Fort Augustus. I suppose he was a Catholic?

FENELLA. He was a devil from hell. Oh go! Go! Leave me to horror and to fear. I could kiss death: it's life I shrink from. Go! Please go!

M'PHERSON. It's the kindest thing I can do. But I'll look in later.

FENELLA. Bury it with him! Oh, if I dared once touch it, {167} I'd dare steal it. But I can't. It's too horrible. They say there are folk who don't fear curses. If I could sell my soul as he did --- but how shall I get the devil to hear me? There's a way. But I don't know it. Bury it with him? And --- oh! blessed god! thou hast saved me --- I see! I see!

["She runs to the window."]

George! George! He's dead --- come up! I've something to tell you. Quick!

["She dances to the door and impatiently flings it open." GEORGE FOSTER "comes running up the stairs. He is a sturdy youth with a fat face,

long blonde hair, and dull eyes. She throws her arms round him and covers him with kisses and bites."]

GEORGE. Don't Fenella darling! You hurt!

FENELLA. The old devil's done for. I'm yours! And the Strad's mine, if you're brave! Oh! kiss me! kiss me! kiss me!

GEORGE. Ought we to make love when he's lying dead?

FENELLA. Oh, your oughts! Did your nurse never tell you that ought stands for nothing?

GEORGE. Anyhow, I don't like it

FENELLA. He's dead! Can a dead man see and hear? Look! I spit in the filthy face --- does he whip me as he used, and curse me? Ah, but he cursed me! And that's where you must help.

GEORGE. I'll help you in anything.

FENELLA. It's a dreadful thing! But you can win me!

GEORGE. I won you long ago.

FENELLA. Not that much! ["She flicks her fingers."] But if you'll get the Strad for me, I'm yours for ever! {168}

GEORGE. Then we'll take it.

FENELLA. O! but I've sworn to bury it with him.

GEORGE. Get the priest to absolve you. I suppose he forced you to swear.

FENELLA. Oh no! I swore it on the wood of the True Cross. But I didn't swear not to get it afterwards!

GEORGE. Get it afterwards?

FENELLA. Yes; dig him up and take it!

GEORGE. O! I couldn't. It's too horrible. You mustn't ask me to do a thing like that.

FENELLA. Well, then, I'll get someone else.

GEORGE. No! I'll do it.

FENELLA. Swear to me!

GEORGE. By the body of Christ, I'll do it.

FENELLA. Then kiss me! Come, where he can see us!

GEORGE. He can't see us. He's dead.

FENELLA. His soul can see.

GEORGE. Those filthy eyes of his glare like a devil's still.

FENELLA. Kiss me! Then we'll put pennies on them. ["She does so."] That horrible dropped jaw looks as if he were laughing. He used always to laugh hollow, like curses ringing and echoing in the dome of hell.

GEORGE. Let's tie it up with a handkerchief! ["A knock."

FENELLA. Come in! ["Enter the" UNDERTAKER "as before."

UNDERTAKER. Pardon, miss, the doctor told me as how the angel'ad passed.

FENELLA. Yes: he's dead. Measure him. That violin has to be buried with him. He was always afraid of being buried alive; make a very thin shell, so that it can be opened easily. {169}

UNDERTAKER. Right, miss. I'll finish it with short nails. If he was to struggle, it'd come open easy.

FENELLA. Just what I want.

UNDERTAKER. Pardon, miss, but I hope he died easy.

FENELLA. It's never very difficult, is it? I think there are only three people in history who failed at it.

UNDERTAKER. O, miss, I meant right with his Maker.

FENELLA. He was a good Catholic, and believed in the resurrection of the body. So do I. Now we'll leave you to your work.

["She takes" GEORGE'S "arm, and runs off with him down stairs."]

UNDERTAKER. A precious old 'un, and by the looks of him a precious bad 'un.

CURTAIN.

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SCENE II: "The Burying-ground at Boleskine. It is very ancient; the walls are lined with tombs whose tablets have been scarred by bullets. At the back, in mid-stage, is a little tower with a window, intended for a watcher in the days when body-snatching was common. There are many tombs and stones; bones lie here and there, for the digging of every fresh grave disinters several dead."

"It is entered by a wooden grate between square stone pillars on the left, near front of stage. It being the height of summer in the northern Highlands, it is fairly light, although cloudy and moonless."

"Near the centre is the fresh tomb of Stanislas Waska, loose earth piled into a mound. The foot of the mound faces the footlights. The gate is opened by" FENELLA, "fearfully advancing, followed by" GEORGE "with a spade."

"They tip-toe in silence to the new grave, then stop and listen."

FENELLA. All right. Get along. Every second increases the danger.

GEORGE. I'll work; you listen.

["He sets to work to shovel away the loose earth."]

FENELLA. I can hear half way to Foyers on the road.

GEORGE. Yes; you have perfect ears.

FENELLA. No nonsense now. Don't strike the spade in like that; you'll wake the country.

["The howl of a bull-dog, exactly like the crying of a child, is heard far off."]

GEORGE. All right. It's only that damned dog of

M'Alister's. He does it every night.

FENELLA. He sees the ghost of old Lord Lovat. {171}

GEORGE. Old Lord Lovat?

FENELLA. Yes; they beheaded him after the '45. He rolls his head up and down the corridors.

GEORGE. Pleasant pastime!

FENELLA. What else is a man to do?

GEORGE. What's that tapping? ["He stops to listen."

FENELLA. Go on! It's only the old woman.

GEORGE. What old woman?

FENELLA. Her son was a lunatic. They let him out cured, as they thought. His mother came up here with him to lay flowers on his father's grave; and he caught her legs and smashed her brains against the wall.

GEORGE. Oh damn it!

FENELLA. You baby! So ever since she comes from time to time to try and pick her brains off the wall.

GEORGE. I'm damned if I like this job. Here, hang the fiddle; let's get out.

FENELLA. The last you'll see of me if you do. There, you're nearly through with the first bit. Hullo! there's a cart.

GEORGE. By God, yes. It's coming this way.

FENELLA. They're bound to see us. Come along; we'll hide in the lookout.

["They go up stage and enter the narrow door of the tower. The noise of the cart increases. By and by one distinguishes two drunken voices singing" "We are na fou'." "They grow very loud and die away again."

["Re-enter" FENELLA "and" GEORGE.

GEORGE. That's better. I don't mind carts and Scotchmen. It's your ghosts I'm afraid of.

FENELLA. Get on, then! ["He sets to work again." {172}

FENELLA. ["sings in a low voice"] ---

The ghost is chilly in his shroud: ---

Laugh aloud! Laugh aloud!

His bones are rattling in the wind;

His teeth are chattering with the cold;

For he is dead, and out of mind,

And oh! so cold!

He walks and walks and wraps his shroud

[Laugh aloud! Laugh aloud!]

Around his bones. He shivers and glares,

For hell is in his heart stone-cold ---

What is the use of spells and prayers

To one so cold?

The dogs howl when they scent his shroud.

Laugh aloud! Laugh aloud!

The village lads and lasses feel
A breath of bitter wind and cold
Blow from those bones of ice and steel
So cold! So cold!

GEORGE. My God, Fenella, I think you want to drive me mad.
FENELLA. Not here, dear. Come, there's nobody about. You may kiss me, for there's the wood of the coffin.
GEORGE. O don't let us lose time!
FENELLA. No! I'll keep time.
["She dances fantastically to the rhythm of his shovelling."] {173}
GEORGE. Don't. You've got all my nerves on edge. What's that?
["He starts violently."
FENELLA. A nerve, I suppose. Come now. I'll take this end.
["They lift out the coffin. She produces a chisel."
And now to crack the nut! Good old undertaker! He's done his job beautifully.
["The lid of the coffin comes off; they set it aside."
GEORGE. And there's the Strad for my darling!
["He gives her the violin, and kisses her."
FENELLA. Ah! my beauty, my beauty! Mine at last. Don't kiss me, you fool! It's the Strad that I love, not you. Put the lid back quick! We'll be off!
GEORGE. So that's the thanks I get, curse you, it is? I've a jolly good mind to smash the beastly thing.
FENELLA. You dare! Don't be a fool, George! All my love when we're back safely. Take the lid!
["A whistle is heard, off."
... Oh, my God! ...
["A cry off: "Heel, Shiva, heel!"
GEORGE. It's the M'Alister with his cursed bloodhounds! What does he want at this time o'night?
FENELLA. Oh, he's mad as a March Hare!
GEORGE. He's the heritor of the graveyard. If he comes, we're done for! Oh God! Oh God! What shall we do?
FENELLA. Do? Why, tell him the whole story. He's a good chap and an artist. He'll understand that you can't bury the third best Strad in the world! And, besides, I'll make love to him.
GEORGE. You treacherous whore! {174}
FENELLA. Always a gentleman! I tell you what, my friend. I'm my own mistress now, and tired of being yours.
GEORGE. I wish I'd cut my hand off rather than helped you.
FENELLA. Cut your stupidity off, and your talk. Here's the laird on the road now.
[THE M'ALISTER "appears leaning on the fence."
THE M'ALISTER. Hullo! what are you doing in my graveyard, young lady?
FENELLA. Digging up a corpse. ... Why, it's the M'Alister!
THE M'ALISTER. Yes. Isn't that Miss Lovell? Fine night, isn't it? I suppose you don't want any help? All right.

GEORGE. O thank you, sir. Thank you, sir.

FENELLA. Never mind my poor friend: he's not used to this sort of thing --- shut up, will you, you fool! May I come up to tea to-morrow?

THE M'ALISTER. Oh, come to lunch, and we'll try for a rabbit afterwards. Good night! One o'clock. Er --- this ghoul act, you know! I should hurry over the meal; there may be all sorts of asses about.

FENELLA. Thanks so much. Good night. Get on, George.

[THE M'ALISTER "goes off."

You idiot! You nearly spoilt everything.

GEORGE. It's all right.

FENELLA. Yes, no thanks to you! Get on with the work.

[“Loud laughter, off, distant.”

Lord, there's fools abroad! Workmen from Foyers, I should think. [“Points off,” L.] And, yes, there's folk from {175} Inverfarigaig, too. [“Points off,” R.] I can hear them talking --- religion, of all things!

GEORGE. We're caught like rats in a trap! Let's get into the tower!

FENELLA. And leave the body there? We've no time. Blessed Saints of God! I have it. What a fool you are! They're not fond of the road just here, the best of times. Ill try the first kisses of my beauty [“She reaches for the violin”]. --- if that doesn't frighten them, I'm a Dutchman!

GEORGE. Oh how clever you are!

FENELLA. Even if they come and see us, they'll think we're devils.

GEORGE. So you are, Fenella!

[“She has taken the violin from its case and begins to play. In a few moments two bearded men enter” R. “and look over the wall.”]

THE MEN. Lord, save us! [“They flee in terror.”

FENELLA. Saved! The only thing now is the Foyers men: they may be too drunk to be afraid!

[“She plays again, a wilder melody. Both she and” GEORGE “lose themselves in the beauty of the music.” STANISLAS WASKA “suddenly sits up in his coffin, and tears off the wrappings. A horrible grin distorts his face, and with a choking roar he leaps at” GEORGE, “catching him by the throat.”]

WASKA. Go on, Fenella! You were worthy of the Strad, after all.

[“She shrieks and drops the fiddle.” GEORGE “goes limp, strangled.”]

I've killed your lover, my fine virgin. I heard every word {176} you said, I watched every filthy kiss till you put the pennies on my eyes. The devil told the truth after all.

[FENELLA, “breaking from her stupor, starts to flee,” WASKA “stumbles to his feet, roaring, and chases her among the tombs. She trips and falls. He catches her up and carries her to the tower. They disappear.”]

Stop your shrieking, harlot! You'll only drive the folk away! Ah! we'll have a fine new story of Boleskine graveyard.

Satan! Satan! Satan! I thank thee! Thou hast kept thy word and I'll keep mine!

Satan! Satan! Satan! Oh, the bliss! Fenella, mine, mine! Fenella!

[“He thrusts the corpse of” FENELLA “half through the window, where it

hangs limp."]
 Mine she was, by God, though I'm dead this hour!
 ["He comes out, staggering, falls over a mound, crawls on hands and knees
 to his grave."]
 Satan! what a morsel! what a bonne bouche! What a savoury to wind up life's feast!
 Well, here's my coffin. There's no place like home. I must play my own dirge.
 ["He seats himself in it."
 ["He takes the violin, and plays a dirge."
 This time it's the real thing. No play, no pay. I've had my fun, and here's the price
 of it. ["He plays again."
 And now Good night.
 ["Clasping the fiddle to his breast, he lies down in the coffin.
 Silence; then the death-rattle." WASKA "half rises, and falls dead.
 A pause."]
 ["Enter" THE M'ALISTER, "at the gate." {177}
 THE M'ALISTER. Too much shrieking and fiddling from my pretty little ghoul. I
 wonder what's happened.
 ["He enters the graveyard, and approaches the grave."
 Nobody here! Who's that?
 ["Bends over the corpse of" GEORGE, "and examines it."
 Why, you're dead, my poor, putrid poopstick. Died of too much brains --- I don't
 think. ["Goes up stage to tower."
 Good God! Fenella! What are you doing there?
 ["He takes her hand."
 Dead, too. Died of too much --- temperament, I'm betting.
 Well, there's nothing alive here but the fiddle.
 I'll follow my usual rule and obey the Scriptural injunction to let the dead bury their
 dead. But I'm heritor of this graveyard, and I think I'll inherit this fiddle.
 ["He packs it into its case, tucks it under his arm, and goes out."]
 All right, Shiva! Nothing the matter! Home, boy!
 ["He starts to whistle a jig."

CURTAIN.

{178}

41 captures
13 Jan 2002 - 12 Aug 2025
Sep FEB Aug
24
2021 2024 2025

About this capture
THE FOUR WINDS
THE South wind said to the palms:
My lovers sing me psalms;
But are they as warm as those
That Laylah's lover knows?

The North wind said to the firs:
I have my worshippers;
But are they as keen as hers?

The East wind said to the cedars:
My friends are no seceders;
But is their faith to me
As firm as his faith must be?

The West wind said to the yews:
My children are pure as dews;
But what of her lover's muse?

So to spite the summer weather
The four winds howled together.

But a great Voice from above
Cried: What do you know of love?

Do you think all nature worth
The littlest life upon earth? {179}

I made the germ and the ant,
The tiger and elephant.

In the least of these there is more
Than your elemental war.

And the lovers whom ye slight
Are precious in my sight.

Peace to your mischief-brewing!
I love to watch their wooing.

Of all this Laylah heard
Never a word.

She lay beneath the trees
With her lover at her knees.

He sang of God above
And of love.

She lay at his side
Well satisfied,

And at set of sun
They were one.

Before they slept her pure smile curled;
"God bless all lovers in the World!"

And so say I the self-same word;
Nor doubt God heard.

{180}

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07019.html>

46 captures

24 Feb 2002 - 12 Aug 2025

Feb MAY Aug

22

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

INDEPENDENCE

COME to my arms --- is it eve? is it morn?

Is Apollo awake? Is Diana reborn?

Are the streams in full song? Do the woods whisper hush

Is it the nightingale? Is it the thrush?

Is it the smile of the autumn, the blush

Of the spring? Is the world full of peace or alarms?

Come to my arms, Laylah, come to my arms!

Come to my arms, though the hurricane blow.

Thunder and summer, or winter and snow,

It is one to us, one, while our spirits are curled

In the crimson caress: we are fond, we are furred

Like lilies away from the war of the world.

Are there spells beyond ours? Are there alien charms?
Come to my arms, Laylah, come to my arms!

Come to my arms! is it life? is it death?
Is not all immortality born of your breath?
Are not heaven and hell but as handmaids of yours
Who are all that enflames, who are all that allures,
Who are all that destroys, who are all that endures?
I am yours, do I care if it heals me or harms?
Come to my arms, Laylah, come to my arms!

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07020.html>

45 captures

24 Feb 2002 - 12 Aug 2025

Sep FEB Aug

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

SNOWSTORM

A TRAGEDY

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY. {183}

{Robin note: perhaps someone would like to do a better job of formatting this for HTML.
For now it is presented preformatted.}

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PROLOGUE

HERMANN, "an Old Woodcutter"

GRIZEL, "his Wife"

DANIEL, "Groom in the stables of" ERIK, "Prince of Fiordland"

SNOWSTORM

PROLOGUE

"The scene represents the cottage of the woodcutter. It is surrounded by an infinity of pine trees, giving an impression of great dreariness and monotony. The cottage, on the contrary, is extremely cheerful, almost gay. Loving care has been employed to decorate it and to keep it excellently tidy. There is only a very small clearing about the cottage, and a natural path through the wood."

"The daylight is slowly fading throughout the scene.:

"Enter by the path the woodcutter and his wife, whose names are" HERMANN "and" GRIZEL. "They carry heavy loads of wood."

HERMANN. Terrible hard times. The days and the ways get longer, and the wood harder to cut, and harder to sell.

GRIZEL. Ay. but the fowls do well. And they do say the Prince may come to the lodge again soon.

HERMANN. For a day or two. What's that?

GRIZEL. And then there's always George.

HERMANN. Yes; he's head waiter now.

GRIZEL. I mistrusted the lad's going to the big town. Terrible dangerous are those cities for an honest boy. {185}

HERMANN. Oh! he's a good lad. He's doing well.

GRIZEL. He will soon have a beer-house of his own.

HERMANN. Ah! that's as may be.

["They throw down their wood by the door of the cottage."

GRIZEL. He's our own good lad.

["She goes in and busies herself with the fire, etc."

HERMANN. What's for supper to-night, lass?

GRIZEL. Peas and bacon. And some of the beer George sent us.

HERMANN. Good! Good!

It's a hard life, lass, woodcutting. Do you mind the day we wed?

GRIZEL. Nigh thirty years ago. Ye were going to be the Prince's Forester, I mind.

HERMANN. Ah, youth! Life is harder than our dreams tell us.

GRIZEL. That's you men. You must always be dreaming. Cowards, I call you.

HERMANN. No, lass, I see the hardness of life just as much as you do. There's only one thing good enough to take us through it. And that's love.

GRIZEL. Ay, lad.

HERMANN. We've never fallen out, lass?

GRIZEL. I mind the first day ye laid the shaft of the big axe to my back.

HERMANN. Summer lightning, lass. I gave ye no more than ye deserved.

GRIZEL. Ah!

HERMANN. To dance with a low blacksmith! Damn ye, ye were aye a forward wench. {186}

GRIZEL. And what of the fair at Stormwald last month?

["She lights the lamp in the cottage."]

HERMANN. Ay, in Stormwald the girls are fine.

GRIZEL. If I did clout ye with the fire-shovel, ye deserved it.

HERMANN. No harm, lass, no harm if the girls of Stormwald know a proper man.

GRIZEL. Bah! ye white-headed old sinner. Do ye think I'm afraid of them? And you no better than ("she comes out of the cottage") this old bundle of wood. Drybones!

HERMANN. We've been happy, lass.

["She sits on the bundle of wood by his side."]

GRIZEL. Ay, lad, love's all in life.

HERMANN. It's something to look back on, now that the twilight gathers.

GRIZEL. With you, lad, I don't fear the dark.

HERMANN. George is a fine boy.

GRIZEL. If only Gretel had not died.

HERMANN. God knows best, dear lass!

GRIZEL. Ay, God knows best. But I wish he wouldn't interfere.

HERMANN. Lass! Lass!

GRIZEL. Ye don't understand. A man's aye ready with his God. A wife cares naught for God or for her man, but only for her bairns.

[HERMANN "is beginning to weep."]

It's good you can weep still. You had a true heart, a woman's heart. Ye old fool!

["She brushes away her own tears."]

HERMANN. Always my own goodwife! Hark! There's a horse in the forest. {187}

GRIZEL. Some fool of a forester.

HERMANN. A forester wouldn't come here at this time o'night.

GRIZEL. Here he is, whoever it is.

["A voice off. "Hillo---ho! Goodman woodcutter, do you live underground?"]

HERMANN ("calling"). Take the path to your left. Tie up your horse at the turning.

GRIZEL. What did I tell you? The prince is coming to the lodge and we shall sell all our wood!

HERMANN. I hope we may. ... Here he comes. You're right, maybe. It's the prince's livery.

["Enter" DANIEL.

DANIEL. Tum-ti-um-ti-um-tum! Good day and be damned to you, goodman!

HERMANN. Fine day, sir. What d'ye want?

DANIEL. Logs, wooden-head! Great, fat, roaring pine-logs, oozing with sap! Logs, by God, and ho! for the bonny winter!

HERMANN. Ay! so the Prince is come hunting.

DANIEL. No, you old rascal. Mind your own business! Do you think I am the trusted confidant of His Highness through blabbing his affairs?

HERMANN. Beg pardon, Excellency! I mistook your Excellency for that damned, cheating groom, Daniel.

DANIEL. You old ruffian! Well, shut your head, and bring the logs up.

HERMANN. When?

DANIEL. Now.

HERMANN. All right. ("Calls.") Wife, shoulder the biggest bundle of logs up to the lodge. {188}

GRIZEL ("within"). all right.

HERMANN. And what's the news of the court?

DANIEL. Nothing beyond the usual, goodman. The Princess is so-so---so- so. The Duke left last week. We've been dull, dull.

HERMANN. And what's the madcap Prince been up to?

DANIEL. Our good Prince is busied as ever with the high cares of the Fatherland.

GRIZEL. Nasty, tricky, little beast, I think I do! Always after the girls.

DANIEL. Insolent woman! His Highness is devoted as ever to the Princess Maud.

GRIZEL. None of your theatre girls, all legs, oh no!

HERMANN. Hold your scolding tongue, woman! Get the gentleman a glass of beer!
["She puts down the load and goes in."]

DANIEL. Thanks, good man. Well, between ourselves, man and man, I don't mind telling you, there's a fair old how-d'ye-do.

HERMANN. Ah! I thought that now.

DANIEL. A real jamboree! A good old buster!

HERMANN. Ha! Ha!

DANIEL. That's really what we're here for. I'm telling you. Oh yes, I'm telling you! Lord God Almighty! It's a rare old jinkytoodleray!

HERMANN. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

DANIEL. Three weeks ago we were on horseback.

HERMANN. Ay!

DANIEL. Outside the Opera.

HERMANN. Ho! {189}

DANIEL. In a dark little street off the Axelstrade.

HERMANN. Hillo-ho!

DANIEL. Masked.

HERMANN. Whew!

DANIEL. Jee! Armed.

HERMANN. Armed!

DANIEL. To the teeth.

HERMANN. Whew.

DANIEL. With a led horse.

HERMANN. He! He!

DANIEL. And we stopped the carriage of pretty Nerissa Waldlsterne, and kidnapped her --- What d'ye think o' that?

HERMANN. Ye gay young devils! Well, I've done as much myself in my day.

DANIEL. So we dragged her off screaming, and have been keeping out of the way ever since. Oh! I tell you she was a tigress; but he made her love him, somehow. So we're coming back into society. A month's hunting at the Lodge here, for the first step.

["enter" GRIZEL "with the beer. They all drink."]

HERMANN. And what does the Princess say to it?

DANIEL. Haven't heard. But I suppose she's about crazy mad.

GRIZEL. So she might be, with her waster of a husband.

HERMANN. Oh! he's a good Prince. But perhaps his wife's a Tartar like some I know!

DANIEL. Here, none of your insolence to their Highnesses! Thanks, goodman, I'll

be off. Hurry up to the lodge with those logs! ["Goes off." {190}]
 HERMANN. Ay! I'll load the mule now!
 GRIZEL. What mule d'ye mean?
 HERMANN. The cross-tempered, two-legged beast!
 ["He picks up bundle and puts it on her back. She drops it, and,
 catching up a faggot, belabours him. He ultimately gets it from
 her, and returns her blows. During the fight they interchange
 compliments."]
 HERMANN. Old scarecrow!
 GRIZEL. Cross-eyed satyr!
 HERMANN. Wizenéd witch!
 GRIZEL. Pig-dog!
 HERMANN. Humped old sow!
 GRIZEL. I'll make ye grin the other side of your face, ye monkey!
 HERMANN. Black-faced old scavenger!
 GRIZEL. Pot-bellied beerswiller!
 HERMANN. Ye blasted lying old whore! Take that!
 GRIZEL. Dirty bastard! White-headed old crocodile!
 ["Both being out out of breath, they sit down and begin to cry."
 HERMANN. I meant no harm, wife, but you angered me.
 GRIZEL. Ay! it's always my fault.
 HERMANN. No, lass. It was that filthy fellow from the lodge that came between
 us.
 GRIZEL. The breath of a Court is ruin to simple happiness.
 HERMANN. Well, kiss, lass! {191}
 GRIZEL. There, lad! ["They kiss."
 And now, we'd better get the wood up to the lodge.
 ["They each shoulder a bundle and move amicably off."
 And now, what was he telling you about the Prince?
 HERMANN. Ah! that's a State secret!
 ["At the corner of path."
 GRIZEL. Well, you'll have to tell me! ["Exeunt."

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PERSONS REPRESENTED IN ACT I

ERIK, "Prince of Fiordland"
 MAUD, "his wife"

NERISSA, "a Violinist"

HEINDRIK, "a Captain of Infantry, attached to the person of the Princess"

FOUR OFFICERS, "junior to Heindrick"

GUSTAVE, "Confidential Servant to Erik"

DANIEL, "a Groom to Erik"

ACT I

WINTER

"A northern country. A lodge in the forest. There is a glass outbuilding, luxuriously furnished and decorated. A dining-table with two chairs. Two lounge chairs and a smaller table."

PRINCE ERIC "and" NERISSA "have just finished dinner, and are chatting inaudibly, leaning across the table. He kisses her."

"The Steward" GUSTAVE "enters with coffee and liqueurs which he places on the small table. He goes out."

"The" PRINCE "takes" NERISSA "under his arm to the lounge chairs. On the way they pass the door, go into the garden, look up at the sky, and shiver."

ERIK. Snow to-night, snow-maiden!

NERISSA. Yes. {193}

ERIK. But ...

["He points to the house."

NERISSA. Yes.

["She laughs."

ERIK. Let us go in.

["He takes her to chairs, where they sit and drink coffee, etc.

Enter" L., "an officer in furs," HEINDRICK. "He watches them for a while in silence, makes a sign of warning to someone in the background, and retires discreetly."]

[ERIK "touches a bell. Enter" GUSTAVE.

ERIK. Put out the big lights.

GUSTAVE. Yes, Highness.

["He goes out and does so. In the balcony is only the rosy glow of shaded lamps in the roof."]

["Enter" HEINRIK, L. "This time he beckons to his companions."

["Enter" PRINCESS MAUD. "She is muffled in dark furs. Four officers follow. They are among the pines."]

HEINDRIK. Your Highness was perfectly right.

MAUD. I cannot see properly. I must see with my own eyes.

HEINDRIK. Your Highness should not venture nearer.

MAUD. I must see.

HEINDRIK. Then let us creep through the pines and watch from behind the fountain.

MAUD "with a gesture of haughty disgust"]. Ah-h! ... Lead on. ["They go through the pines and stand watching."

MAUD. I cannot see yet. Let us go to the doorway.

HEINDRIK. It is dangerous, Highness.

MAUD. I am dangerous. ["She goes stealthily forward and kneels at the door, looking through." HEINDRIK "follows her. He has drawn his sword." ERIC "and" NERISSA "are now in each" {194} "other's arms." MAUD "nods and rises; they retire to the fountain."]

MAUD. So! I have seen. Is everything prepared?

HEINDRIK. Your Highness will find everything in order.

["A baying of great hounds."]

HEINDRIK. Back, Highness!

["They disappear among the pines, and go off" L.

ERIK. The dogs are uneasy to-night. I am uneasy. I am going to finish my cigar in the forest. No; you must not come. My snow-maiden will take cold.

["He kisses her and goes into the house, presently reappearing" C., "with three immense grey boarhounds on leash. He looses them; they scamper about and return at his whistle."]

ERIK. Gustave!

["Enter" GUSTAVE C. ERIK "throws the leash to him." GUSTAVE "leashes them and goes off" C. ERIK "goes to window, and watches" NERISSA, "who is lying back half asleep. Then he opens door, and calls."]

ERIK. Nerissa! ["She jumps up."]

NERISSA. Erik!

ERIK. Get your fiddle, dewdrop! I want you to play me the "Abendlied."

["She runs into house."]

ERIK ["sings"]:

'Twas I that found the icicle on the lip of the crevasse:

'Twas I that found the gentian on the mountain pass:

'Twas I that found the fire to melt the maiden of the snow:

'Twas I that plucked the flower --- and I wear it, so!

["Placing his hand on his heart." {195}]

Nerissa drew the crystal spring from the music wells that slumbered;

Nerissa drew my tears till the angels were outnumbered;

And I with trapper's forest-lore, and fisher's craft and wiles,

Hunted the shy bird of her soul, a secret spring of smiles.

["Snow begins to fall slowly in the garden."]

The April dawn of love awoke Nerissa's snowy mountain;

The sun of passion thawed at last the frozen fountain;

And I, who shared a sterile throne, share now a blissful bower ---

Nerissa, oh Nerissa! God preserve this hour!

["He sees" NERISSA "has returned and is standing at the door."]

ERIK. Go in, child! It is cold. See, the snow is beginning to fall.

["He joins her. They enter. He locks and bolts the door." ERIK "throws himself into a chair."]

ERIK. Now, sweetheart, the "Abendlied."

[NERISSA "plays. During her performance" HEINDRIK "has again entered stealthily, and watches."]

ERIK. And now!

["He takes" NERISSA "into house, and switches off light." HEINDRIK "gives a warning sign to his companions. The light goes up in the room above. Enter" C., GUSTAVE, "advances quietly to fountain, and stands waiting." HEINDRIK "whistles softly."]

GUSTAVE. Advance. All is safe.

[HEINDRIK "advances. They greet each other, but without shaking hands."]

GUSTAVE. Have you the money?

HEINDRIK. Here. {196}

GUSTAVE. Let me count it.

"He presses the spring of an electric torch, and examines the bag which"

HEINDRIK "hands to him."]

GUSTAVE. A thousand, two, three, four --- no, five, six, seven. Don't be so suspicious, Captain, I shall not run away. Ten. Right. And the gold? Ah, the jolly rouleaux. It is in order.

HEINDRIK. The key.

GUSTAVE. Here it is. ["Gives it."] And the stuff for the dogs?

HEINDRIK. Poor Tiger, and Baresark, and Odin!

["Gives a packet."]

GUSTAVE. One doesn't make omelettes without breaking eggs. I will be ready for you in ten minutes.

HEINDRIK. There are two cars on the road. Yours is the small one. Your passage is taken. That and your passports are with the driver.

GUSTAVE. Right. I will see to Daniel and the dogs. Keep out of sight.

HEINDRIK. I will wait among the pines.

["He retires." GUSTAVE "returns to house."]

["Enter" NERISSA "in her nightdress at window above, with her violin."]

ERIK. Well, snow-maiden, are you still angry with me for stealing you?

NERISSA. I loved myself. But now I love you.

ERIK ["sings"]:

O who on the mountain
Would tremble and shiver?
The spray's on the fountain;
The sun's on the river. {197}
The fields are ablush,
And the valley's alight.
Come! let us crush
Out the wine of delight!

The thaw sends the torrent
Its Bacchanal dance;
The snows that the thaw rent
Glitter and glance.
The garden's a wonder
Of colour impearled;
The spring draws asunder
Its woe from the world.

Come, O my maiden,
Into the woods!
the flowers, dew-laden,
Shake light from their hoods.
Dance to the measure
Of Bacchus and Pan
Primaeval, the pleasure
Of maiden and man!

[NERISSA "plays a love-song on her violin, then turns from the window.

The light goes out."]

ERIK. Nerissa!]

["Enter" GUSTAVE C. "with" DANIEL, "who is leading a horse, saddled."]

GUSTAVE. Take this order to the merchant at Stormwald. If you ride back at dawn
you will be in plenty of time for your work. {198}

DANIEL. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

GUSTAVE. Ride fast, Daniel.

DANIEL. Oh! I shall have to pull the old fellow out of bed.

GUSTAVE. Pull his house down, if you like, as long as we have the champagne in
time for breakfast.

[DANIEL "leaps on the horse and rides off" R. GUSTAVE "waits a minute,
then advances to pines" L. HEINDRIK "meets him."]

GUSTAVE. All well.

HEINDRIK. Be off with you, then. And don't make too much of a splash in Paris
with all that money.

GUSTAVE. I am not such a fool. And don't you be such a fool as to get slack with
that little monthly cheque, you know.

HEINDRIK. Don't you be frightened about money.

GUSTAVE. You're a bit white. What are "you" frightened of?

HEINDRIK. Only ghosts.

GUSTAVE. Ah, they walk in your forests.

HEINDRIK. We are doing a vile thing. Necessary, as I suppose most vile things
are.

GUSTAVE. Oh, you have a conscience! Consciences walk in your forests.

HEINDRIK. I've a heart as well as a sense of duty.

GUSTAVE. Yes, she's a pretty girl.

HEINDRIK. And it was never her fault.

GUSTAVE. It's never the woman's fault in your forests. O race of sentimentalists!

HEINDRIK. He took her as a hound catches a hare.

GUSTAVE. In France "Jugged Hare" is a concoction of cat.

HEINDRIK. Well, this is not France. France is where you belong, you.
{199}

GUSTAVE. Good luck to your hunting!

HEINDRIK. Good luck!

GUSTAVE. I have it quite safe in your little bag. Good-bye, Heindrik. I suppose

you despise me. [HEINDRIK "is silent."] Well, you know, you too must wait for histories to be written before you get much praise.

HEINDRIK. My duty is clear. I am not asking for praise.

GUSTAVE. All my little need is money.

HEINDRIK. You have earned thirty pieces of silver. Be off! It is time to act.

["Exit" GUSTAVE, L. "In a moment" HEINDRIK "gives a sign, and" MAUD "and the four officers re-enter from among the pines."]

MAUD. Now!

HEINDRIK. Highness, your waiting is over.

MAUD. At last. This snow!

HEINDRIK. It hides our footsteps, Highness. May God's mercy cover our deeds.

MAUD. Insolent! This is the second time you have reproached me. A third, and I break you.

HEINDRIK. Pardon, Highness! I know my duty, and I shall do it.

MAUD. It is I who am wronged, is it not?

HEINDRIK. Ah, Highness, forgive me! I am your Highness's faithful servant. But --- do we wipe out one wrong by doing another?

MAUD. It is right, what we do, by the law of God and man.

HEINDRIK. Then why do I feel it to be wrong?

MAUD. You are a weak fool. Do your duty!

HEINDRIK. I obey, Highness. {200}

MAUD. Without another word.

HEINDRIK. I obey, Highness. To the death.

[HEINDRIK "and other officers go out" C. MAUD "paces the ground impatiently. The light goes up, above; there is a sound of oaths and scuffling, and a scream."]

MAUD. Ah! Ah! ["raising her voice"]. Is it done?

HEINDRIK ["opens the window wide"]. We have the prisoners, Highness.

MAUD. Bring the girl here to me.

HEINDRIK. Yes, Highness.

["He reappears" C. "with" NERISSA, "who wears a cloak."]

MAUD. Did I tell you to cloak her?

HEINDRIK ["represses his speech"]. No, Highness.

MAUD. Take it off.

[HEINDRIK "hesitates." NERISSA "advances, and flings her cloak upon the ground at" MAUD'S "feet. She is again in her nightdress."]

MAUD. You wretched vagabond! You gutter creature! Off to the woods with you! Off, baggage.

[NERISSA "stands trembling."]

There are plenty of street-corners in Stormwald. Off, you harlot!

["She raises her hand to strike her."]

[HEINDRIK "interposes between them, draws himself up, and salutes" MAUD stiffly.]

HEINDRIK. My duty to you, Madam!

["He draws his revolver, and shoots himself, tumbling at her feet upon"

NERISSA'S "cloak." NERISSA, "terribly frightened, screams and runs

off into the forest." MAUD "spurns the body of" HEINDRIK "with her foot. The lights above go out. A pause," MAUD "waiting in stern {201} "silence. Enter the four officers with" PRINCE ERIK "bound and gagged."]

MAUD. Take that gag out! ["They obey."] Now, Erik, you are coming back to the Palace.

ERIK. What have you done with Nerissa?

MAUD. Pah! The wench ran into the woods --- to look for men, I suppose. There were none in the garden.

ERIK. You she-devil! Oh God! God, help me to avenge this night on you!

MAUD. Vengeance! You paltry creature; one new pretty face is enough. Next week you'll have forgotten all about your --- fiddle-prostitute.

ERIK. God help me to avenge this night on you!

MAUD ["to the officers"]. Take him to the car! You can come back here and hide this fool's folly.

["She turns" HEINDRIK "over with her foot."

THE OFFICER. Yes, Highness!

["They go out. The four officers return, and lift the corpse of"

HEINDRIK, "which they cover with" NERISSA'S "cloak. They go out. A pause. The snow ceases to fall. The moon rises" C. "through the pines. In the distance is heard the howling of a lonely wolf."]

CURTAIN.

{202}

ACT II

SCENE I: "The Capital of Fiordland. Two years and six months later."

PRINCE ERIK

OLAF AND KARL, "two Nobles"

"Officers of his Suite"

THE PRINCESS MAUD. HELENA, "her companion"
"Promenaders, Beer-drinkers. A Flower Girl"
NERISSA

"A number of people are enjoying the afternoon sunshine. Some walk and chat, others sit and drink."

A DRINKER. ["Sings."] The North has a thousand beauties, and
the South has only one.

But we have borrowed a splinter from the spear of
Captain Sun.

We have trees as green as their trees;

We have apple trees and pear trees!

We have girls as sweet as their girls;

We have flaxen girls and fair girls ---

And chestnut girls and auburn girls ---

And darker girls with raven curls!

We do not envy their monotony

Of a nigger for love and a palm-tree for botany!

["The guests of the beer-house stamp and beat the tables." {203}

2 DRINKER. Bravo! Bravo!

4 DRINKER. Hullo! Here comes Prince Erik.

3 DRINKER. With Karl and Olaf; I was with them at Heidelberg.

4 DRINKER. Oh! we know you're the dear friend of everybody with a title. But how shortsighted your friends are!

[ERIK, OLAF, "and" KARL "pass over chatting."

FLOWER GIRL. A pansy for your button-hole, my prince!

ERIK. ["Smiles and accepts it."] Heart's-ease to you, my child.

[OLAF "hands her a florin."

FLOWER GIRL ["curtseys"]. Thanks, noble prince. ["To" OLAF.] A thousand thanks, my lord.

["She runs off, laughing, to other customers."

2 DRINKER ["slaps" 3 DRINKER "on back"]. But you were really intimate with that Italian Count, Conte Alcesto --- or was it Alcestissimo? --- Rigo de Righi de Righissimo. Where is he now?

4 DRINKER. "Where are the snows of yester-year?"

2 DRINKER. "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

3 DRINKER. I must be going to the Kurhaus. ["Exit."

2 DRINKER. Mr Count cost him more florins than he could count!

1 DRINKER ["sings"]. A bumble-bee buzzed in my ear:

You cannot drink honey; drink beer!

Now the wise men of earth

Cannot measure the girth

Of the brain of that brilliant bee!

Bring a bock! bring a bock!

Hang sherry and hock!

Light Lager's the tippie for me! {204}

THE WAITER. Hush, sir. The Princess is coming down the street. The second verse won't do.

1 DRINKER. Oh, we'll keep the second verse for after dinner.

THE WAITER. And here's the blind fiddler, coming down yonder to the bridge.
["Point off" L.

2 DRINKER. What, the girl?

THE WAITER. Yes, Snowstorm.

A GUEST ["speaking with a marked foreign accent"]. Why, she is quite a young girl. But her hair is as white as your skies.

THE WAITER. Yes, sir, that's why we call her Snowstorm. But it wasn't always white --- it was gold, the pale gold of our Fiordland sun; and her blind eyes were pale and blue and sparkling as our Fiordland seas.

GUEST. And as treacherous, perhaps.

WAITER. No, sir. She was a good girl. These gentlemen will tell you there was never a word against her.

1 DRINKER. Why, who was she? I don't recognize her at all.

2 DRINKER. Nor I.

4 DRINKER. Nor I. I seem to know her walk.

WAITER. Ah, she only came here two days ago. But I know her story. No, sir, I had better not say all I know. But I'll tell you this. A jealous woman threw her into the forest at night in a snowstorm, with only a rag of a nightgown on her back. My father was a woodcutter. He found her in the morning, exhausted in the snow. And when she saw him she got up and ran, screaming. She took him for a wolf.

2 DRINKER. Good God!

WAITER. But he took her to the hut, and my mother tended {205} her for over a year. I saw her last summer. When Father found her the hair was just as it is now; but it was the long illness that left her blind.

1 DRINKER. Good God! What a chilly story! Can she play the fiddle at all?

WAITER. You shall hear her and judge for yourself, sir.

2 DRINKER. There she comes, over the bridge.

["Enter" R., "the" PRINCESS MAUD "and" HELENA "with two waiting-women and"
L.,

"the" PRINCE "with" KARL, OLAF, "and his officers. They meet and chat amicably." MAUD "nods, rather furtively, to" HELENA, "who slips away, and presently finds herself in front of stage with" OLAF. "They have their backs to the audience."]

HELENA. I always love that old house ["pointing"].

OLAF. That one? ["pointing"].

["Meanwhile she has passed a note from her right hand to his left behind their backs."]

HELENA. Yes, that one.

OLAF. So do I.

["MAUD "has taken" ERIK'S "arm and walked off with him" L., "They follow."]

2 DRINKER. Thank God! We can stretch our legs again.

["They make themselves comfortable."]

1 DRINKER. And here comes your fairy fiddler!
 ["Enter" NERISSA, L., "groping her way. Reaching" C., "she takes her fiddle and begins to play a jig. All rise and dance round her, the drinkers with the peasant women and cocottes. The flower girl, in front of stage, does a pas seul." 2 "and" 4 DRINKERS "join her, and a peasant girl makes the fourth in an eccentric and" {206} "outrageous quartette. The Music stops. All stop, laughing and joking."

1 DRINKER. Well played, little girl! A ripping dance!

2 DRINKER. Topping, by Jove.

4 DRINKER. Now, gentlemen, here's my hat. Florins for little what's-her-name? --- little Snowstorm.

THE WAITER. Make it up to a thousand florins, gentlemen.

1 DRINKER. A thousand florins!

WAITER. She could earn that, once.

1 DRINKER. By Diogenes, you're as drunk as David's sow!

WAITER. Play us something else, Snowstorm. Play us your best.

2 DRINKER. Yes! Play another dance!

NERISSA. Life isn't all dancing, sir.

2 DRINKER. No, by Jove, I suppose your life isn't.

4 DRINKER. Thunder! Nobody's is!

NERISSA. I will play you from Bach.

["She plays. All are hushed in admiration. At the last few bars re-enter" L., ERIK "with" KARL "and two officers. They stand and listen." ERIK "grips" KARL'S "shoulder and staggers. She ends. All applaud."]

KARL. What is it, sir.

ERIK. Nothing. Tell that girl to play again.

KARL ["advancing"]. Mademoiselle, you have the honour to be commanded to play before His Highness.

NERISSA. I will play --- I will play for the Prince!

["She is seized with a storm of emotion. Mastering herself, she begins the "Serenade." But she trembles so violently that the music is marred. As she goes on she recovers herself, when suddenly her E string snaps."] {207}

NERISSA. I am so sorry, your Highness. My E string is broken.

[ERIK "is not very near her, or he might recognise her voice."]

ERIK. Never mind; another time. Give her a gold piece, Karl.

[KARL "gives her money." ERIK "moves off with him."]

ERIK. She can't play at all, Karl! Funny; that first piece sounded so well in the distance. ["They go off" R.]

NERISSA ["in a faint voice"]. Erik!

THE WAITER. Look out, gentlemen, she is going to faint.

["He comes forward, just in time to catch her in his arms. He carries her into the beer-house as the" CURTAIN "falls."]

SCENE II: "The same afternoon." THE GROUNDS OF THE PALACE.

"It is a formal garden, with box hedges. There are Japanese cypresses, and roses in bloom."
Behind, a terrace with balustrade, and steps leading to garden. A summer-house in one corner. Statuary. In the background, the Palace walls.

PRINCE ERIK
KARL
OLAF
PRINCESS MAUD
HELENA, "waiting-woman to the Princess"

"In the summer-house are" MAUD "and" HELENA, "smoking cigarettes."

HELENA. Is not this dangerous, madam?

MAUD. To see Olaf here? Pshaw! It is nothing. I do things a thousand times more dangerous. {208}

HELENA. But why do it at all?

MAUD. It is farewell. The man bores me. And he begins to give himself airs.

HELENA. He begins to expect.

MAUD. Which is the psychological moment to disappoint. Oh, Helena! if you knew my heart! It is impossible to understand me. It is Erik that I love. Erik is the only man I ever cared for --- so much! ["She snaps her fingers."] These boys! Damn them all, and their homage and their impudence. It is only Erik that I love.

HELENA. Yes, Madam.

MAUD. I know you think I am lying. I know you only understand flirtation. You do not understand revenge and despair.

HELENA. I have not a Queen's heart, madam.

MAUD. Do you understand? I never forget that my father is an emperor. Erik does not love me. In all his boyish follies I believe he had one love --- that fiddling harlot that I threw to the wolves. Ah! that was my night of perfect passion.

HELENA. I understand love. I do not understand hate.

MAUD. Then you do not understand love. ... Why is Olaf late?

HELENA. There is someone on the terrace, now.

[ERIK "and" KARL "enter" L. "on terrace."

MAUD. Look!

HELENA ["peeps through roof of summer-house, standing on the seat"]. It is the Prince and Count Karl.

MAUD. Hush then! Let us be smoking!

["They light fresh cigarettes."

ERIK. I tell you, Karl, I am sick. I am sick of life. {209}

KARL. You were merry enough at tennis.

ERIK. And then I saw that blind girl. It was a memory. For half a second her playing reminded me of something --- that --- that --- I have --- forgotten. Karl! I am a prince. I have been treated like a dog; and I have never avenged myself --- and the woman I loved.

KARL. Avenge yourself now!

ERIK. She is too strong for me. There is no weak point in her armour.

KARL. She?

ERIK. Can you not guess? It is the Princess.

KARL. Highness!

ERIK. I hate her --- and I am a doll in her hands.

KARL ["dropping on one knee"]. Highness! I beg you to believe that I am your most devoted servant. ...

ERIK. Why, yes! I never doubted it. What is it?

KARL. I dare not tell your Highness.

ERIK. Yes, speak! I command you to speak.

KARL. I am not sure --- I have though --- things have happened. ...

ERIK. What things?

KARL. Oh, forgive me! It touches your Highness's honour.

ERIK. The more reason I should know.

KARL. It is ... some of us think that her Highness forgets her duty. ...

ERIK. Impossible! She is madly jealous of me.

KARL. I was sure I was wrong, your Highness. But ---

ERIK. But!

KARL. The Lady Helena blabs. {210}

ERIK. A silly, gossiping fool.

KARL. Not in words, Highness. But she bears herself as if she held great secrets.

ERIK. So do all those in whom princes put their trust. Or --- don't put their trust!

KARL. A lover of hers went very suddenly to the Embassy in Madrid.

ERIK. Well? Ah! --- ... Hush! There goes Olaf.

[OLAF "enters" R., "and descends steps, bowing formally to" ERIK "as he passes."]

I see. And then?

KARL. Watch, Highness. Murder will out.

ERIK. I spy on my wife> I have my honour to consider.

KARL. A two-edged sword.

ERIK. I can confide only in you. ... If you should see or hear anything ... tell me.

Let me think. The Chancellor is a safe man: we must tell him ... I will go now to his apartment; do you wait for me in the garden.

KARL. Yes, Highness. ... I trust your Highness will forgive me.

ERIK. You have given me hope. ["He gives" KARL "his hand." KARL "falls on one knee and kisses it." ERIK "goes out," L. KARL "waits moodily upon the terrace, sunk in thought. Meanwhile" OLAF "has made his way deviously to the summer-house. He bows and kisses the hand of" MAUD.]

MAUD. Keep guard, Helena! [HELENA "goes out and up the path."] Come, Olaf! ["She draws him to her, and takes him in her arms. They kiss."]

OLAF. Queen! Queen!

MAUD. This is farewell. {211}

OLAF. I was afraid it was dismissal.

MAUD. Only a holiday. But I love you too much, I am getting reckless. People are beginning to talk.

OLAF. It is my fault. I cannot control myself when I look at you.

MAUD. I have got you the best command in the South. You will come up on leave; we can meet sometimes.

OLAF. God help me. An hour's absence is torture.

MAUD. A week's absence will cure that.

OLAF. Don't think it. Don't think it!

MAUD. Kiss me! You must go now. This is dreadfully dangerous. Karl is there on the terrace.

OLAF. Is there no hope for ...

MAUD. Not till you come back! Hush. Helena signals. [HELENA "gives a hissing "St!" as" KARL "descends steps."] Kiss me. Again. Now go. One last kiss. Oh, go! Farewell, my own Olaf!

OLAF. God preserve your Highness --- and keep her love for me.

MAUD. Always. Go now.

OLAF. Good-bye. [HELENA "comes back." OLAF "steals off."

HELENA. Danger. Karl is coming down into the garden.

MAUD. Damn! ... Oh! ... What fun! Helena, hide yourself. Let him find me here.

HELENA. Oh! ... Suppose the Prince comes back?

MAUD. Go round the summer-house. Knock if he comes out on the terrace.

[HELENA "obeys." KARL "comes slowly down the garden, deep in thought. He reaches the summer-house."] {212}

MAUD. Come in, Count! [KARL "starts violently."

KARL. I crave your Highness's pardon. I had no idea. ...

MAUD. Boys never have.

KARL. Have? ["He is still quite confused and embarrassed."

MAUD. Any ideas. Come in and sit down.

["He obeys, awkwardly enough."

KARL. I am flattered, Highness, to think that I thought of coming into the summer-house, exactly as you Highness did.

MAUD. Count, you are paying compliments. One day you will be old enough to know that women like to be bullied.

KARL. Your Highness is laughing at me.

MAUD. Of course, but not as you think. That is the meaning of the Woman's Emancipation movement. Men left off beating their wives --- and the germs of discontent were sown.

KARL. Your Highness is merry.

MAUD. I am quite serious. The women cannot get their husbands to beat them any more, or cannot get husbands at all. So they force the police to arrest them, and force the doctors to feed them in prison.

KARL. Your Highness is laughing at me.

MAUD. On my honour, I am serious.

KARL. Then you Highness insults my understanding!

MAUD. Exactly. I am trying to get you to slap my face.

KARL. I strike your Highness?

MAUD. Is it not a smooth cheek --- and in your heart wouldn't you love to smack it?

KARL. I would kill the scoundrel who offered to lift ...

MAUD. Quite, quite. But it is I who am offering. Won't you box my ears? Just

one little one? {213}

KARL. Highness! Highness! You don't know what you are saying.

MAUD. Just once! ... You men have no courage.

KARL. I dare do all that a man should; if I dared to do more, I should be less.

MAUD. That is Shakespeare, and quite spoilt. Come! If you daren't touch my cheek with your hand, do you dare with your lips?

KARL. I trust I know my duty too well to insult your Highness.

MAUD. Poor Highness! What is a Queen to do who wants a silly boy to kiss her? You would be forward enough with a pretty flower girl. ... I know you. I suppose I am not pretty enough.

KARL. Your Highness is God's rose.

MAUD. Then why not pick it? One little kiss --- just there --- you may.

KARL. Your Highness, I may not.

MAUD. Perhaps you don't care for women at all?

KARL. I will love my lady.

MAUD. But I am not your lady, my lord?

KARL. Before God and within my honour --- and your Highness's honour --- you are my lady and I you humble servant.

MAUD. You are short-sighted.

KARL. I cannot see beyond my duty.

MAUD. Your lady will find you a most dreadful prig! ... We pay a heavy price for our crowns. Are you not ashamed of yourself? You entrap me into making love to you!

KARL. Before God, Madam. ... {214}

MAUD. Hush! Hush! You mustn't swear. So you rob me of all my modesty ... you make me kiss you. ["With a swift movement she draws his face to hers, and kisses him on the mouth. She lets him go, and laughs distractedly at his confusion."]

KARL ["sobbing and stammering"]. Madam, it is high treason.

[MAUD "continues to laugh."

[HELENA "gives a series of sharp knocks on the woodwork."

MAUD. So it is! And here's the Prince coming. Run for it!

KARL. I ... I ... [MAUD "pushes him out."

MAUD. You fool! Do you want to ruin me?

[KARL "sees the danger, and glides away along the path."

Helena! Come back quick.

[HELENA "darts into the summer-house."

MAUD. Oh, what a fool! did you ever see such a fool?

HELENA. I am terrified for your Highness. It is madness.

MAUD. No, it's only Maraschino.

HELENA. People have got drunk of Maraschino.

MAUD. I should love to see him drunk.

HELENA. I think you did.

MAUD. What? Do you really think so? Really?

HELENA. There isn't a man alive who wouldn't go mad --- on the wine of your vintage. Only the flattery of it is enough, if he were an icicle.

MAUD. Yes, but if you melt an icicle, it only drips away. He's only a prig.

HELENA. And if you take away all his ideas of faith and honour --- if you shatter his belief in the goodness of woman ... {215}

MAUD. There's nothing left. You're wrong. He loves me no more than --- than --- than I love him!

HELENA. Oh, It's impossible. There aren't such men.

MAUD. We shall see ... Are they gone?

HELENA. No. They've just met. They're going up the steps together. I think the Prince notices something.

MAUD. Keep still, then. I wish they'd go. It's cold here.

HELENA. As the mooncalf observed, you Highness is please to jest.

MAUD. How dare you? Hush!

[ERIK, "on terrace, turns and holds" KARL "by the shoulder and looks sharply in his face."]

ERIK. What's the matter?

KARL. I daren't say. Oh. ...

ERIK. Who is in the garden? Answer me.

KARL. Her Highness is in the garden.

ERIK. Yes? What has happened?

KARL. Oh, sir, she has made a jest of me!

ERIK. Tell me all, What did she do?

KARL. She pretended, your Highness. ...

ERIK. Answer me, Sir! Pretended what?

KARL. She pretended to be ...

ERIK. To be what?

KARL. To be in l... To be fond of me, Highness.

ERIK. Truth? What did she say?

KARL. Oh, just laughing at me. I do not understand what it all meant.

ERIK. Did she do anything?

KARL. Yes --- oh! {216}

ERIK. What?

KARL. She kissed me.

ERIK. And you?

KARL. I told her it was high treason.

ERIK. She meant it! She meant it every word! You were right with your gossip. Please God, we'll have her. Look here, boy, run back. Tell her you thought she was testing you; tell her you're madly in love, and if you die for it, you must have another kiss. I'll be near --- No! She'd hear me or see me. Test her. Get her to make an assignation. Then we'll trap her.

KARL. Oh, sir, my honour!

ERIK. Your honour is in my keeping --- and by God! mine is in yours!

KARL. Sir.

ERIK. Go! I am your officer. It is an order. Carry it out as I would have you. It is the honour of Fiordland that is at stake!

KARL. I obey, Highness. ["He moves off."]

ERIK. Nerissa! If your spirit still haunts this earth, come! Hover! Witness that your lover strikes at last. Revenge --- revenge upon that tigress, that barren she-wolf

... devil! devil! devil! Nerissa! angel ... angel whom I dragged from the empyrean, saint whom I tore from your niche, white dove whose wings I soiled ... be near me! aid me! aid me to my vengeance!

["Exit" L. KARL "has reached the summer-house. He falls on his knees."

MAUD "and" HELENA "exchange smiles."]

KARL. Pardon, Highness. {217}

MAUD. This gentleman may have some private communication for me. Leave us, Helena!

[HELENA "goes out and keeps guard as before."

KARL. Oh, your Highness, how can you pardon me? I thought you were testing me --- perhaps you are testing me --- but if I perish, I love you. I am mad. I love you madly, madly. Now kill me! Call the guards. I love you. Let me once touch the tips of your fingers and then. ...

MAUD. Karl! my Karl! my own dove. I meant it. I love you. Come to me! Kiss me! I want to feel your strong arms round me.

["She embraces him. They kiss. He almost faints, for he must allow and return the caress."]

I cannot bear it! You are killing me. Be quiet; Helena will hear. Go now; leave me; I am faint.

KARL. And when shall I ...

MAUD. At midnight, at the vestry door of St Hildebrand's.

KARL. I will be there. My Princess!

MAUD. Karl! Karl! Go quickly. The last kiss --- till midnight. Send Helena to me. ["He kisses her, and goes up terrace and off" L.

[HELENA "returns."

MAUD. Well?

HELENA. Tara-diddle-iddle-doodle-oodle-ay!

MAUD. I smell a rat; I see him brewing in the air; come, let us nip him in the bud. Just the sort of foolish trick Erik would try on me --- to send a boy like that who can no more lie than fly. I soiled him, though!

HELENA. So you Highness will not patronise St Hildebrand!

MAUD. Indeed, we shall be two pilgrims. The fool will {218} hatch some foolish plot --- and I shall vindicate my innocence. And I think I can go one better than that! Come; we must dress for dinner.

HELENA. Our appetites are whetted.

MAUD. Yours, I suppose, for love; mine, for some sharper sweetmeat!

["They go out, through garden, and up steps, and off" R. "A pause. Re-enter" KARL "and" ERIC {sic}., L., "arm in arm, and walk up and down."]

ERIK. Very good, boy. Excellent. And now just one touch to the masterpiece! We are much of a size ... I think I will see how I look in a lieutenant's uniform.

KARL. Oh yes, Highness, that will be much better.

ERIK. So I shall be master of the situation, however things turn out.

KARL. Your Highness is a Bismarck! Always master of the situation!

["They go off" L., "laughing, as the" CURTAIN "falls."

{219}

PERSONS REPRESENTED

PRINCE ERIK

KARL

PRINCESS MAUD

HELENA

THE FOUR DRINKERS, "with Women, Elsie, Carlotta, and two others"

"An old gigantic Priest"

THE CHANCELLOR

"A Corporal's File"

NERISSA

"A Neighbour to" NERISSA

ACT III

"The same day" --- 11.30 "p.m."

"At the back of the Stage is the Palace. The Prince's apartment is in brilliant light. The other windows are dark." R. "is the church of St Hildebrand, the vestry door being well up stage; parallel with the wall runs an avenue of yews." L. "a row of houses, and a similar avenue. The whole character of the scene is one of Gothic Gloom."

"Enter the Priest" L. "with two acolytes and enters church. Various townspeople, going home, cross stage. Hymn from within church."

All ye tottering crags that thrust
Tortured foreheads from the dust,
Palaces of fear wherein
Lurk the sacraments of sin, {220}
Be abased before the nod
Of our one Almighty God!
Crag and pinnacle and spire
Hear our hymn!
Disrupt, dislimn!
God is a consuming fire.

Dwellers of the darkness, flee!
Leave the night to grace and gree!
Whether sleep dissolves the soul
Or vigil gains the godly goal,

Be the Lord a puissant aid
To his children undismayed!
Crag and pinnacle, etc.

["Enter" NERISSA "and a neighbour" R.

NEIGHBOUR. That's the Palace, on the right, dearie. There's a light in Prince Erik's room. He's just going to bed, I suppose. Now you're coming along to have a bit of supper with me, lamb, and then you shall go to bed, too.

NERISSA. I don't think I shall sleep much to-night. I think I shall wander about a little, and play tunes to the breezes and the nightingales.

NEIGHBOUR. The owls are the only birds abroad. And there are burglars, lamb. It's very late now.

["Enter" 1st and 3rd DRINKERS L., "with three companions, and a group of women of the town, noisily."]

1 DRINKER. Hullo! Here's our little blind fiddler girl. Come along, dear. I'll mend your fiddle for you.

NEIGHBOUR. Go away; you're drunk. {221}

ELSIE. So sorry, dear, we won't interfere with you. We're only going home.

[NERISSA "and neighbour go off" L.

1 DRINKER. We're not going home. I swear it. I call to witness yon bright star.

["Apostrophizes Castle window."]

3 DRINKER. You fool, it isn't a star. It's the moon. It's the beautiful moon.

ELSIE. It's the window of the Castle.

1 DRINKER. I tell you it's a star. It isn't the right colour for the moon.

3 DRINKER. It's too big to be a star.

A COMPANION. Boys, it's the sun. The rising sun. It's not the right shape for a window.

1 DRINKER. So it is. Well, didn't I say so! The rising sun --- the star of day!

CARLOTTA. Oh come along and sleep it off!

1 DRINKER. Sleep in the beautiful sunshine? Oh, Carlotta, how wicked you must be! This is the time when respectable people get up, and enjoy the cool air of the morning. Let us go into the fields and pick buttercups!

3 DRINKER. Buttercups and daisies!

1 DRINKER. Let's sing a hymn of gladness on this bright and beautiful morning!

3 DRINKER. I tell you it's the moon. Elsie, it's the moon, isn't it? You may kiss me. Now that's the moon. What a plump, pretty face you've got. I'm going to be the man in the moon.

["He kisses her several times. The others are reeling about the square, except one man who is leaning, in despair, against a tree."]

CARLOTTA. Come along, dear! {222}

1 DRINKER. Why should I come along?

CARLOTTA. You're drunk.

1 DRINKER. You're a liar. I'm not too drunk to stand. I'm not too drunk to sing ("sings"):

There's nothing like beer
One's courage to cheer,

A soldier is certain to tell you;
And the militant one
With his sword and his gun
Is always a jolly good fellow!

3 DRINKER. Oh, that's a rotten song. Strike me! I do believe there's the man in the moon!

[PRINCE ERIK "is seen for a moment at the lighted window. He is in the uniform of a lieutenant."]

1 DRINKER. You're as drunk as it's humanly possible for a gentleman to be. It's the sun, you owl; there never was a man in the sun. There couldn't be; it's against human nature.

3 DRINKER. Well, let's dance, Elsie, turn the band on again!

1 DRINKER. No, it's absurd. Respectable people don't dance at four o'clock in the morning! But I'll sing. I'll wake the birds. I'll make the cock crow, like poor old Peter did. Poor old Peter.

3 DRINKER. I leave all that to Elsie. Elsie, my dear, I want a lark. Just make up one for me, will you?

ELSIE. I'm so tired. I want to go home to bed.

1 DRINKER ("sings"):

Give rum to the sailor!

It's always a failure; {223}

He tosses about on the breast of the ocean.

He is clumsy and stout,

And a booby, a lout,

For his life's a perpet --- a perpetual motion!

["All chorus" 3 "last lines of each verse."]

The Temperance crank
Gets his booze from the tank,
A liquor less fit for a man than a frog.
His mind is a fog,
and he lives in the bog ---

You may bet you can always find him in the bog!

["Chorus".]

But the soldier's a chap
That can laugh at mishap;
He finds room in Dame Fortune's and Marian's lap.
And why, do you think?
It's a question of drink.

He knows what is good when his stomach might sink!

["Chorus".]

Now this is the reason
His foe he can freeze on,

And defend his good monarch from malice or treason.
His heart's full of cheer
And his belly of beer,
And he never --- he never runs off to the rear!

"Chorus."

It may sound very queer,
But the truth is quite clear.
He never --- He never runs off to the rear. {224}

["During this song all are marching about the Square, some arm-in-arm,
some embracing. The light in the Palace goes out."]

2 DRINKER. Oh my goodness! The sun's gone out.

1 DRINKER. It's only an eclipse, you fool

3 DRINKER. Elsie wants me to come home. Now what I say is. ...

1 DRINKER. It's very dangerous to be out of doors in an eclipse. I'm going home.
Come along, Carlotta; I want you to teach me cat's cradle.

CARLOTTA. Not at this time of the night, stupid. I'm going to tie your nose to the
knocker, and run away!

["They all reel off," R. "A short pause. As their voices die away --- one
breaks out, off, into the last chorus --- other voices are heard,
off," L. "They approach. Enter" ERIK "as a Lieutenant, with an old
man, the Chancellor."]

ERIK. Come over here, Chancellor. You will not be seen behind these trees. I
need not ask you to watch closely, and report truthfully, what may occur.

CHANCELLOR. I cannot believe that your Highness is justified.

ERIK. Your eyes must be your judge. If I drop this handkerchief, you will come
forward and make the arrest. The men will be concealed in these doorways.

["The organ plays a voluntary." ERIK "and "CHANCELLOR "uncover and keep
silence."]

CHANCELLOR. It is a dangerous game, your Highness.

ERIK. I have picked devoted men. The succession is at stake.

CHANCELLOR. Highness, I am an old man, and I know much of successions! It is
always best to be dumb, and very nearly always best to be blind. {225}

ERIK. You have wandered too much among the tombs.

CHANCELLOR. I wished to see if ghosts walked

ERIK. And do they?

CHANCELLOR. Only when madmen call them up! Let the dead alone.

ERIK. On every wind one ghost calls to me.

CHANCELLOR. Ah! There is more in this than the honour of Fiordland. I was
sure I knew all about successions!

ERIK. Yes, silence serves their turn. But what if the Blood of Abel crieth from the
ground?

CHANCELLOR. Sir, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. But not by
vengeance upon the murderers.

ERIK. Chancellor, it is useless to dissuade me. I have not slept well for a long

while.

CHANCELLOR. And so your judgment is clouded.

ERIK. My judgment shall be the forked flash of heaven!

CHANCELLOR. Beware whom it may strike!

ERIK. You always bode.

CHANCELLOR. I have lived long enough to fear calamity. My daughter caught the chill that killed her on the fairest day of summer.

ERIK. Yes, it is your age that speaks. Is it not just as true that storm purifies the air? ... But enough. Here comes Karl with his men.

["Enter" KARL "with corporal's file." CHANCELLOR "conceals himself."]

ERIK. Get your men into the doorways. ["He consults his watch, with great difficulty; for it is now very dark."] It is nearly time. Enough now. Not a sound. {226}

[KARL "has concealed himself and the soldiers in the doorways of the houses." ERIK "in centre of stage, listening. After a long pause he seems to catch a sound; for he smiles, raises his finger as a sign, and goes into the shadow of the vestry porch. Another pause.

Footsteps are heard, and low voices. The footsteps stop. Then"

HELENA "enters, behind Church, with great discretion. She looks and listens keenly."]

HELENA. It is all right.

MAUD ["off"]. Then stay under the trees. They are there?

[HELENA "nods, with a little laugh, and goes back among the trees." MAUD "enters quietly, and slips round by the vestry."]

ERIK ["imitating the voice of" KARL]. We are alone, my beautiful. Come; the car is at the back of the houses.

[MAUD "and" ERIK "come out into the square."]

ERIK. My darling! ["He puts his arms about her neck."]

MAUD. What does this mean? How dare you insult your Princess? Do you think I should come here, and not know how to defend myself?

["With a little dagger she strikes him in the throat. He falls dead."]

CHANCELLOR ["rushing out"]. By God, Madam, you have killed the Prince!

MAUD. The Prince! Erik! I have killed Love itself! Death! What have I done? Madman! Oh then, what is left for me to do? Erik! Why do you look at me like that? Come home to the Palace!

["She is now up by Exit" R.

HELENA. Madam, I pray you ... {227}

MAUD. Silence, you fool! I will show you how a queen can die. ["She thrusts the dagger into her side, and falls, off."] Eric! {sic}

["All are now grouped round the corpse of the Prince. The vestry door opens suddenly. A gigantic priest, with a terrible beard, long and snow-white, brandishing a huge cross of rough wood, rushes out."]

PRIEST. Begone revellers! Disturb not the sacred night with your cries! Children of the devil, I am at my prayers, my prayers for your lost souls! Accursed are ye, accursed of God! Begone!

["He retires into the vestry, and slams the heavy door."]

A SOLDIER. He is right! We are accursed. The place is accursed.

["Panic seizes them all, and they rush off" R., "spurning the corpse of the Princess, and crying "Accursed! The curse of God is upon us! We are accursed!]

["The cries die away. Absolute silence reigns. After a long pause" NERISSA "is seen among the trees," L. "She feels her way from tree to tree."]

NERISSA. This is the square. I wonder if his window is still lighted. He will come to me if he is awake.

["She is now near centre of stage, almost touching the corpse of" PRINCE ERIK.]

["She takes her violin and plays "Abide with me" (or, as an alternative, the Serenade). At the end she waits, then gives a sigh."]

I suppose he has gone to sleep. I will go back. Perhaps to-morrow!

["She turns back and goes out."]

CURTAIN.

{228}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07021.html>

75 captures

13 Jan 2002 - 12 Aug 2025

Mar APR May

15

2023 2024 2025

About this capture

A BRIEF ABSTRACT OF THE
SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION

OF THE

UNIVERSE

DERIVED BY DOCTOR JOHN DEE

THROUGH THE SKRYING OF

SIR EDWARD KELLY

{229}

{Robin note: perhaps someone would like to do a better job of formatting this for HTML. For now it is presented mostly preformatted. Scans are being prepared to present an illustrated version.}

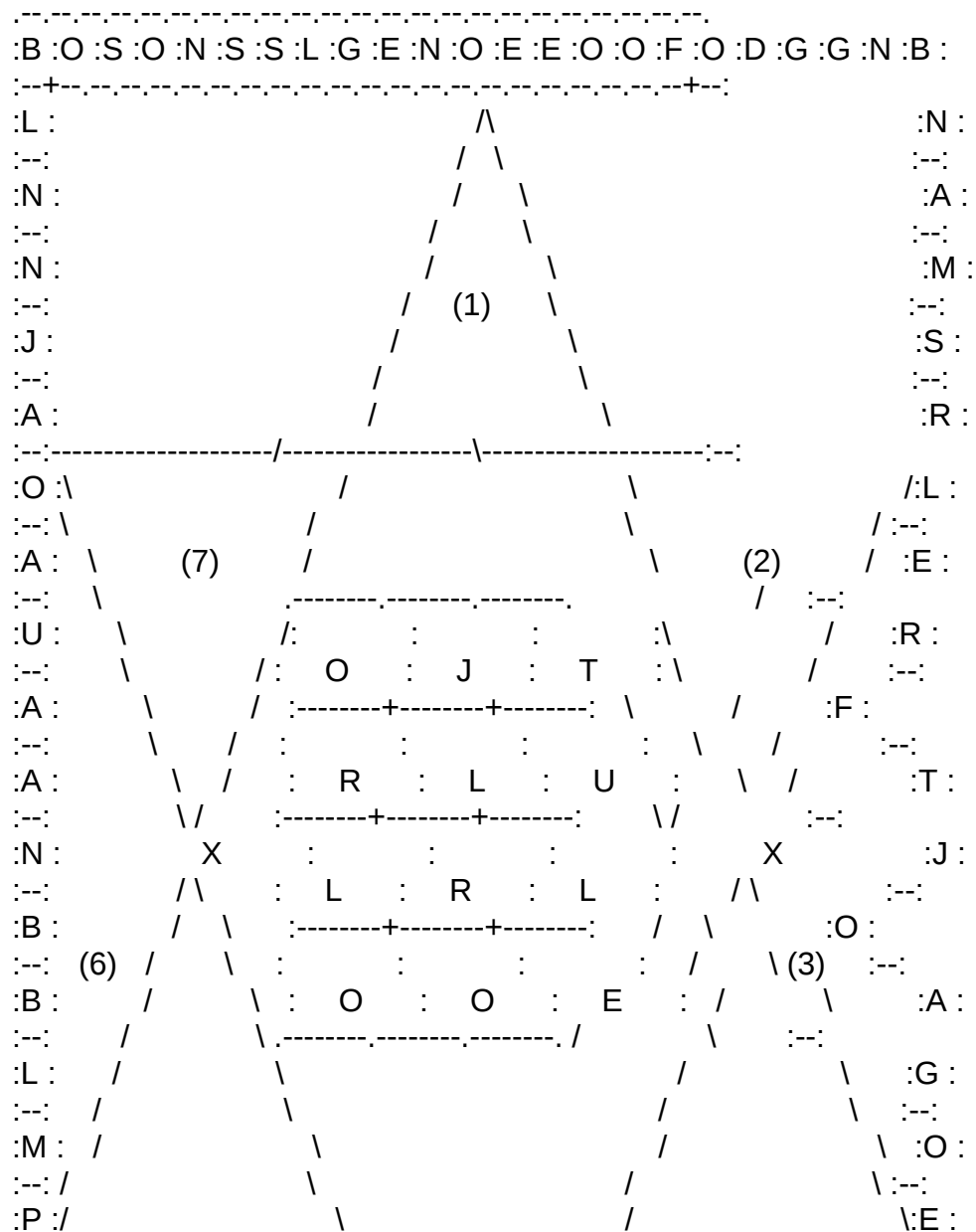
[PREFATORY NOTE BY THE EDITOR

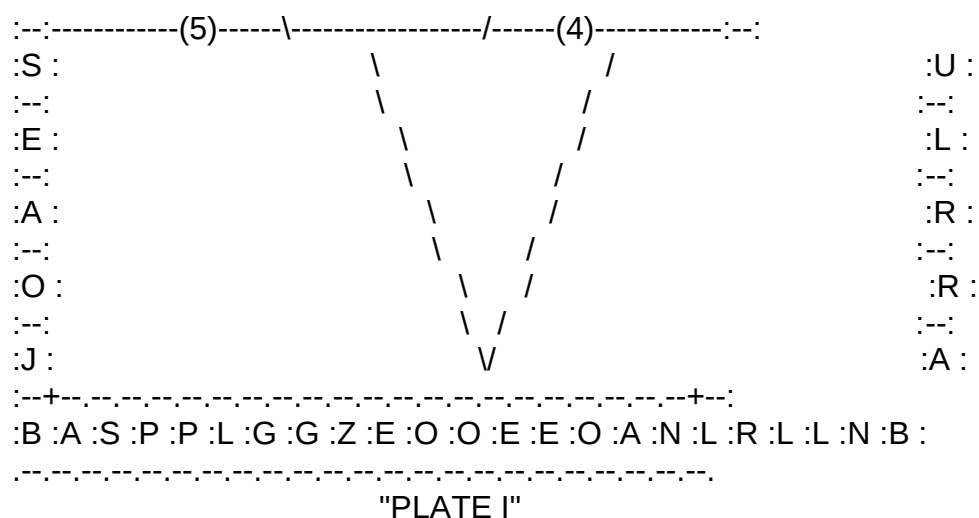
We omit in this preliminary sketch any account of the Tables of Soyga, the Heptarchia Mystica, the Book of Enoch, or Liber Logaeth. We hope to be able to deal with these adequately in a subsequent article.]

{Illustration partly represented and partly described:

[Note to the ASCII version: In the following illustration, Enochian letters around the border and in the center grid have been replaced by English letter equivalents.]

"The" HOLY TABLE.





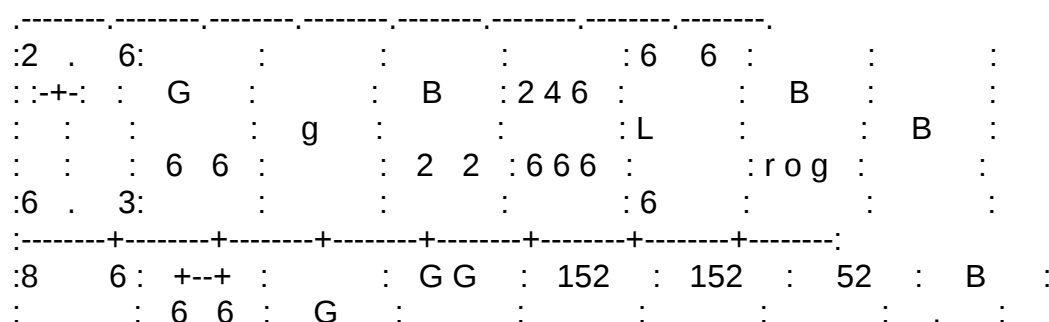
The letters around the rim are Enochian letters, facing outward in the illustration, including the corner letters facing toward the outer point of each corner.

The two overlapping equilateral triangles shown in the interior of the figure are composed of thin, solid lines and somewhat closer in their bases to the top and bottom of the square than shown here. In the illustration, the base angles touch the fourth edge letter from the corner in each instance.

The rectangular grid with enochian letters in the center of the diagram has been adjusted to align with the edge letters of the original illustration. This rectangular grid has its corners overlapping the lines defining the hexagram in the original illustration.

There are seven small devices, five squares and two circles, symmetrically arranged in the pattern of a seven pointed star with point upward. There is no actual seven pointed star drawn. These devices are all oriented to be viewed from the center of the figure, their size is about that of three edge divisions vertically and horizontally, and their text would be at right angles to any straight line that might be drawn from the center of the figure. These devices have been represented by the numbers 1 through 7 in the approximation above. They are separately approximated below, not to scale:

1.




```

:-----:
: G      : m. 30 q : q q q l :
:  +-+  :      :      :      :
:  B      :      : B. 9. :      : B      :
:      :      :      : o.   : o q :
: 28      : d. 4.   :      : g    : i :
:-----+-----:
: {l      30 :      : L      get :
:      +-+  :      :      :
:      B      :      : B      :
:      A-----O :      :      :
: G 33  A      : 9      : h      go :
:-----+-----:
: 5 {cres. : m      i d : L      30 :
:   moon} :      :      :
: 6      6      :      : 6      :
: -----\ :      :      :
: - {smooth shape}: d      2.A :      pp :
:-----+-----:
: V      H : q q q Q :      2 3 :
:      6      : 6      : L      6 :
:      9      22 : o g      a : {very d :
:                  : large "L"} :

```

{l = a figure like an inverted German sharfes "S"

4.

```

:-----:
: 2      : 6 6      : 5 3 7 : 6 B : T. 13 : 6 ^ :
: 66      :      :      :      :      : 9 :
:  \  o / : 6 6 6 : Gu : 6 6 6 :
:  \  /   :      :      :      :
: 2  V    :      :      :      :
:-----+-----+-----+-----+-----:
:      o 4 :      : 6 6 6 : 6 : 6 6 :
: v. 4      :      :      :      :      :
:      B B : B 14 :      :      :      :
: B      :      : P. 3. :      :      :
:      :      : a      :      : G O : C V :
:      :      :      :      :      :

```

```

:-----+-----+-----+-----+-----+-----:
:      :      :{2 long :      :      :      :      :
: B . C : O . o :script : q   q : q . 9 :      6 :
:      :      :p's, parl:      :      :      :      :
: 6      : 7      :on their: 6   3 :      :L      :
:      :      :acks}   :      : B      : 8      :
:      : 6 6 : 5      :      :      :      :
:-----+-----+-----+-----+-----+-----:
:      :      :      :d      :7.2 : B   B :
:go 30 :9.3 : q   q :      :      :      :
:      :      :      :6      :      :/\      :
:      : 6 6 : 5      :6:--+ :      : /  \ :
: B      :      :      :. A : 6 B :      :
:      :      : 6 6 :      :      : 8   3 :
:-----+-----+-----+-----+-----+-----:

```

5.

```

:-----+-----+-----+-----+-----+-----:
: g      :\ B/ :      :\ B :bo / :L   o : B      : 9      :
:      :\ / : B: B : \      /      :      :      :
: D 2 :l   l :---+---:o \      /p :B . q :      : 6      :
:      /\      :      - \      \      :      :      :
: g      /30 \ :8:2 :22 \ :d 30\ :q 29 : 82      : B      :
:-----+-----+-----+-----+-----+-----:
: o p + 9      :6 6 :6 6 :6      :6 6 6:6      : B B      :
:      {C open :6 6 :6 6 :      :      :      :      :
: B      down} :2      :      :      :      :      :12      :
:      :      :      :9 F :2 Q :2 Q :u Q :      :
: 98      : B      : 89      :      :      :      :T      :
:-----+-----+-----+-----+-----+-----:
:      : M      : M      : M      : M      :d: B :      :\ B/ :
: B B      :      :      :      :      :---+---: A : \ / :
:      :2      :5      :6 6 :6.89 :      :---+---: B B :
:      :      :      :      :      :17: :6:3 :/2\ :
: 6 8      :6 6 :6      :620 :F      :      :      :/:-\ :
:-----+-----+-----+-----+-----+-----:
: M      :6 6 :6      :6 6 :      :{H on :6      :
:      :      :9.      :T :6: B :side} : N      :
: 6 99 :--+ :--+ :9 6 :---+---:      :6 4 :
:      :      :      :      :      :B 9 :      :
: L      :4 6 :6      :      :2:4 : B38 :      :6      :
:-----+-----+-----+-----+-----+-----:

```

6. Is a square circumscribed within a circle. There are letters within the circle above, below and to either side of the square. In all locations, these are isolated "I" single letters, four in all.

The square within the circle:

```

:-----:
:3  P :A  E : d  : l  :      :
: 6   : B  : 6   : 6   : 6 P  : 6 g :
:4  P :7   o :      :      :      :
:-----+-----+-----+-----+-----:
: l   : o   : 2   : l   : 3   : u   :
: 6   : 6   : 6   : 6   : 6   : 6   :
:-----+-----+-----+-----+-----:
:      : c   :      : y   :      : 6 6 f :
: 6 6 : 6   : 6 m : 6   : 6 f :      :
:      : 3   :      : 8   :      : l   :
:-----+-----+-----+-----+-----:
:3      :6 3 : 8   : 7   : 2   : 5   :
: 6 A   : 6   : B   : B   : B   : B   :
:2.     :8 6 :      :      :      :      :
:-----+-----+-----+-----+-----:
: 6   : 4   : 1   : 9   : 6 6 : B 3 :
: B   : B   : B   : B   :      :      :
:      :      :      :      : o   : G 2 :
:-----+-----+-----+-----+-----:
: 8 6 : l   : B 7 : 6 8 6 : .66 : .66 :
:      : B   B :      :      :      :      :
: B B : 3 6 2 : A   : M   : .96 : 8 0 7 :
:-----:

```

7. This is a simple square with the following inside:

```

      7
      9 B g
369 {small circle}
. {in larger } 863
99 {circle }
    L B 2
      8
}

```

The Skryer obtained from certain Angels a series of seven talismans. These, grouped about the Holy Twelfold Table, similarly obtained, were part of the furniture of the Holy Table, as shewn in Plate I., opposite.

Other appurtenances of this table will be described hereafter.

II

Other Pantacles were obtained in a similar manner. Here (Plate II.) is the principal one, which, carved in wax, was placed upon the top of the table. On four others stood the feet of the table.

Note first the Holy Sevenfold Table containing seven Names of God which not even the Angels are able to pronounce.

21
S A A I-- E M E.
8

30
B T Z K A S E .

H E I D E N E

30
D E I M O L . A

I M E G C B E
26

21
I L A O I--V N
8

21
I H R L A A L--
8

These names are seen written without the heptagram within the heptagon. {231}
By reading these obliquely are obtained names of Angels called ---

(1) Filiae Bonitatis or Filiolae Lucis.

E

Me

Ese

lana

Akele
Azdobn
Stimcul

(2) Filii Lucis.

I

Ih

Ilr

Dmal

Heeoa

Beigia

Stimcul

[These are given attributions to the Metals of the Planets in this order: Sol, Luna, Venus, Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, Saturn.]

(3) Filiae Filiarum Lucis.

S

Ab

Ath

Ized

Ekiei

Madimi

Esemeli {232}

{Illustration facing page 232 described:

Above: "SIGILLVM DEI AEMETH."

Below: "PLATE II."

This is a very complex geometrical drawing with many words, crosses and divisions. Here is the general construction: A circle defined by a thick black line circumference and a hair line concentric circle inside that. Then a circular ring defined by the first hair-line circle and by another hair-line concentric circle below. Circumscribed within this is a heptagon with point to top, composed of straight bands divided up into compartments at juncture and between each letter by short cross lines which would, if extended, meet in the common center of the concentric circles. Within the angles of this heptagon is an exact fit interlaced heptagram composed of bars which are not interrupted at the angles where they merge but only by the interlacing --- right over left. Within this is a heptagonal space and free within that a concentric heptagon having no compartments, but one continuous field. Within this is an interlaced right over left upright pentagram, upper and two lower points touching the last heptagon inside and centered. This pentagram is made up of thin bands interrupted only at the interlacings.

Detail: First the markings on the outer band between the two hair-lines, from uppermost right, clockwise:

4 9 7 t 22 6 22 20 14 6 18 26 i i l 13 H

l, G, n, g, h, n, m, o, a, n, a, h, o, i, 30, r, 8, G, r, 12

y t o e 10 u 15 8 r o 5 n o a a 6
og, 14, u, 8, 21, b, A, l, a, 16, r, A, 10, G, 14, 17, S, 5, 24, w

Next, the seven bands of the larger heptagon, with text in the voids above and below.
Note that the cross lines dividing the bands are not perpendicular as in this
representation, but radial in alignment from the center of the figure. All crosses are
Maltese.

From upper right, clockwise:

+
{monogram of
"OG" overlaped
+ in circle} +
.....
: Z : l : l : R : H : i : a :
.....
S A A l 21 E M E 8
8 .
.

{An "H" with circle
on line below cross-
+ bar and cross of, 14 +
Malta above bar.}
.....
: a : Z : C : a : a : c : b :
.....
B T Z K A S E 30
.

+ {A letter "T" with
serifs and a small 9 +
circle on riser}
.....
: p : a : u : p : n : h : r :
.....
H E I D E N E

+ X E 21 +
.....

: h : d : m : h : l : a : i :

.---.---.---.---.---.---.---.

D E I M O 30 A

.

{Sigil: Cross of
+ Malta connects by +
a line to top "L"
and small circle
over middle of line}

.---.---.---.---.---.---.---.

: k : k : a : a : e : e : e :

.---.---.---.---.---.---.---.

126 M E G C B E

{Sigil, "A"

+ extends bar & 24 +
base right to
a cross of Malta}

.---.---.---.---.---.---.---.

: i : i : e : e : l : l : l :

.---.---.---.---.---.---.---.

I L A O I 21 V N

8

{Sigil: Cross
+ of Malta with a +
sickle issuing
"C" shaped below
to terminate in
arrow head.

.---.---.---.---.---.---.---.

: e : e : l : l : M : G : + :

.---.---.---.---.---.---.---.

I H I L A A 21

8

Next, the interlaced heptagram, with letters from voids in points. All crosses are of Malta. Marks indicating interlace are properly angled in the drawing, not perpendicular as shown here. From top point to the right, following the interlace clockwise twice around, every other point skipped in each line:

+
Me

-----,-----: :-----	
+ Heeoa :	: +
-----,-----: :-----	

+ Iana	
-----,-----: :-----	
+ Beigia :	: +
-----,-----: :-----	

+ Azdobn	
-----,-----: :-----	
+ Stimcul :	: +
-----,-----: :-----	

+ El	
-----,-----: :-----	
+ + + + :	: + + +
-----,-----: :-----	

+ Ese	
-----,-----: :-----	
+ + + lh + :	: + + +
-----,-----: :-----	

+ Akele	
-----,-----: :-----	
+ + + llr + :	: + + +
-----,-----: :-----	

+ Stimcul	
-----,-----: :-----	
+ Dmal :	: + +
-----,-----: :-----	

Next: the sides of the inner heptagon with the text in the heptagonal void just above the

sides. Clockwise from top.

+++ S ++++

+++ E ++++

+++ Al ++++

+++ An ++++

+++ Ath ++++

+++ Aue ++++

+++ Ized ++++

+++ Liba ++++

+++ Ekiei ++++

+++ Rocle ++++

+ Madimi +

+ Hagonel +

+ Esemeli +

+ Ilemese +

Next, the following text is between the points of the pentagram, starting at upper right, the words below are arced in a circle.:

A

EDEKIL {riser on "L" has a small "e" overlayed}

B
ADIMIL {riser on "L" has a small "e" overlayed}

A T
EMELIL {riser on "L" has a small "e" overlayed}

H
OGANL {riser on "L" has a small "e" overlayed}

21
I8
.
ORABIL {riser on "L" has a small "e" overlayed}

Next, the following letters are in the voids formed within the points of the pentagram, one to a point and in order from top clockwise: Z, M, S, N, C

Last, the inverted pentagonal void within the pentagram contains the following:

VA
.
LE:-+:-:NA
+
.
EL
}

(4) Filii Filiorum Lucis.

L (EI)

Aw

Ave

Liba

locle

Hagone(I)

Ilemese

See all these names in the heptagram of the great seal.

So also there are Seven Great Angels formed thus: take the corner letter S, then the diagonal next to it AB, then the next diagonal ATH, then the fourth diagonal, where is I with 21/8 (which indicates EL), and we have the name ---

SABATHIEL

Continuing the process, we get

ZEDEKIEL

MADIMIEL

SEMELIEL

NOGAHEL

CORABIEL

LEVANAEL

These names will be found in the Pentagram and about it.

These angels are the angels of the Seven Circles of Heaven.

These are but a few of the mysteries of this great seal

SIGILLVM DEI AEMETH

III

The Shew-stone, a crystal which Dee alleged to have been brought to him by angels, was then placed upon this {233} table, and the principal result of the ceremonial skrying of Sir Edward Kelly is the obtaining of the following diagrams, Plates III. - VIII.

He symbolized the Fourth-Dimensional Universe in two dimensions as a square surrounded by 30 concentric circles (the 30 Aethyrs or Aires) whose radii increased in a geometrical proportion.

The sides of the square are the four great watch-towers (Plates IV. - VII.) which are attributed to the elements. There is also a "black cross" (or "central tablet" according to the arrangement shewn --- compare the black cross bordering the tablets in Plate III. with Plate VIII.)

Plate III. gives the general view.

[The reversed letters which form the word PARAOAN are written in Enochian for convenience, as our A and O are not distinguishable reverse from forward.]

Plate IV. gives the complete attribution of the tablet of Air.

The 6th file is called Linea Patris.

The 7th file is called Linea Filii.

The 7th line is called Linea Spiritus Sancti.

This great cross divides the Tablet into four lesser (sub-elemental) Tablets, the left-hand top corner being Air of Air, the right-hand top corner Water of Air, the left-hand bottom corner Earth of Air, the remaining corner Fire of Air.

Each of these lesser Tablets contains a Calvary Cross of ten squares, which governs it.

r:Z:i:l:a:f:A:y:t:l:p:a:E:T:a:O:A:d:v:p:t:D:n:i:m:
 :+:
 :a:r:d:Z:a:i:d:p:a:L:a:m: :a:a:l:c:o:o:r:o:m:e:b:b:
 :+:
 :c:z:o:n:s:a:r:o:Y:a:u:b:x:T:o:g:c:o:n:z:i:n:l:G:m:
 :+:
 :T:o:i:T:t:x:o:P:a:c:o:C:a:n:h:o:d:D:i:a:l:a:a:o:c:
 :+:
 :S:i:g:a:s:o:m:r:b:x:n:h:r:p:a:t:A:x:i:o:V:s:P:s:N:
 :+:
 :f:m:o:n:d:a:T:d:i:a:r:i:p:S:a:a:i:z:a:a:r:V:r:o:i:
 :+:
 :o:r:o:i:b:A:h:a:o:z:p:i: :m:p:h:a:r:s:l:g:a:i:o:l:
 :+:
 :c:N:a:b:a:V:i:x:g:a:z:d:h:M:a:m:g:l:o:i:n:L:i:r:x:
 :+:
 :O:i:i:i:t:T:p:a:l:O:a:i: :o:l:a:a:D:a:g:a:T:a:p:a:
 :+:
 :A:b:a:m:o:o:o:a:C:u:c:a:C:p:a:L:o:c:i:d:x:P:a:c:n:

The following Enochian characters are reversed in the original representation: at row 9, column 1; at row 10, column 1. [Note to the ASCII version: In the following illustration, Enochian letters have been replaced by English letter equivalents and the various astrological symbols have been replaced with the following symbols:

Aries - 1, Taurus - 2, Gemini - 3, Cancer - 4, Leo - 5, Virgo - 6,
 Libra - 7, Scorpio - 8 Sagittarius - 9, Capricorn - 0, Aquarius - !
 Pisces - @. Moon - #, Mercury - \$, Venus - %, Sun - ^, Mars - &,
 Jupiter - *, Saturn - (.

Spirit - <, Fire /, Water \, Air [, Earth].

To distinguish these replacements from intended uses of the simple numbers and slashes, etc. Please note the following:

All Enochian letters occur in the center of each "square". Any number in the lower quarter of a "square" is simply a number, not an astrological sign. Diagonal slashes coming in from the corners toward the central section of the squares are not symbols for fire or water, but simply diagonal lines. All astrological symbols are placed in the left or right quarters of the squares, when elemental symbols are not in those places.]

"THE GREAT WATCH-TOWER OF THE EAST, ATTRIBUTED TO AIR."

.=====.
 :\ [/\ [/\

{Illustration on next page represented and described:

Owing to width limitations of the display, the individual blocks of the following diagram have been distorted and appear rectangular. These blocks are square in the illustration, having a small central square connected to the larger square outline by four diagonal line segments, each block giving the appearance of a truncated four-sided pyramid.

Letters done on Plate III in capitals are larger than normal Enochian letters in the original of this plate.

The following Enochian characters were reversed in the original: at row 5, column 12; at row 13, column 12. In addition the water symbol was omitted twice and has been restored within curly brackets.

[Note to the ASCII version: In the following illustration, Enochian letters have been replaced by English letter equivalents and the various astrological symbols have been replaced with the following symbols:

Aries - 1, Taurus - 2, Gemini - 3, Cancer - 4, Leo - 5, Virgo - 6,
 Libra - 7, Scorpio - 8 Sagittarius - 9, Capricorn - 0, Aquarius - !
 Pisces - @. Moon - #, Mercury - \$, Venus - %, Sun - ^, Mars - &,
 Jupiter - *, Saturn - (.

Spirit - <, Fire /, Water \, Air [, Earth].

To distinguish these replacements from intended uses of the simple numbers and

slashes, etc. Please note the following:

All Enochian letters occur in the center of each "square". Any number in the lower quarter of a "square" is simply a number, not an astrological sign. Diagonal slashes coming in from the corners toward the central section of the squares are not symbols for fire or water, but simply diagonal lines. All astrological symbols are placed in the left or right quarters of the squares, when elemental symbols are not in those places.]

"THE GREAT WATCH-TOWER OF THE WEST, ATTRIBUTED TO WATER."

.=====.
:\ \ / \ \ / \

{Illustration on next page represented and described:

Owing to width limitations of the display, the individual blocks of the following diagram have been distorted and appear rectangular. These blocks are square in the illustration, having a small central square connected to the larger square outline by four diagonal line segments, each block giving the appearance of a truncated four-sided pyramid. Letters done on Plate III in capitals are larger than normal Enochian letters in the original of this plate.

The following Enochian characters are reversed in the original: at row 8, column 1; row 9, column 1.

The character in Row 11, Column 7 does not agree with the corresponding position in Plate III. [Note to the ASCII version: In the following illustration, Enochian letters have been replaced by English letter equivalents and the various astrological symbols have been replaced with the following symbols:

Aries - 1, Taurus - 2, Gemini - 3, Cancer - 4, Leo - 5, Virgo - 6,
Libra - 7, Scorpio - 8, Sagittarius - 9, Capricorn - 0, Aquarius - !
Pisces - @. Moon - #, Mercury - \$, Venus - %, Sun - ^, Mars - &,
Jupiter - *, Saturn - (.

Spirit - <, Fire /, Water \, Air [, Earth].

To distinguish these replacements from intended uses of the simple numbers and slashes, etc. Please note the following:

All Enochian letters occur in the center of each "square". Any number in the lower quarter of a "square" is simply a number, not an astrological sign. Diagonal slashes coming in from the corners toward the central section of the squares are not symbols for fire or water, but simply diagonal lines. All astrological symbols are placed in the left or right quarters of the squares, when elemental symbols are not in those places.]

"THE GREAT WATCH-TOWER OF THE NORTH, ATTRIBUTED TO EARTH."

.=====.
:\] / \] / \

{Illustration on next page represented and described:

Owing to width limitations of the display, the individual blocks of the following diagram have been distorted and appear rectangular. These blocks are square in the illustration, having a small central square connected to the larger square outline by four diagonal line segments, each block giving the appearance of a truncated four-sided pyramid. Letters done on Plate III in capitals are larger than normal Enochian letters in the original of this plate.

The following Enochian character is reversed in the original: at row 13, column 8. [Note to the ASCII version: In the following illustration, Enochian letters have been replaced by English letter equivalents and the various astrological symbols have been replaced with the following symbols:

Aries - 1, Taurus - 2, Gemini - 3, Cancer - 4, Leo - 5, Virgo - 6,
 Libra - 7, Scorpio - 8, Sagittarius - 9, Capricorn - 0, Aquarius - !
 Pisces - @. Moon - #, Mercury - \$, Venus - %, Sun - ^, Mars - &,
 Jupiter - *, Saturn - (.

Spirit - <, Fire /, Water \, Air [, Earth].

To distinguish these replacements from intended uses of the simple numbers and slashes, etc. Please note the following:

All Enochian letters occur in the center of each "square". Any number in the lower quarter of a "square" is simply a number, not an astrological sign. Diagonal slashes coming in from the corners toward the central section of the squares are not symbols for fire or water, but simply diagonal lines. All astrological symbols are placed in the left or right quarters of the squares, when elemental symbols are not in those places.]

"THE GREAT WATCH-TOWER OF THE SOUTH, ATTRIBUTED TO FIRE."

```
.=====,=====,=====,=====,=====,=====,=====,=====,=====,=====,=====,=====,
:\ / :\ / :\
```

[Note to the ASCII version: In the following illustration, Enochian letters have been replaced by English letter equivalents and the elemental symbols have been replaced with the following symbols:

Spirit - <, Fire /, Water \, Air [, Earth].

To distinguish these replacements from intended uses of the simple slashes, etc.

Please note the following:

All Enochian letters occur in the center of each "square". Diagonal slashes coming in from the corners toward the central section of the squares are not symbols for fire or water, but simply diagonal lines.]

"THE BLACK CROSS, OR TABLE OF UNION,
 ATTRIBUTED TO SPIRIT."

```
.=====,=====,=====,=====,=====,
```

: \

Linea Spiritus Sancti gives the Three Holy Names of God of 3, 4, and 5 letters respectively.

MPH. ARSL. GAIOL.

A whorl around the centre of the Tablet gives the name of the Great Elemental King, RAAGIOSL [similarly for Air BATAIVAH, for Earth ICZHHCAL, for Fire EDLPRNAA]. The 3 lines of the central cross of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost give the names of 6 seniors. [Thus the 4 tablets hold 24 "elders," as stated in the Apocalypse.] They are drawn of seven letters, each from the centre to the sides of the tablet.

SAIINOV .

: Linea Patris

SOAIZNT .

LAOAZRP .

: Linea Filii

LIGDISA .

SLGAIOL .

: Linea S.S.

LSRAHPM .

These three sets of names rule the whole tablet, and must be invoked before specializing in the lesser angles of the sub-elements.

The Calvary Crosses.

The name upon the cross read vertically is the name which calls forth the powers of the lesser angle.

NELAPR (water of water)

OLGOTA (air of water)

MALADI (earth of water)

IAAASD (fire of water) {235}

The name read horizontally on the cross is that which compels the evoked force to obedience.

OMEBB (water of water)

AALCO (air of water)

OCAAD (earth of water)

ATAPA (fire of water)

Above the bar of the Calvary Cross remain in each case four squares. These are allotted to the Kerubim, who must next be invoked.

They are TDIM

DIMT

IMTD

MTDI, being metatheses of these four letters.

The initial determines the file governed; "e.g." TDIM governs the file which reads T(o)ILVR. These angels are most mighty and benevolent. They are ruled by names of God formed by prefixing the appropriate letter from the "black-cross" to their own

names.

Beneath the bar of the Calvary Cross remain 16 squares not yet accounted for. Here, beneath the presidency of the Kerubim, rule four mighty and benevolent angels ---

INGM
LAOC
VSSN
RVOI

Triliteral names of demons or elementals are to be formed from these 16 squares, uniting the two letters on either side of the upright of the cross with a letter chosen {236} from the Central Tablet or black cross in accordance with rules which will be given in their due place.

Thus GM

IN
OC
LA

et cetera, form bases for these triliteral names.

The following rules explain how the sides of the pyramids of which the squares are formed are attributed to the Sephiroth, Planets, Elements, and Zodiacal signs.

Great Central Cross. This has 36 squares, for the decantes of the Zodiac.

On the left side of the Pyramid, Linea Patris has the Cardinal signs, the sign of the Element itself at the top, in the order of Tetragrammaton (Fire, Water, Air, Earth) going upwards.

Linea Filii has the Common signs in the same order.

Linea S.S. has the Cherubic signs, that of the element on the left, in the same order, right to left.

But the order of the decans in each sign is reverse, and thus the planets which fill the right-hand side of the Pyramids go in the first two cases downwards, and in the third from left to right.

The upper sides of the Pyramids are all attributed to the Element of Spirit, the lower sides to the Element of the Tablet.

Each square is also referred to the small card of the Tarot which corresponds to the Decan (see 777).

Calvary Crosses.

Each has 10 squares.

The upper sides of the Pyramids are uniformly given to {237} Spirit, the lower sides to the Sephiroth, in the order shewn. The left-hand sides are attributed to the element of the Tablet, the right-hand sides to the sub-element of the lesser angle.

Kerubic Squares.

The upper sides pertain to the element of the Tablet, the lower sides to the sub-element. Right-and left-hand sides in this case correspond, according to a somewhat complex rule which it is unnecessary to give here. The attributions to the Court Cards of the Tarot naturally follow.

Lesser Squares.

The upper side of each pyramid is governed by the Kerub standing on the pile above it. The lower side is governed by the Kerub also, but in order descending as they are from right to left above. [See angle of Air of Water; the Kerubs go Earth, Fire, Water, Air (from the square marked D, the fifth from the left in the top rank of the Tablet), and downward the lower sides of the squares marked O, D, E, Z go Earth, Fire, Water, Air.] The left-hand side refers to the element of the Tablet, the right-hand side to the sub-element of the lesser angle.

The Black Cross of Central Tablet.

The upper and lower sides are equally attributed to Spirit.

The left-hand sides to the element of the file, in this order from left to right: Spirit, Air, Water, Earth, Fire.

The right-hand sides to the element of the rank in this order: Air, Water, Earth, Fire.

IV

Follows Plate IX. the Alphabet in which all this is written. It is the Alphabet of the Angelic Language. The {238} invocations which we possess in that tongue follow in their due place.

[It is called also Enochian, as these angels claimed to be those which conversed with the "patriarch Enoch" of Jewish fable.]

{Illustration facing page 238 approximated:

The illustration is a simple table of Enochian letters in large size above smaller script English letters. The words "ENochIAN" and "ALPHABET" are enclosed in ornamental frames evocative of wood carvings. These are each composed of a rectangular sign board, with a hair line rectangle within and the word of the sign in that in Half-Uncial capitals. The sign board carries semicircular excrescences above and below with carved demi fans of seven blades. At the ends of each board there are wedges presented with large end to the outside and the point end truncated to the board. These wedges have quarter fans of four blades.

[Note to the ASCII version: In the following diagram, the upper letter in each section was originally in Enochian. Regrettably, it is not possible to depict this accurately here. Conversion has been made to English equivalents, however pointless it may

appear.]

=====					
ENOCHIAN	:	A	:	ALPHABET	:
	:	A	:		:
-----+-----+-----					
B	:	C	:	D	:
B	:	C	:	D	:
-----+-----+-----					
G	:	H	:	J	:
G	:	H	:	J	:
-----+-----+-----					
N	:	O	:	P	:
N	:	O	:	P	:
-----+-----+-----					
S	:	T	:	U	:
S	:	T	:	U	:
=====					

"PLATE IX."}

V.

The Thirty Aethyrs or Aires and their divisions and angels are as follows [We omit for the present consideration of the parts of the earth to which they are stated to correspond, and the question of the attributions to the cardinal points and the Tribes of Israel. These are duly tabulated in Dee's "Liber Scientiae, Auxilii, et Victoriae Terrestris."]: ---

NAME OF AIRE.	NAMES OF GOVERNORS.			NUMBERS OF	IN ALL
				SERVITORS.	
1. LIL.	OCCODON	.	.	7209.	
	PASCOMB	.	.	2360:	14,931
	VALGARS	.	.	5362.	
2. ARN.	DOAGNIS	.	.	3636.	
	PACASNA	.	.	2362:	15,960

	DIALIVA	.	.	.	8962.	
3.	ZOM.	SAMAPHA	.	.	4400.	
		VIROOLI	.	.	3660:	17,296
		ANDISPI	.	.	9236.	
4.	PAZ.	THOTANF	.	.	2360.	
		AXZIARG	.	.	3000:	11,660
		POTHNIR	.	.	6300.	
5.	LIT.	LAZDIXI	.	.	8630.	
		NOCAMAL	.	.	2306:	16,736
		TIARPAX	.	.	5802.	{239}

NAME OF AIRE. NAMES OF GOVERNORS. NUMBERS OF IN ALL
SERVITORS.

6.	MAZ.	SAXTOMP	.	.	3620.	
		VAVAAMP	.	.	9200:	20,040
		ZIRZIRD	.	.	7220.	
7.	DEO.	OBMACAS	.	.	6363.	
		GENADOL	.	.	7706:	20,389
		ASPIAON	.	.	6320.	
8.	ZID.	ZAMFRES	.	.	4362.	
		TODNAON	.	.	7236:	13,900
		PRISTAC	.	.	2302.	
9.	ZIP.	ODDIORG	.	.	9996.	
		CRALPIR	.	.	3620:	17,846
		DOANZIN	.	.	4230.	
10.	ZAX.	LEXARPH	.	.	8880.	
		COMANAN	.	.	1230:	11,727
		TABITOM	.	.	1617.	

[Note that these 3 names come from the black cross, with the addition of an L. This L is one of the 8 reversed letters in the four watchtowers, the other seven forming the word PARAOAN, "q.v. infra."]

NAME OF AIRE. NAMES OF GOVERNORS. NUMBERS OF IN ALL
SERVITORS.

11.	ICH.	MOLPAND	.	.	3472.	
		VANARDA	.	.	7236:	15,942
		PONODOL	.	.	5234.	
12.	LOE.	TAPAMAL	.	.	2658.	
		GEDOONS	.	.	7772:	13,821

AMBRIAL . . . 3391. {240}

NAME OF AIRE. NAMES OF GOVERNORS. NUMBERS OF IN ALL
SERVITORS.

13. ZIM.	GECAOND . . . 8111.		
	LAPARIN . . . 3360:	15,684	
	DOCEPAX . . . 4213.		
14. VTA.	TEDOOND . . . 2673.		
	VIVIPOS . . . 9236:	20,139	
	OOANAMB . . . 8230.		
15. OXO.	TAHANDO . . . 1367.		
	NOCIABI . . . 1367:	4620	
	TASTOXO . . . 1886.		
16. LEA.	COCARPT . . . 9920.		
	LANACON . . . 9230:	28,390	
	SOCHIAL . . . 9240.		
17. TAN.	SIGMORF . . . 7623.		
	AYDROPT . . . 7132:	17,386	
	TOCARZI . . . 2634.		
18. ZEN.	NABAOMI . . . 2346.		
	ZAFASAI . . . 7689:	19,311	
	YALPAMB . . . 9276.		
19. POP.	TORZOXI . . . 6236.		
	ABAIOND . . . 6732:	15,356	
	OMAGRAP . . . 2388.		
20. KHR.	ZILDON . . . 3626.		
	PARZIBA . . . 7629:	14,889	
	TOTOCAN . . . 3634.		
21. ASP.	CHIRSPA . . . 5536.		
	TOANTOM . . . 5635:	16,929	
	VIXPALG . . . 5658.		{241}

NAME OF AIRE. NAMES OF GOVERNORS. NUMBERS OF IN ALL
SERVITORS.

22. LIN.	OZIDAIA . . . 2232.		
	PARAOAN . . . 2326:	6925	
	CALZIRG . . . 2367.		

23.	TOR.	RONOAMB . . . 7320.	
		ONIZIMP . . . 7262:	21,915
		ZAXANIN . . . 7333.	
24.	NIA.	ORCAMIR . . . 8200.	
		CHIALPS . . . 8360:	24,796
		SOAGEEL . . . 8236.	
25.	VTI.	MIRZIND . . . 5632.	
		OBUAORS . . . 6333:	18,201
		RANGLAM . . . 6236.	
26.	DES.	POPHAND . . . 9232.	
		NIGRANA . . . 3620:	18,489
		BAZCHIM . . . 5637.	
27.	ZAA.	SAZIAMI . . . 7220.	
		MATHVLA . . . 7560:	22,043
		ORPAMB . . . 7263.	
28.	BAG.	LABNIXP . . . 2360.	
		FOCISNI . . . 7236:	18,066
		OXLOPAR . . . 8200.	
29.	RII.	VASTRIM . . . 9632.	
		ODRAXTI . . . 4236:	21,503
		GOMZIAM . . . 7635.	{242}

NAME OF AIRE.	NAMES OF GOVERNORS.	NUMBERS OF	IN ALL
		SERVITORS.	
30.	TEX.	TAONGLA . . . 4632.	
		GEMNIMB . . . 9636:	27,532
		ADVORPT . . . 7632:	
		DOZINAL . . . 5632.	

Plate X shows us the names of these governors in the four Watch-Towers. Compare with Plate III.

Note that the sigil of each Governor is unique; the four sigils at the corners of Plate X. without the great square are those of the four great Elemental Kings: ---

Air Tahaoeloj.
Water Thahebyobeeatan.
Earth Tahaaotahe.
Fire Ohooohaatan.

{243}

{Illustration opposite page 243 approximated:

[illegible]

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: \/: : : : : /: /: :
: : \: : : * : ,+---+--: /: /+--: :
: : \: : \: :60: : : : *64: : : :
:---+---+---\---+---+---+---+---+---+---+---+---:
: : : \: : \: : : : : : : : :
: : ,+--:/ :/ : : ---+--: >+---+--: : :
: : : / :/ : : / : : :46 : : : :
:---+---+---+---/---/---+---+---+---+---+---+---+---: 29
: : : : /: /: : /: : : : : : : : **
>+---: : / : * /: -+--: ,+---+--: * : :
:52 : : : / :57: : *62: \: : : : : / 55: : :
:---+---+---/---+---+---+---\---+---+---+---/---: :
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: ,+--: /+-- : ,+---+-- : \: : : ,+--/ : : :
: : : : : : / : \: : : : : : : :
:---+---+---+---+---+---+---/---+---\---+---+---+---+---: :
: : : : : : /: : \ : : : : : : :
* : ,+---+---+-- : /+---+-- : \ : ,+---+--: :
:48 : : : : : : : : : : : : : :
:-----: :
: <-----: :
<-----*30 : <-----:
:-----: : : : * : : : : ,+--< : >+--: : : :
:---+---+---+--: >+--: : :
: :74 : :69 : :67: : : : : : :75 : : :
:---+---+---+---+---+---+---+---+---+---+---+---+---: :
: : * : : : : : : : : : : : : :
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: :77: : : : : :76 :72 : \: : : : :
:---+---+---+---+---+---+---+---+---+---\---+---+---: :
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: : ,+---+--: : : ,+---+---+--: \---+-- : : :
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:---+---+---+---+---+---+---+---+---+---\---/---+---+---: : : : : \ /: * : : : *
>+--: : : : : ,+--: : ,+--< \: : : :73 :70 : : : :71 :87: : :

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[illegible]

[illegible]

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■	■
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2021 2024 2025

A STORY FOR THE STAGE

"Goats of mine, give ear, give ear!
Shun this mound for food or frolic!
Heaven is open; gods are near
To my musings melancholic.
Spring upon the earth begets
Daffodils and violets.

Here it was maybe that Zeus
With his favourite took his pleasure;
Here maybe the Satyrs use
With the nymphs tread a measure.
Let no wanton foot distress
This encircled loveliness! {244}

Oh, some destined nymph may deign
Through the lilies to come gliding,
Snatch from earth the choral swain,
Hold him in her breast in hiding!
See, they stir. It is the wind:
Of my case they have no mind."

Thus lamenting and complaining the days found him, a monotony pastoral whose cycle was but peace.

But on the day of the summer solstice, as he plained with the old refrain, the lilies stirred more violently; and the day was windless. Also it seemed to him as if a faint mist inhabited their midst. And he sang: ---

"Mist, is this the fairy veil
Of the bright one that's for me?
Too phantastic, false and frail,
See, it melts to vanity!"

Yet was he eagerly afoot with curiosity, for now the mist rose in fiercer puffs, and little jets of flame spurted and sparkled amid the lilies: ---

"Is the earth herself (he sang) that breathes In the bosom of the flowers? Is it fatal fire that seethes From the heart of hateful powers?"

And the tumult of the mound increasing ever, he went forward a step toward the circle; yet again his self-set fear caught him, and he drew back --- yet again his eagerness lured him. In the end, reality conquered imagination; he advanced delicately up the knoll.

Like the nipple of a breast, earth protruded, red, puckered, fissured. This Daphnis saw as he broke through the tall lilies. From its centre jetted the dusky, rose-red mist. As he thrust forward his arms to divide the flowers, the breeze caught a curl of smoke and mixed it with his breath.

His head went back: he half choked. Then a strangled cry broke from him, turning to wild laughter. His limbs {245} caught the craze. He leapt and twirled and pirouetted like one stung by a tarantula: and all the while meaningless cries issued from his throat.

The nearer he approached the nipple the more fantastic were his antics, the more strident his laughter.

Now at the foot of the mound appeared a company of merchants and slaves journeying in caravan. All these, attracted from their path by the unwonted sounds, beheld him thus dancing. The whisper went round: "He is possessed of the spirit of some God," and they all fell upon their faces and worshipped.

Then followed the wonder of all; for at high noon was the sun wrapped in blackness of eclipse. In the gathering darkness and the strange shadows Daphnis still leapt and laughed; but as the sun was wholly swallowed by the dragon, he gave one supreme shriek, and fell exhausted.

II

That which had been a mound of flowers was hidden deep beneath a floor of marble, translucent as mother-of-pearl. Along each side four elephants of obsidian, crouching, did homage to the central object of the hall, a slim tripod of silver, and on their backs eight pillars of porphyry were swathed with pythons of gold and black. These supported the dome, which glittered with lapis-lazuli. The shape of the temple was that of a fish or vesica, and nowhere was there any cross or tau to be seen.

Beneath the tripod a circular hole in the marble admitted the dusky vapours which two centuries before had filled Daphnis with enthusiasm.

Beyond and between each elephant stood five priestesses in white robes, their faces wrapped closely even to the eyes, lest the fumes should cause them to fall into trance. Each of these held in her hand a torch filled with oil pressed from {246} the sacred olives that grew in the groves of the temple, and each was blind and deaf from too long continuance in the shrine whose glory was so dazzling and whose music so intense. Each might have been a statue of snow at some antique revery of a Tsar.

Beyond the last of these, where the temple narrowed, was a shrine hidden, for from the roof hung a veil of purple, on which were written in golden letters the names and titles of Apollo.

It was the hour of worship; with uplifted hands a bearded priest in a voluminous robe of azure and gold cried aloud the invocations. He stood beyond the tripod, his face toward the shrine.

"Hail to the Lord of the Sun!
Mystic, magnificent one!
Who shall contend with him? None.
Hail to the Lord of the Sun!

Hail to the Lord of the Bow!
He hath chosen an arrow, and lo!

Shall any avail with him? No!
Hail to the Lord of the Bow!"

And then turning towards the tripod: ---

"Hail to the Lord of the Lyre!
Diviner of death and desire,
Prophetic of favour and fire,
Hail to the Lord of the Lyre!"

With this he turned again and went up to the veil, prostrating himself seven times. Then again he turned and came to the tripod and sang: ---

"Prophetess, pythoness, hear!
Child of Apollo, descend!
Smooth from the soul of the sphere
Of the sun, be upon us, befriend!
In the soothsaying smoke of the hollow
Do thou and thine oracle follow
The word and the will of Apollo!"

So saying, he cast incense upon the opening beneath the tripod, and retired into the shrine. As the smoke cleared, there was found seated upon the tripod a maiden in a close {247} fitting dress of crimson silk brodered with gold. Her masses of black hair, caught at the crown with a fillet of crimson and gold, fell heavily around her. She bore a lyre in her hands. Her eyes were wild and fierce, and she sniffed up the vapours of the cavern with awesome ardour. Feebly at first, afterwards frenetically, she plucked at the strings.

Hardly a minute --- a string snapped; the whole music jarred; and the priest ran from the shrine, shrieking "Apollo! Apollo! Veil your faces! Apollo hath descended." Himself he flung upon the marble before the tripod. There was a noise as of thunder; the veil was swept open as by a whirlwind, and Apollo, one flame of gold, entered the temple. As he passed, the priestesses fell dead and their torches were extinct. But a ray of glory from above, a monstrance to the God, followed him. Slowly and majestically he moved to the tripod. In his hands he bore an instrument of wood, of unfamiliar shape. Music of triumph and of glory answered his paces.

To the pythoness he advanced, thus dancing. He took the lyre from her hands and broke it. She stared, entranced. He put the strange instrument into her hands and, drawing down her head, pressed his lips to her forehead. Then he breathed lightly on her hands. Darkness fell, and lightnings rent it; thunders answered them. Apollo was gone. After the thunder the temple was filled with rosy radiance. The old priest, still prone, raised and let fall his hands, in mechanical imitation of the signs of invocation. Obedient, the pythoness began to play upon the instrument given of the God, and the temple shuddered at sounds so ethereal, so soul shaking, so divine. A greater music

had been given to the world.

She ended. The old priest rose unsteadily to his feet, crying: "Apollo! Apollo!" staggered, and fell dead before the tripod.

The light went out.

{248}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07023.html>

40 captures

17 Aug 2002 - 12 Aug 2025

Sep FEB Aug

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture
DIANA OF THE INLET
BY

KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

Far already thy wild eyes
Unlock my heart-strings as some crystal shaft
Reveals by some chance blaze its parent fount
After long time, so thou reveal'st my soul.
BROWNING.

{249}

DIANA OF THE INLET

{WEH NOTE: This story may have begun for Crowley the conception of the Moon Child and its method of production later elaborated in his novel "The Butterfly Net", subsequently retitled "The Moon Child".}

CHAPTER I

IT was said that the man who lived alone on the Inlet shore was mad. He lived like a hermit -- fished and snared wildfowl for food, sometimes bartering a wild bees' hive, a platypus skin, or a lyre-bird's tail with the islanders or Inlet folk, for a bag of flour or some sail-cloth.

His hut, built of bark and saplings, was on an arm of earth thrown between the Inlet and the roaring Pacific. Wild waters besieged its bold outer shore, but within its embrace the Inlet lay calm as in a basin, sometimes azure, sometimes silver.

Old Mary Mahill knew his story. Moth'r Mary, all the Inlet people called her, for she mothered every ill-used creature, forlorn child or sick cow, in the country-side.

A barque had been blown on the bar in a gale some years before. The Inlet fishermen had rescued one gaunt, white-skinned man from the wreck. He was unconscious, almost lifeless, when they snatched him from the sea. They tended him with kindly sympathy. Moth'r Mary, herself, nursed him through long months of illness -- weeks when he lay tossing {251} in high fever, wearying night and day with delirious ravings -- the cries of a soul in its agony.

"God! God! If there be a god -- . . . Where art Thou -- God? . . . There is no god." Always came the same deep, final groan.

Ceaselessly that plaint arose. Its anguish, smiting the starless night, startled the fishermen and the sleeping sea-birds on the midnight sea. It greeted the dawn -- a monotonous wailing, vague and clamorous. For long he suffered, and the old woman watched and tended. The feverish energy subsided, deep lethargy seized his exhausted body. Not till the spring, till the awakening merriment of birds and earthy life sent a responsive thrill through sentient nature, did it move. Great-limbed and pallid, with nerveless skeleton body and cavernous eyes, he gazed upon the sunlit young earth and sun-blue sea, uncomprehending.

He grew like a strong animal. In the clear airs, the open life, his limbs filled and became firm. Knowledge of the wild life, the wild creatures of the forest and sea, came to him intuitively. In strength and stature he was before long the finest man on the Inlet shores. But his mind had sustained a shock, and the past was a great blank to him. He went to live alone in an isolated cove of the Inlet. The country-folk thought he was mad, because of the strange and silent life he chose to lead. All that they knew of him was a name; and that was engraved on a ring which had fallen from his finger while he was ill.

Michael Greig!

I recognized it with amazement. I had heard it sounded in the world of thoughtful men as that of a genius --- radiant {252} as the morning star -- a man who had leapt into the arena of thought, and stood as it were on a dais, an orator with the flush of youth on his high brows.

His had been an enthusiastic war of words. His argument dredged modern science of the essences of superstition, and yet he used the spiritual hypothesis, the ancient faith, with the reverential simplicity that early association had imbued. The beautiful myth was a halo bound round the brows of his dead mother. The patriarchs of Learning, the magi of knowledge, with incredulity and amaze paid him homage. Wonderment gave place to admiration and applause. The laurels of scholarship were pressed upon him. For awhile the gate to an immortal fame was ajar. "A youthful daring spirit of invention, stimulated by the discoveries of science to take its flight to new and hitherto inaccessible regions," had been written of him.

A recluse, Michael Greig immured himself from the world, that wolfish hunger after

knowledge quenching all impulses but one to push beyond. His soul struggled in the solitude of a lonely life, though its wings moved in the serene atmosphere of pure philosophy. Lost in a maze of speculations, in lofty abstractions, his brain grew dizzy. "The consciousness of the limitations of man, that sense of an open Secret -- which he cannot penetrate -- in which is the essence of religion," probed his faculties, dragging them earthwards. He was impressed with the futility of toiling thought -- the inscrutability of the Infinite to the Finite. In a chaos of thought, frenzied with doubt and despair, he cried to the world -- that lay with ears a-gape to hear him,

"I know nothing -- nothing!" {253}

And the world with resentful censure proclaimed him a charlatan.

Meteor-like, had Michael Greig flashed through the scientific sphere and fallen in to obscurity. Abuse engulfed him, and in an overwhelming wave of antagonism the man was lost.

But here I had found him.

He had found a sanctuary in the South, the south beyond the most southerly mountains of Australia; over the ranges of heavily-timbered mountains, which the driving winds shroud in clouds.

There in the Spring is an El Dorado of vegetable gold.

Lavish outspread beauty, wild and rare stretches everywhere, gold, gold, the gold of wattle and gorse. Gold is on the horizon, the dusty road just edging through it. A cloth of gold covers the green-swarded plains. The spirit of tranquility broods over it. Fecund and vernal it is as the "unfooted plains of Archady," where roamed the herds of Pan.

From the blue spurs of the Hills the plains stretch: long, irriguous, flower-lapped plains, verging on the margin of the sea. On the West the Inlet water creeps into a hollow of the land. The bold outline of the Promontory extends to the outer ocean along its Western side.

The forests are dense. The outskirts of hazelwood make the air redolent of its musky fragrance. The wayside is bright with flowers -- heaths, white and scarlet, thrusting speary points through the sombre-tinted bracken. Red fuchsias droop in the bending green; purple sarsaparilla and yellow wild-pea cast vines along the ground encircling the fallen timber. Every variety of acacia makes the shadowy recesses lambent {254} with blossom. Over a stony creek the light woods are laden with a down of creamy flowers. The creek, swollen with plentiful rain, mirrors their drooping shades and the blue patch of sky with its flying scud of clouds. Thin wreaths of smoke curl from smouldering fires in the timber. {255}

CHAPTER II

NEXT day on the Inlet shores I sought and found my fugitive from the world of thought -- the man whom the country folk called the madman of the Inlet.

He was a strange being, with splendid barbarian strength of hairy breast and half naked limb. His was the figure of a noble savage, and I realized that he was mad only in that he had gone back several decades in his way of life, and that his memory had suffered an eclipse. He had reverted almost wholly to the being of primitive senses. He was again the sensitized clay, in the place of that electric dust which is our modern composition. His soul gazed through the sightless orbs of reason, on a primitive earth. That great lonely mind, thrown out upon the world, "saw God in clouds, and heard him in the winds."

We fraternized.

One day I tried to stir his memory. We sprawled on a spit of sand. The blue waters of the Inlet spat petulantly on the sea edge.

"Much learning hath made thee mad," I quoted softly.

"I remember an altitude," he answered me, gravely, after some pause, "where my blood froze. Here life glows within me. There is no cold where the sun is."

I drew his memory gently across the path of the past. It {256} was strewn with thorns whose sharp points pricked faint recollection with darting thoughts.

"There was a lark," he said, "that lost his song among the clouds, and broke his wings against the sky. There was a man who strode among the stars. He fell. Maimed, he spent the rest of his days in the fields of idle wandering. He was a madman."

"And now, my Hermit?" I asked quietly. "Would he return?"

"Why should I leave this place?" he demanded impetuously, "leave the wild heavens and the sea, the mountains and the forestry? Their life ebbs and flows with the tide of the soul. I love the wild things, the clouds, the winds, and the sea-birds. In the morning the wild swans rise. You hear them drag the water as they move, see the flash of silver spray. They stretch their long necks as they fly, and the white tips of their outstretched wings shine against the pure morning sky. At night under the shadow of the moon they drift with shrill melancholy piping. All night they wail from their breeding beds on the sheltered shore. The mists creep in from the mainland. The moonlight shines on the water, the waves break in liquid silver. The gulls and gannets with wild unrest startle their mates, and the wind, leaving the sea hushed, sighs up among the landward trees."

His voice fell into silence. The golden sand at our feet was fretted with foam. The tussocky grass about us hissed in the wind.

"Paugh!" spake the Hermit with a strong man's contempt. "Do I want the cities of the

world? They are plague spots -- filthy and reeking of men's vices. Men and women? Content {257} among the muck-heaps, they are born and die, calling the space between, Life.

"What do I want with men?" he added, fiercely. "They are loathsome. With women? They are emptiness, ephemera of false light. They live and die like gnats in the glare of a day."

The Hermit laughed harshly.

"The whole world is mad! mad! mad!" he continued, "grinding and toiling, seeking and soiling, with its scanty breath, giving birth and dying futilely, because it has lost the way of Life. Here in the solitude is serenity. I live. Leave me this world of sunlight, the sea, the golden sands and clouded skies. The mistress of it all I adore. Her breath it is that sways the sea and the tree-tops, and scatters the stars. Her spirit possesses me. It has murmured to me through space and time."

"Ah, I called the moon Diane," he whispered to me, "and worshipped her. My love for her is like the wind beating along the sea-shore. But it never reaches her. I long the more infinitely."

"Diane!" he called softly, with tenderly love-lit eyes, and outstretched arms. The mellow voice dropped. The throbbing rhythm of it had palpitated with a profound emotion.

"I will tell you!" he said again, with a rush of worlds. "No one has ever known before. One night she came to me. Clouds were tossed about the moon. Sea-breakers broke with a moaning roar on the Inlet bar. The foam sprang high. Sea-weeds and drift-wood swirled about the edge of the sea. The heavy waves boomed dully along the sands of the Ninety Mile Beach. I heard her cry in the wind. It was fainter and {258} wilder than a wild swan's winging homeward in the twilight. The waves threw her high on the shelly strand. She was cold, almost lifeless. I gathered her into my arms. Her limbs were white, like the gleaming breast of a gull, her hair black as a cloud, dripping with sea-water. Chaste she was in her stillness, and holy. Moaning, I held her body against my breast. All night long, chill and motionless, she lay in my arms. In the dawning her eyelids quivered. She cried. I murmured words of tenderness, that the wind and the sea had taught me to woo her with, in the days when I dreamed and waited her coming.

"Diane! Diane!" I called her softly, the wild love throbbing in my throat.

"She trembled. Fear shrouded her eyes.

"Diane!" I prayed. Then sweet contentment filled those beauteous eyes. She was no longer afraid. She clung to me, and slept against my breast.

"We lived here joyously, with laughter, and tears that were the dew of happiness, lived as the birds and flowers do. We chased the rills to their springs in the mountains.

"A creek came down from the hills. We loved him. His life was a merry one in the early year. From a recess in the blue depths of the hills, he sprang. A lucid pool in the green moss-bosom of his mother earth, he lay. The deep shadows of a fern dell sequestered his birth. The latticed roof of his fragrant cradle was myrtle and dog-wood and hazel, tall tree-ferns, blue-tinted sapling gums, and mimosa. Lulled by the low-dropping note of the bell-birds, the whispering winds in the high mountain crags and ravines awakened him. He began to wander. Stray sunlight lit golden upon him. Through {259} bowing trees he caught a glimpse of the blue sky above, and a tossed cloudlet. He began to sing as he wound through the shadows. He murmured against his sides. Radiant and green they were, with meadow fringes of tasselled grass, and yellow-eyed daisies. He mirrored mid-heaven, azure blue. The witchery of wattles encompassed him. Golden-haired like naiads, in the cool recesses, they flung seductive arms about him. Their fragrant presence perfumed the breeze that fanned him. Laughing sleepily, he lay in their caress, wrapt in golden sunshine. The birds in the cool of the bank whistled and warbled, merrily love-making. Silver-bellied minnows, darting on sandy shallows, blew strings of airy pearls. A platypus moved his solitary way in the shadow.

"For miles the creek ran through arcades of waving woodland, with lulling charm of soft, low singing, and she and I went with him. At night-fall we all three came to the sea. The ascending star radiantly lit the sky. The great hungry heart of the sea yearned for the river. And I -- I yearned for the lips of my love." The voice went out of him throbbed with a great emotion.

"So passed a time of perfect happiness -- so we lived in Eden. But one day she ran to me with sobbing cries.

"'I must leave you, Tenderness!' she cried piteously; 'must leave you. Remembrance has come, and with it a voice of duty. I thought I had passed the portal of life when the gods sent me to you, but it is not so. I live -- and must go to my people.'

"'I held her fast in my arms, and vowed that the gods should not part us.'

"'My gods will part us,' she told me with pitiful eyes. {260} 'They would make thee kempt and shaven, Tenderness,' she cried.

.....

"She is gone! she is gone!" moaned the Hermit.

"Sh!" He started. A wild swan wailed from a distant cove.

"Is she calling me, or is it only memory repeating her tones, 'Tenderness! Tenderness!' Diane -- my soul!"

He stretched his arms to the silver moon, as she swam over the hummocks into the pale sky. {261}

CHAPTER III

I IDLED the long summer away with my Hermit.

There was love of men between us. He held my heart with the philosophy and poetry of his madness. Our communion of soul and mind was thought itself speaking.

"There was a fire at the end of the summer," he told me. "The blue haze of smoke touched the far-out sea. The heart of the forest was still when we, she and I, walked there in the heat of the day. The blue breath had crept to its inmost recesses. The air was sultry with fire. The life of the forest was under its spell -- the leaves listless, insects sleepily chirring, the birds unheard. In the silence the presaging moan of the fire, hungry for the green world that lay before it, came. It had ravished the ridges. The billowing black smoke swept over the forest. Wreaths of flame leapt higher than the tree-tops. A terrible head beat against our bodies. She caught at my hand.

"Let us go to the boat, Tenderness," she cried. Her beautiful wide eyes were filled with apprehension. She clung to me in fear."

The man's throat throbbed with the slow music of his voice, for remembrance had with it a troubled sweetness.

"Come! Come!" she urged. I could not move, for the passion of love in me, as I held her, swallowed up fear. She {262} drew me with gentle hands. The flames were breaking into our thicket of ferns and mimosa. We came to the beach. Our boat was heavy and flat-bottomed -- an old fisherman's craft. Diane drove the white goats into it, at one end. The wind filled its brown sail, and we moved out into the silver breast of the Inlet. There we watched the fire -- billows of flame that leapt in a glory from the leafage -- fire clinging and swaying -- loose fragments that flashed and melted mysteriously, in the heavy dusk of smoke, with showering sparks. I was Parsee and worshipping. She was afraid.

"Is it that the Gods are angry with us? Is it a messenger they send to take me away from you?" she cried. Her beautiful wondering eyes kept my face prayerfully.

"No!" I told her. "Fire is the All-mighty, the men of old called it life. Does it not speak to you of power infinite and god-like, Beloved?"

The massive frame trembled with the intensity of his mood.

"Like children, close breathing together with worship and wonder, we watched. The smoke crept out to us, bearing its harsh smell of burning leaves.

"Birds dropped in the boat. Diane loved the birds. They were her musicians of the woodland. Burnt and bruised, with tremulous beating wings, they died in her hands. She smoothed their ruffled wings, holding them to her face with sorrowing love-words. I had

been looking towards the shore, and found her with her lap filled with soft dead bodies. Her tears were falling over them.

"They sang and were happy!" she said. She was aching with the cruel horror of the fire to her beautiful innocents of earth. {263}

"Who told me a God careth for his creatures?" she lamented. 'See, they are panting and hurt, Tenderness!'

"I comforted her.

"Look at its beauty! Watch with me!" I said, pointing to the fire. She pressed the feathered bodies to her breast in love and grief.

"The fire displayed itself against a pall of smoke, excrescent green leaves of the young gums, burning silver and phosphorescent. Javelins of flame quivered and chased. The incense of burning filled the air. Ah! the majesty and mystery of Fire. All night we watched, making no sound. Only the waves lapping under the boat, and the drift of the wind in the sails, spake. Once Diane whispered low, and quick, and soft, that our hut would burn. Our eyes searched the distant shore. The glare of the fire enwrapped us. We could discern nothing in it. High up, the ranges dark with smoke, the red columns of smouldering trees, struck against the sky. The sea smell, and the cool of the Inlet tides moving gently, refreshed us. Towards dawn she slept, with her head on her arms at my feet."

"Diane!"

The word went out of the man with a deep unfathomable intonation.

"My soul dreaming," he continued, "I kept hand to the helm, and day came. Distant and hazy shores hung on the sea. Smoke, shiftless and blue, drifted along the horizon of the sea and sky. Dim and still the mystic line, like a pencilled veto, stretched. In its desolation the forest faced us, charred and smouldering, all the slender-limbed youth of the greenwood. The giants and patriarchs of yesterday were {264} blackened and fallen. Here and there a warrior scathed but alive outstood, his embattling arms stripped of greenery, of tangled ferns and sweet-scented bushes that had clung about his trunk. Not a flower, not a sound of a living creature. In its clearing our hut remained, the sentinel trees dead about it. It seemed to have won through much suffering, and stood with an air of mute homeness for us. Our hearts went out to it, the bark dwelling of our love. She saw, and the joy of her learning lit my soul. I caught her to my breast.

"The Gods do love us!" she exclaimed in gladness.

"The creek was crying plaintively. At noon the wind dropped. Afterwards, the noise of thunder rattled and echoed among the hills. It wailed away, with a moaning sob; then awoke again in shattering crashes --- a wild beast's angry fury, sounding long, and dull,

and dead, as it sank muttering among the valleys. Far over the plains the storm swept. The thunderbolts, snapping, shook the foundations of the hills. The earth trembled. The voices of earth were mute. The thunder broke again and again from its remote rest, muttering, than breaking in impotent clashing, making forests and hills and valleys quake.

"The rain came, shrouding the purple and heavy blue of the hills in mist. At evening the mists lifted. Sunshine gleamed on the rain-wet world. A cloud curled and gathered and hung in the western sky, a white radiant cumulus, with long shaded lines and drifting gulfs of shadow, corrymbi, and fields of snow. The sun lit golden on its spotless edges. In the night-darkness, heavy and thunderous still, in huge shapeless masses this cloud lay. The lightning played against it, revealing mountainous shadows. Spasms of brilliance lit the {265} dark hills, limning each tree and leaflet. The flashes circled the plains and lay out on the cold still sea. Gaps of glory they made among the silent trees, splashes of radiance in the barren blackness. Daggers of light touched forest and sea in a flash. Through the shallow pools of fresh rain-water, mirroring scattered stars, they darted. Then all was ended, of storm and fire. The globe of a silver moon swung serene in a cloudless sky."

There is a marsh near the Inlet where the stillness of death reigns. A stream winds somnolently into it, and drifts to sleep among the water-weeds. The reflection of the blue sky lies in it. We went there together, the Hermit and I. He was in rough, sombre mood.

"She said a nymph slept down there," he told me, his voice vibrant. "A nymph asleep as women are without love. She used to stoop over those damp edges, staining her white skin with the stagnant waters, to sing and whisper mysterious things of the man-god who would come and catch up the dreamer from her trance, and bear her away. In the summer, at the end of the year, the marsh was dry, the nymph gone. Diane said that she had gone away with her lover. The nymph returns with Autumn. She sleeps all the winters, and springs, and in the summer she leaves with her lover again. The seasons return, but my Love comes not back."

His deep melancholy voice ceased; and he strode hurriedly away.

Peering into the green, slimy depths, I saw in fancy the dreaming nymph, the shadow of her eyes, the ripple of her mouth. She lies with white arms up-thrown. Her drifting hair waves with the sleepy river movement. Sun jewels {266} sparkle in it. The edges of her blue garments crinkle over the marsh. Meadow-weeds broider her robes, green and golden, as she sleeps all the autumns and winters and springs. The fringes of it glisten with workmanship of water-flowers. There is a sheen of green-spun foam motionless upon it. Seed-mosses have woven her a light veiling. Yellow marsh-marigolds with their daisy eyes a-stare stretch in a girdle to the water's edge. They have twined in her dusky hair, with the white star-flowers that shine there. Sometimes she sings in her sleep, dreamy lilting murmurs that drop and flow faintly. The sighing weeds echo the tremulous strain. Over the brilliance of the waste sometimes a sea bird wings. Sky and stream are vivid with the glory of the flowers, and the golden sunlight.

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CHAPTER IV

FRAGMENTARY threads of gossip were rife about this Diane of the Inlet. No one knew whence she came -- whither she disappeared. Moth'r Mary constantly affirmed that she was a witch! I laughed to think that serious belief in the black arts was not dead, but found that several old people in this beautiful wilderness of the world clung to ancient superstitions and remnants of folk-lore.

Some fishermen, driven by a fresh breeze to a far corner of the Inlet, had seen a shadowy figure beside the man's on the distant beach. They had heard weird laughter, and the notes of a siren-song softly borne on the wind. Their sails had flapped helplessly in the wind as they tried to turn. They had tacked in the treacherous shallows on the further shore. Until night-fall they struggled vainly. Presently the singing ceased, and behold! the wind at once filled the sails and the smacks crept quietly into the broader swell. The fishermen told their story in the township, and the crones decided that witchery had been used.

A settler's boy, driving home his straying cattle through the marshes in mid-summer, had seen the white reflection of a woman's form in a dark pool of water. Voices came through the trees. It was a mangrove and ti-tree scrub, wreathed with the climbing and trailing vies of creepers. Over the reedy, {268} cress-grown, deep-shadowed, still waters, gauzy-winged insects spawned. The air was thick with them. The sun shone in shafted light on their iridescent wings. Only the wind and the sunlight and these light-winged creatures of air had ever pierced its depths of vaporous shadow. But the boy had seen the tall figure of the Inlet madman among the trees, seen also a reflection of whiteness and floating hair, in the dark pool beside him. He had heard flute-like laughter, its echoing melody in the leafy stillness, and a deep-throated answer. On the outskirts of the marsh, by the beaten narrow track, the half-scared youngster lay in ambush. He had heard the tinkling cattle-bells grow faint in the distance. Then, escaping from the hidden lair, he ran away with the tale.

In the evening, old men foregathered on the verandah of the "Ship Inn." Heads nodded. Tongues wagged wisely. Mysterious tales of sorcery and the like went round. They conjectured that the madman had dealings with the Evil One. This was the reason of his misfortunes. The witch-woman was, therefore, an emissary of the Devil, they concluded.

An old wood-cutter told me his version of the mystery, with professed dissent from the popular notion. He and some mates had been marking trees in a distant part of the forest and saw a strange spectacle.

A woman all wreathed in flowers, bare-armed and bare-footed, was enthroned on the stump of a tree. In her tangled dusky hair showery clematis was woven. The Hermit lay at her feet, a trailing garland in his hands, his eyes upraised. In the silence a branch of hazel-wood snapped. Like a startled wild creature the woman fled. With swift, naked

feet, her flower draperies trailing, she vanished down the long forest {269} aisle. The man sprang to his feet, face to face with the surprised intruders. He stood, wild, fierce-eyed, like a lion at bay. His powerful limbs were quivering with passionate strength. Mute and sheepish, the wood-cutter and his mates slunk away down the hill-side.

Wandering high up the range, I sought the scene of this idyll. The mountains rose like a wall from the green of the bush tree-tops. There were depths and depths in their blue recesses. The slope of a timbered spur stood on the verge of a great forest. Through dim arcades of the forest I passed. The primeval majesty, the immensity, of the silent tree-world worked within me. There were patriarchal monarchs of the green-wood, giants of strength and lusty leafage, young trees in their slim, vigorous youth. Maenads, with rugged bark flying from glistening naked limbs, tossed their fragrant foliage. Dead trees with up-raised ghostly arms dolorously wailed a miserere to the blue sky.

The hill-path grew steeper, the trees taller. The mountain gums were like columns of living marble, shining white in the green forest depths. Sometimes their whiteness was splashed with ochre, seamed with coral, stained steely blue. Through a track that was an alley of sweet-smelling flowering shrubs I went.

Restless torrents tossed between the hills, cascading silvery in blue depths of mist. I crept through the dewy fern groves -- moist and heated, smelling of life in the fertile mould, through damp ferny coverts of flowers. In the long forest aisles tall waving fern-fans shut away the light. I passed like a pilgrim, worshipping each fresh phase of the way, and found the shrine. {270}

Giant Eucalypts ranged about a grassy glade were the columns of this woodland temple. A high vaulted pavilion of leaves lifted and drifted in the winds, showing the blue of mid-heaven. Musks and hazel-woods thronged. Mimosas entirely golden with massy down of blossoms, and acacias in every hue of yellow, hedged about it.

Fern-fans waved against the light. Uncurling fronds of ferny undergrowth, golden-brown and chrysoprased, spread among the grasses. Clematis lay like snow among the threes, drooping in pendulous masses, casting starry trails to weave and twine over the bushes. The vines of the purple sarsaparilla ran in festoons, and wound about the stately columns of the gums. At their bases delicate shoots sprang in a thicket of pale blue foliage. Near one end of the screening leafage was the natural altar, a gray, hewn tree-stump. Shafted sunlight played over the grassy lawn. Flights of butterflies fluttered from the shrubs.

I flung myself into the deep fragrant grasses and pondered. There is a mysterious spell in the lonely stillness and beauty of the forest hills. The air, with its mingled musky aroma of trees, its wild, heavy fragrance of flowers, is narcotic. One drifts into a hazy dreamland of imagination. The bird-music swells, the singing and sighing of sweet notes, merry roulades, the long, quivering, tender breaths of sound. Throbbing exultant tremolos, warbling, whispering, and lonely sobbing notes, bouts of gusty merriment, rise

and fall distantly on the enchanted air. A shrike's rippled call comes gaily from the misty gullies. White wings sail across the tree-spaces. From under a dewy fern the bell-bird's mellow, liquid note drops falteringly. {271}

With half-closed eye I looked up at the gray tree stump, the woodland altar. And I saw, in fancy, a flower-wreathed woman, with shadowy hair, garlanded with starry clematis, serving as priestess before it, and the figure of a strong man who worshipped.

In this wilderness of deep green forest and sapphire Inlet, Spring made sanctuary. What an Eden it was in its exquisite loveliness and solitude! Two renegade souls of our modern time had made Eden of it. He was the Adam, purged of memory, she the Eve, "new-waked" to woman's primitive innocence and purity.

But the day of their happiness was ended.

"Happiness is the mirage of Life's Desert," I told myself.

Twilight was creeping along the vistas of the forest.

Moth'r Mary told me a story as she clattered backwards and forwards from the well in the gloaming. The old woman, with her stooping figure, short rough skirts, folded shawl and sun-bonnet, had an old-world simplicity. The spring water splashed over her pails. The clanking and jarring of her industrious occupation, the clomping of her hob-nailed boots, accompanied the vigorous recitative. Her tongue ever wagged lustily as she worked.

I hardly heeded the story as I watched the workings of the sunset. The great wall of the forest overhung us. Impenetrable, the green depths faced me, and climbed up the range. Slim white trunks stemmed the darkness. The sun had set in an abandon of gold behind the tree-tops. The afterglow gilded the river meads, where great-horned cattle roamed knee-deep in herbage. Beyond were the glinting fields {272} of yellowed summer grass, the sapphire blue of the Inlet on their far edge.

After the old woman had gone, the story emerged from a cell of my sub-conscious brain. Night came. The wall of the hills was dark, lit with the red stars of far-off fires. I mused over this last development of the Inlet Idyll.

The first lambs of spring were crying like children in the chill winds of the morning, Moth'r Mary had said, when the madman of the Inlet strode into the township. The winter shadow of the hills lay on them still. The gorse was gleaming golden by the roadsides. Flocks of snowy geese meandering along the way-side scattered in terror as he passed. He carried something in his arms. The townsfolk -- women, bare-legged children, and a few surly men, gathered curiously. He went to Moth'r Mary's humpy at the far end of the road. She crossed herself, and muttered a prayer against witchcraft,

when she saw his stalwart, unkempt figure. All the countryside feared him since the rumours of that strange companion of his solitude had spread.

He was gentle and tender as a woman, as he unfolded his arms. Wrapped in the hare-skins, he carried a child -- a dark-skinned baby that wailed fretfully. The man's face was agonized at its cry.

"He is sick," he said, giving the child to Moth'r Mary, with piteous eyes.

Half compassionately, half fearfully, the old woman took the infant. He left it with her, but came often again to the township bringing her fish and sea-fowl. She lost fear at the sight of him; scolded him garrulously, ranted, and interrogated. {273}

But to no purpose. He said the child belonged to him and would say no more.

She protested that the Hermit was "soft," not mad. With serious, tender eyes he watched the child grow, always bringing it some bright feathers or sea-shells to play with.

My first impulse was to attribute the man's action to a compassionate instinct for some woodman's sick child. Scattered through the forests were the bark huts of log-men and road-menders. It found no answering sympathy. The solution to the rustic's mind was the witch woman's existence. I found myself agreeing with them, apart from all fanciful interpretation.

He grew up a slight, wild, merry creature, this boy, and became the scourge of his old foster-mother's life, with his mischievous ways. He was always coming back to her, with a will-o'-the-wisp affection. The neighbours called him "The Devil's Brat," with odd superstition that powers of evil had been agents of his birth. He was a lonely child. The man at the Inlet missed him for weeks sometimes. And at night an elfish face peering in at her window would give Moth'r Mary such a shock that she muttered prayers and charms to herself half the night. Then at dawn her maternal heart would melt when she found a bare, brown body asleep on her doorstep, and saw the pathos of the child face in the weariness and peace of sleep. She crooned a rare wealth of love and pity over him. On winter nights she left the door unlatched, and by the dead leaves round the hearth she knew who had sheltered there. Gifts of wild honey, wattle gum, wild cherries, and such like childish things, he lavished upon her.

He kept the good country-folk in a tremor with his antics. {274} He stole their fruit, and chased their cattle away till they were lost beyond trace in the hills. He love to dash into their kitchens, like a wild thing out of the night. He would laugh and blink at the fires. The farmers' wives called him "Devil's Brat," and, with superstitious fear of contamination, chased him away from their own sonsy and blithe children. {275}

CHAPTER V

THOUGHT is the music of consciousness. It is the singing voice of the soul. From a

world of intense thinking this man had passed. With clouded brain, as from sleep awakened, he went into the morning of a new life; from the darkness of pessimism into the daylight, with eyes dazzled, and the faith of a child. To him the stars were angels' eyes. Earth was a garden -- the garden of God. The winds and the sun and the sea had voices, and breathed in his soul. Tutelary nature bred sense anew, with wild untrammelled strength. The poetry of an intense mind throve. A woman's presence had won him from taciturn savagery.

Was he mad, or was that solitary existence a phase of the eccentricity to which great minds are akin? I asked myself.

What of the woman? Was she some vagabond gipsy creature or perhaps the baggage of a distant islander?

Their mutual love had imparadised life. That was all I knew.

We became close companions, this lonely Man of the Inlet and I. And we would lie together for hours on the sands in the sunlight. In my company his strange restlessness was abated, and although there was a frontier over which his memory of personal things could not pass, his mind in the impersonal realm was vigorous and untrammelled. {276}

It was one day just after he had left me that I made a discovery. The point of a sapling with which I carelessly disturbed the sand suddenly brought to light a wreath of red berries tied with a woman's dark hair.

Gently and carefully I searched the sand with my hands, and found two shell-strung armlets and a necklace of gray sea-pearls. A woman's ornaments, surely!

Then a piece of newspaper, yellow with sea-water and scarcely legible, hidden among some shells, came to light. But I read on this scrap of paper a paragraph which intimated that a search party was setting out with a view of discovering traces of a young lady who had been lost overboard from a craft called the "Maiai." The vessel had encountered heavy weather rounding the Promontory. A welcome lull occurring after sunset put the passengers and crew off their guard. Suddenly without the slightest warning an immense sea rose. "Big as a mountain," the captain said. It thundered with terrific crash upon the decks, sweeping the vessel from end to end. In a few minutes the sea was again tranquil. Some seamen had observed a woman's figure standing aft before the sea came. That lady, it was feared, had been swept off in the receding swirl of the wave. Some hope was entertained of her being picked up by stray fishermen and being still alive on some desolate Straits Island.

The paper was torn where a name had been written.

With the guilty sensations of a peeping Tom, I peered further into the mystery. According to the ship's reading, the wave had arisen in lat. 38° 5', and long. 146° 4' 5' west. That would therefore be due east of the Promontory about thirty miles -- the place

where my hermit found his Diane. {277}

The Powers who in the British churl "chancelled the sense misused" here blinded me. I threw my imagination into the balance with that madman's. The poesy of circumstance, the contemplation of a "soul set free," filled me. A very revelry it was, in the upheaval of those "laws by which the flesh bars in the spirit." Love lies above ourselves. It is that pure inspiration of the great spirit which made idyll in Eden.

This, then, was the haven the immaculate woman of my conception had found. I wondered why she had left her Eden solitudes. Was it fear for the man, -- fear of his passion and savage strength if force separated her from him? Did she think he was mad? Would they have fettered those splendid limbs, heaped insult and ignominy on the dignity of that great, simple mind? I seemed to hear a voice pleading with me, the echo of a cry.

"They would make thee kempt and shaven, Tenderness!" And again the hopeful "I will come again!"

This scrap of paper must have come in the drift of fishermen's "debris." She had seen it and fled to stave off discovery.

I thought deeply on the tangled skein of our instincts and conventions. The tide was low. The channels, between the green mud-banks, were blue as the cloudless sky. Sea-birds were feeding on their edge. Gulls and gannets, gathering along the beach and wading in the silver-laved sand, softly whistled among themselves.

The waves rushed murmuringly. Wild swans sailed over the broad bosom of the Inlet. Sea-snipe wheeled with a flash of silvery wings. Great brown gulls hovered over my head. The wing of a white gull cut the blue sky. The wet sands {278} swarmed with crabs. They peered at me, in reverie, inveighing against the artificialities of life. Pertinently, I read them a sermon.

"Dearly beloved Brethren!" said I. "The night is gathering out in the west. The tide is coming. Surely it will creep over you, and sweep your shells of being into the ocean of the Unknown. Put not your trust, your foolish, fish-like confidence, in sea-fowl, little Brothers. Your opal backs, your yellow, freckled legs and golden claws, are vanity. Behold the gull how he sails the ether, touches the mountain clouds of heaven, pierces the veil of the distance, fathoms the green depths of the sea. He lives, inspiring ozone on the limitless horizon, the incense breath of earth, fed from the foams of summer-lapper islands, and lo! is a Solomon king-crab in all his glory like unto him?"

"Crabs! O Crabs! ye are dead in the shells of your conventionalities. You emerald-legged fellow sitting athwart a cockle-bed, mud-grubber, solemn and silent, leave worms and other sweetmeats, mistress, thy prying into massy sea-weeds and tawdry gew-gaws. Regard the sun. Hear the wind -- the voice of the world, for it is written, 'ye shall lie on the sea-shore, among the calcareous fragments of shell-fish and

amphitrite, till the tempests of time annihilate the record of your existence.'

"One thing is certain that life flies. One thing is certain, and the rest is lies!" I chanted, and said "Amen."

The soiled piece of newspaper was crushed in my hand.

"Good-bye," I called softly to the solitary figure of the Hermit, standing alone in the sunlight. He was looking sea-wards and did not answer me. {279}

"Good-bye, my friend," I called again. "I am going on embassy to the Moon; shall I tell the woman you want her?" For I wanted to find her -- Diana of the Inlet.

I had been wandering at dawn one day. Coming back to my humpy, the sun at the zenith, the hunger of man -- human and healthy -- gnawed at my vitals. Sounds of disturbance greeted me, a clacking of fowls, and barking of dogs -- my household gods in anger. A harsh voice and shrill impish laughter mingled.

Through the trees I could see Moth'r Mary chasing a half-naked youngster with a heavy stick. Her short skirts were flying.

The boy was darting among the apple trees, his bronze limbs brushing the greenery, his mocking and teasing laughter vexing the old woman to tempests of rage. He had apples in his hands, red-russet, striped yellow and scarlet beauties that were the pride and joy of her life. She loved to hoard and gaze at them when the south-wester blew up in sleety rain from the sea, and the snow lay heavily on the gray hills.

She stood still when she saw me, shaking her knotted fists at the recreant. Her gray-green eyes were awful. She spluttered and spat in her haste to tell me of the ragged imp.

He was a handsome, fearless child, and chewed his red apples with wicked eyes that were alive with merry mischief and alert for flight if need be.

"Och! Masther!" cried the old woman, "th' Devil's brat is after thievin' yer apples, surre! Th' ceows 'e 've let into the latment 'f turnips. I wus carryin' pim-kins 'nd marrers from the paddicks, 'n I heart un shoutin'. I thogt that I was dune wid un, I do!" {280}

She turned in rage upon the boy. He skipped behind the apple tree.

"Och thin! I'll be after yees!" she yelled. But she trundled away into the house to get me something to eat.

"It's him!" she whispered mysteriously to me, preparing the meal, "th' Devil's brat! Shur-re he do be sassy;" she clasped her old hands, the yellow bony hands of toil. Through the dark thin lashes I saw her eyes gleam tenderly. "Poor baby, whisher,

whisher, God bless 'im! I tuk bard in th' winter mesilf, and T'rasa me darter, surre, she cum 'nd say to me, 'ye're dyin', shurre, y'are, she ses, 'it's no good feedin' yer, 'n' doin' fer yer; ye'll die,' she ses. 'It'd be waste givin' ye what there's many hungering for.'

"But Devil's brat cum 'n' did fer me, he do."

She raised her hands and sighed happily. "Och! thin," she went on, the withered old face bright with its simple gladness. "I didn't die."

The boy leapt out of the sunshine. He flung a heap of blossom on to the flags of Moth'r Mary's kitchen. Instantly the hum of scores of locusts arose. A merry wild thing, he sped off again with peals of impish laughter.

The old woman clattered after him, inveighing and scolding indefatigably. {281}

CHAPTER VI

AUSTRALIA is the happy hunting ground of my wayward Ego. Elsewhere, the wearied limbs are carried in incessant pilgrimage. Here inebriate, with senses beauty-filled, it droops and dreams like a Lotus-eater, deep asleep yet deep awake.

"Oh! rest ye, brother Mariners! Rest ye!" here in the clear air, dewy plains, the blue hills and heavily shaded valleys. Among the trees the shadows lie. Radiant sunlight falls over the fields. The dead grasses glow golden. Shafts of purest light cross the shadows the trees cast.

A symphony of bird-singing, opening with the first flush of dawn in the mellow plains and forest aisles, fills the air with outbursts at first; and then rapturous melodies, flute-like cadenzas of joy, proclaim, "Beloved, it is morn!" Descanting on the joy of life, the purity of Nature, the arisen sun, the bird-world sings.

Paeans of irresistible joyous praise fill the sunny morning hours. The hoarse bass of crows, kah, kah, kah-ing, away on the plains, the wind's leafy murmur in the trees, and the merry derisive cackle of laughing jackasses, mingle. Wandering bands of magpies in wild vain-glorious minstrelsy warble their lays of romance and daring. Some songster, prolonging the theme with fine conceit in his tuning and turns, out-carols his choir. The soft throaty chatter of parroquets, the chuckle {282} of a gray myna in the bole of a tree, and the buoyant communion of her mate, the long piping call of mud-larks across the flats, the laughing echo of jackasses among the blue depths of distant hills, fuse in the intermezzo of gladness.

Small birds lift their faint, sweet roundelay. They chirp and chatter to each other among the thickets, litanies of love and happiness, little thrilling snatches of song, vibrating, irresponsive ecstasies. The soft chirring of the insect-peopled grasses flourishes sweet accompaniment. All the bright hours the soft singing continues. Large amber-winged grasshoppers idly hum about dandelions in the dry, dead grass. Renegade cicadas sing lustily. Butterflies toss in the light air. The efflorescent trees and sweet shrubs breathe

wild warm fragrance.

I was revelling in my pure joy of life in this golden south, when I became conscious that I was not there alone.

A woman was there as well as I, a woman of star-like eyes and chill beauty. She flashed past me in the forest, running like a startled hare. The wild scarlet had leapt to her cheeks. In her loosened hair, briars caught. The vines of a gay, wild weed were twined in it. The heath of the dunes was in sight before her feet lagged.

The sand of the hummocks, the golden gleam of the Ninety-mile sands, caught her eye. She climbed the crest of a hillock. It swept steeply down and another sister hillock rose from its base. Her nostrils caught the sea-smell. Silver meshes of the Inlet were just visible between the hills.

She laughed wildly and sweetly. The roseate heath crept like a flush over the hill-side. The purple mists drifted {283} between the trees in the valley. The full gleam of the distant sunlit Inlet revealed itself.

"Tenderness!" she called with ringing voice.

Sometime falling in the red heath she ran on, calling often again with quick sweet laughter. She struggled for breath, her limbs trembling and flesh torn.

"Man! Tenderness!" she cried.

Once she waited as she called. Far over the fells the wind had seemed to breathe "Diane!" as it touched her. Merry wanton laughter was wafted away with it. She ran calling along the Inlet beach, calling, calling. No windy murmur answered. Only the echoes rang --- echoes of a name.

"Tenderness! Tenderness!" drifted over the Inlet, mingling with the whirr of winds and the cries of the startled sea-birds.

"Man! Tenderness!" she cried, sobbing now, "Where are you? Where are you?"

The wind on the heaving sea snatched at the sound.

"Where are you? --- are you?" it wailed.

The clear sandy beach was silent. The bark hut in the sheltered cove was empty, its doors ajar. Along the boisterous little creek was no sign of living creature. Only a water-rat splashed out of sight as the woman lifted the green boughs of the trees. She turned seawards again. Her tremulous lips framed soundlessly the yearning cry. Her eyes were grown dark and distended with the agony of that aloneness.

From out a tussocky hole in the banked-up sand, a dark-skinned, scantily clothed thing, with touselled head and bright, shy eyes crept. It was more like some small wild beast than a child. {284}

The woman caught at him.

"Where is he? Where is he?" she asked fiercely. The boy whimpered.

"Where is he?" the hoarse whispered voice implored. This strange woman with her torn clothing insisted roughly.

"Him?" queried the child, fearing, and pointed in the direction of the bark hut.

"Yes! Yes!" panted the woman.

The child cried softly.

"We were getting birds' eggs in the tussocks," he said presently.

"Some one was calling. He put up his arms and ran to the sand-bank, calling to it. He walked right out calling. He was mad. I was feart," wailed the child. "I could see him awhile, his head bobbing about among the breakers, out there."

A brown finger pointed to where the ocean breakers tossed white foam on the Inlet bar.

"Then the sea went over him." The child sobbed as the woman hung over him. "The waves came in bigger'n bigger. I was feart. The calling came nearer'n nearer. I thought it was witches."

Lifting wild, frightened eyes, he continued, "Moth'r Mary tellt me of th' witch of th' Inlet. I hid in th' grass. It must have been your calling," he added. "I heart you meself, but I thought it was witches -- or -- dead men coming out of the sea to catch me."

The woman laughed harshly. The child broke away from her detaining clasp.

She ran to the outer beach. For ninety miles the sea {285} thundered, thundered and crashed on its wind-swept sands. With muffled boom and roar, waves broke on the bar. The waves rushed shorewards, dark-shadowed, foaming-lipped, with dripping jaws agape -- the hungry pack of the "louns de mer." With hollow growl of baffled rage, they crashed in foam and seethed back, shrieking their terror and spite to the far-off sea.

The wild, fleet figure of a woman sped over the sands, calling her prayers and a name to the pitiless winds, in an agony that was madness. Overcome at last, she sank on the sand. The spray sprang over her desolate figure. The wind lashed her wet hair, her face, with its deathly pallor. Her eyes were wide with the unearthly light of infinite pain. She lay on the lonely shore, shrieking a frenzied lamentation.

Night was glooming in. A child stole across the sand. Silently he watched beside the solitary figure. The woman's clothing was soaked, the rime of the sea-spray lay in her tangled hair. The child crept against the dank form. His serious eyes, wet with distress, covered her. He pressed a bare brown hand against her face in mute sympathy. The woman pushed him roughly away. He touched her stiff hands with compassionate sorrow. The woman moved. She drew back and looked at him. Her face stern and sunken, deathly pallid, with eyes distended, and vacant, tense lips, she confronted the child.

"Who are you?" she gasped hoarsely, straining her eyes on the wistful small face.

"Don't know," he whispered awefully, "Moth'r Mary said I b'longed to him," glancing over towards where the hut was hidden in the cove. {286}

"She had me, when I was a baby, but I b'longed to him," he reiterated plaintively.

The woman's gaze was steady. She devoured the upturned face with eager eyes. It was wan in the twilight, a child's face, tanned with sun and sea, bearing nobility of feature and luminous eyes.

"What is your name?" she demanded softly.

"Moth'r Mary said, he at the Inlet had sold himself to the Devil. She said that no mortal woman was my moth'r like th' children of th' Dara. She said that I came from a fire in th' earth. They called me the Devil's brat. He said, the gods gave me, and my mother was the moon."

The hoarse chuckle of insane laughter gurgled in the woman's throat. She screamed, clutching at her sea-wet hair, with fearful eyes.

The child began to cry softly.

Then a melting tenderness filled those staring eyes. A smile moved her lips. A low sad sobbing welled sweetly in her throat. She turned to the child with tremulous lips and bosom, and tearful eyes. She called softly to him with infinite love and opened arms. Radiant expectancy was in her shining eyes. He crept into her arms. She cried and sang over him, with voice tuned to a lay of passionate soothing love.

On the lonely sea-shore the breaking waves tossed spectral foam. The sea moaned and wept along its length. A solitary star sprang in the twilight sky.

I found them together, the lonely boy and that wild witch-woman of Inlet superstition; her beautiful face, the haunting sorrow of her eyes, are with me still. {287} She talked to me

with a tender calm. There was deep sadness in the note of her voice. A fearless dignity and expression of chill nobility enwrapped her.

"My mind is clouded with the dream of a distant time," she said, "a pungent memory, phantom-like, has haunted me. In my life and the world beyond, my senses swooned on the memory of the Inlet. Then came a thrill of keener recollection."

She spoke on, with dreaming eyes. The pressure of strong feeling assuaged throbbed in her soft, low voice.

"I recognize in myself that primitive Woman who arises to mock at civilization and creeds," she said. "The blood of Mother Eve beats against my brain."

"I want the man! my man -- Adam of the Inlet shores!" her arms moved outwards tremulously. "Here is the I, the woman soaring over the immolation of Life, the detestable, heartless hopelessness of existence. I am come back to the inlet!" she said.

Her words voiced with a throbbing passion fell softly into silence. Then she spoke again, with the slow speech of a mind far away.

"The moon is rising on the Inlet," she said, "a pale, silver moon in a dim sky; can't you see it, breaking on the dim waters. The wailing of the swans, the cries of the gulls, the moan of the struggling sea, don't you hear them?"

"It was the moon he loved as did Endymion. And when I came -- a mortal woman, self-sent from a barren and desolate life, he loved and called me after her."

"Diane! Diane!" Was it the faint wailing note of a wild swan that beat the still air? {288}

"Coming! Coming!" she cried with low harmonious voice of joyful promise.

She lifted the dark-skinned boy and laid him against her breast.

"Our two selves gave thee Soul, Beloved," she murmured passionately, cradling the soft dark head in her arms.

Round all the Inlet islands the dawn came stealing, outlining the coves and headlands with a silver thread. All the sea-birds awoke in clamorous choir, with whirring wings. Wild swans took their arrowy flight across the shining surface of the Inlet. Speckled snipe, and red-bills, and oyster-catchers were feeding at the silver brim of the sea. A pelican arose from a sandy cove, and with slow flapping flight winged seawards.

On an upland that gave on the Inlet panorama, a woman stood. Her eyes, and the sorrowful thought stirring in their depths, bade farewell to the beautiful scene, the

sapphire blue, locked on the west by bold distant mountains. Purple they were, transfused with pink glow of the morning sky. The broad expanse of the Pacific lay beyond the Inlet. Sea-breakers rose against the sky. Curlews were rising in clouds, with shining wings, and shrilled distantly their soft melancholy calls.

Her tears were falling. They moved slowly from sight of the Inlet shores -- the woman and the child, with clinging hands.

A great moon is rising on the Inlet now, as I have often seen it rise, red-gold. The reflection falling, red-gold like a {289} wedding-ring, clasps earth and sky. Under the moon a line of wild swans drifts with shrill melancholy piping. The moon-light touches the coves. The water waves from gold to silver. Sea and earth are still, as in an enthrallment.

The vision of the woman floats to my memory -- Diane of the Inlet. Her voice clear and thrilling echoes its own fateful story. Beside her comes a man with splendid strength of limb and primitive mind. I hear his deep, tender calling to the rising moon.

"Diane! Diane!"

All the changing scene and colour of the Inlet rises again before me, and the idyll of the madman of the Inlet and the Diane of his imagination.

FINIS

<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07024.html>

36 captures

13 Jan 2002 - 12 Aug 2025

May AUG Sep

12

2017 2025 2026

About this capture

SILENCE

AMID the thunder of the rolling spheres,
Herself unchanged despite the changing years,
She stands supreme, alone.
With trembling hands tight pressed to rigid ears,
Deaf to all prayers, and hopes, and human tears,
One voiceless Horror -- louder than all fears,
Filling the great Unknown.

ETHEL ARCHER.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07025.html>

37 captures

24 Feb 2002 - 12 Aug 2025

Sep FEB Aug

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

MEMORY OF LOVE

O DREAD Desire of Love! O lips and eyes!

O image of the love that never dies,

But, fed by furtive fire, rages most

When Hope and Faith have been for ever lost!

O oft-kissed lips and soul-remembered eyes,

O stricken heart -- the old love never dies!

O Passion of dead lips that used to cling

To warm red living ones that breathed no pain!

O Passion of dead hours that daily bring

To life some phantom pale that died in vain! ...

Some echo tuned to Memory's dying strain,

Some witness of the immemorial spring!

MEREDITH STARR.

[291]

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07026.html>

43 captures

24 Feb 2002 - 12 Aug 2025

Feb APR Aug

23

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

ACROSS THE GULF

{293}

CHAPTER I

AT last the matter comes back into my mind.

It is now five years since I discovered my "stele" at Bulak, but not until I obtained certain initiation in the city of Benares last year did the memory of my life in the Twenty-Sixth Dynasty when I was prince and priest in Thebai begin to return. Even now much is obscure; but I am commanded to write, so that in writing the full memory may be

recovered. For without the perfect knowledge and understanding of that strange life by Nilus I cannot fully know and understand this later life, or find that Tomb which I am appointed to find, and do that therein which must be done.

Therefore with faith and confidence do I who was -- in a certain mystical sense -- the Priest of the Princes, Ankh-f-na-khonsu, child of Ta-nech, the holy and mighty one, and of Bes-na-Maut, priestess of the Starry One, set myself to tell myself the strange things that befell me in that life.

Thus.

At my birth Aphruimis in the sign of the Lion was ascending, and in it that strange hidden planet that presides over darkness and magic and forbidden love. The sun was united with the planet of Amoun, but in the Abyss, as showing {295} that my power and glory should be secret, and in Aterechinis the second decanate of the House of Maat, so that my passion and pleasure should likewise be unprofane. In the House of Travel in the Sign of the Ram was the Moon my sweet lady. And the wise men interpreted this as a token that I should travel afar; it might be to the great temple at the source of mother Nile; it might be ...

Foolishness! I have scarce stirred from Thebai.

Yet have I explored strange countries that they knew not of: and of this also will I tell in due course.

I remember -- as I never could while I lived in Khemi-land -- all the minute care of my birth. For my mother was of the oldest house in Thebes, her blood not only royal, but mixed with the divine. Fifty virgins in their silver tissue stood about her shaking their sistrons, as if the laughter of the Gods echoed the cries of the woman. By the bed stood the Priest of Horus with his heavy staff, the Phoenix for its head, the prong for its foot. Watchful he stood lest Sebek should rise from the abyss.

On the roof of the palace watched the three chief astrologers of Pharaoh with their instruments, and four armed men from the corners of the tower announced each god as it rose. So these three men ached and sweated at their task; for they had become most anxious. All day my birth had been expected; but as Toun drew to His setting their faces grew paler than the sky; for there was one dread moment in the night which all their art had failed to judge. The gods that watched over it were veiled.

But it seemed unlikely that Fate would so decide; yet so they feared that they sent down to the priest of Thoth to say {296} that he must at all costs avoid the threatening moment, even if the lives of mother and child should pay for it; and still the watchmen cried the hour. Now, now! cried the oldest of the astrologers as the moment grew near -- now! Below in answer the priest of Thoth summoned all his skill.

When lo! a rumbling of the abyss. The palace reeled and fell; Typhon rose mighty in

destruction, striding across the skies. The world rocked with earthquake; every star broke from its fastening and trembled.

And in the midst lo! Bes-na-Maut my mother; and in her arms myself, laughing in the midst of all that ruin. Yet not one living creature took the slightest hurt! But the astrologers rent their robes and beat their faces on the ground; for the dread moment, the Unknown Terror, had gone by; and with it I had come to light.

In their terror, indeed, as I learnt long after, they sent messengers to the oldest and wisest of the priests; the High-priest of Nuit, who lived at the bottom of a very deep well, so that his eyes, even by day, should remain fixed upon the stars.

But he answered them that since they had done all that they could, and Fate had reversed their design, it was evident that the matter was in the hands of Fate, and that the less they meddled the better it would be for them. For he was a brusque old man -- how afterwards I met him shall be written in its place.

So then I was to be brought up as befitted one in my station, half-prince, half-priest. I was to follow my father, hold his wand and ankh, assume his throne.

And now I begin to recall some details of my preparation for that high and holy task.
{297}

Memory is strangely fragmentary and strangely vivid. I remember how, when I had completed my fourth month, the priests took me and wrapped me in a panther's skin, whose flaming gold and jet-black spots were like the sun. They carried me to the river bank where the holy crocodiles were basking; and there they laid me. But when they left me they refrained from the usual enchantment against the evil spirit of the crocodile; and so for three days I lay without protection. Only at certain hours did my mother descend to feed me; and she too was silent, being dressed as a princess only, without the sacred badges of her office.

Also in the sixth month they exposed me to the Sun in the desert where was no shade or clothing; and in the seventh month they laid me in a bed with a sorceress, that fed on the blood of young children, and, having been in prison for a long time, was bitterly an-hungered; and in the eighth month they gave me the aspic of Nile, and the royal Uraeus serpent, and the deadly snake of the south country, for playmates; but I passed scatheless through all these trials.

And in the ninth month I was weaned, and my mother bade me farewell, for never again might she look upon my face, save in the secret rites of the Gods, when we should meet otherwise than as babe and mother, in the garment of that Second Birth which we of Khemi knew.

The next six years of my life have utterly faded. All that I can recall is the vision of the greatness of our city of Thebai, and the severity of my life. For I lived on the back of a

horse, even eating and drinking as I rode; for so it becometh a prince. Also I was trained to lay about me with a sword, and in the use of the bow and the spear. For it was said that {298} Horus -- or Men Tu, as we called him in Thebai -- was my Father and my God. I shall speak later of that strange story of my begetting.

At the end of seven years, however, so great and strong had I waxen that my father took me to the old astrologer that dwelt in the well to consult him. This I remember as if it were but yesterday. The journey down the great river with its slow days! The creaking benches and the sweat of the slaves are still in my ears and my nostrils. Then swift moments of flying foam in some rapid or cataract. The great temples that we passed; the solitary Ibis of Thoth that meditated on the shore; the crimson flights of birds; -- but nothing that we saw upon the journey was like unto the end thereof. For in a desolate place was the Well, with but a small temple beside it, where the servants -- they too most holy! of that holy ancient man might dwell.

And my father brought me to the mouth of the well and called thrice upon the name of Nuit. Then came a voice climbing and coiling up the walls like a serpent, "Let this child become priestess of the Veiled One!"

Now my father was wise enough to know that the old man never made a mistake; it was only a question of a right interpretation of the oracle. Yet he was sorely puzzled and distressed, for that I was a boy child. So at the risk of his life -- for the old man was brusque! -- he called again and said "Behold my son!"

But as he spoke a shaft of sunlight smote him on the nape of the neck as he bend over the well; and his face blackened, and his blood gushed forth from his mouth. And the old man lapped up the blood of my father with his tongue, and cried {299} gleefully to his servants to carry me to a house of the Veiled One, there to be trained in my new life.

So there came forth from the little house an eunuch and a young woman exceeding fair; and the eunuch saddled two horses, and we rode into the desert alone.

Now though I could ride like a man, they suffered me not; but the young priestess bore me in her arms. And though I ate meat like a warrior, they suffered me not, but the young priestess fed me at her breast.

And they took from me the armour of gilded bronze that my father had made for me, scales like a crocodile's sewn upon crocodile skin that cunning men had cured with salt and spices; but they wrapped me in soft green silk.

So strangely we came to a little house in the desert, and that which befell me there is not given me of the gods at this time to tell; but I will sleep; and in the morning by their favour the memory thereof shall arise in me, even in me across these thousands of years of the whirling of the earth in her course.

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CHAPTER II

SO for many years I grew sleek and subtle in my woman's attire. And the old eunuch (who was very wise) instructed me in the Art of Magic and in the worship of the Veiled One, whose priestess was I destined.

I remember now many things concerning those strange rituals, things too sacred to write. But I will tell of an adventure that I had when I was nine years of age.

In one of the sacred books it is written that the secret of that subtle draught which giveth vision of the star-abodes of Duant, whose sight is life eternal in freedom and pleasure among the living, lieth in the use of a certain little secret bone that is in the Bear of Syria. Yet how should I a child slay such an one? For they had taken all weapons from me.

But in a garden of the city (for we had now returned unto a house in the suburbs of Thebai) was a colony of bears kept by a great lord for his pleasure. And I by my cunning enticed a young bear-cub from its dam, and slew it with a great stone. Then I tore off its skin and hid myself therein, taking also its jaw and sharpening the same upon my stone. Then at last the old she-bear came searching me, and as she put down her nose to smell at me, taking me for her cub, I drove my sharpened bone into her throat.

I struck with great fortune; for she coughed once, and died. {301}

Then I took her skin with great labour; and (for it was now night) began to return to my house. But I was utterly weary and I could no longer climb the wall. Yet I stayed awake all that night, sharpening again upon my stone the jaw-bone of that bear-cub; and this time I bound it to a bough that I tore off from a certain tree that grew in the garden.

Now towards the morning I fell asleep, wrapped in the skin of the old she-bear. And the great bear himself, the lord of the garden, saw me, and took me for his mate, and came to take his pleasure of me. Then I being roused out of sleep struck at his heart with all my strength as he rose over me, and quitting my shelter ran among the trees. For I struck not home, or struck aslant. And the old bear, sore wounded, tore up the skin of his mate; and then, discovering the cheat, came after me.

But by good fortune I found and wedged myself into a narrow pylon, too deep for him to reach me, though I could not go through, for the door was closed upon me. And in the angle of the door was an old sword disused. This was too heavy for me to wield with ease; yet I lifted it, and struck feebly at the claws of the bear. So much I wounded him that in his pain he dropped and withdrew and began to lick his paws. Thus he forgot about me; and I, growing bolder, ran out upon him. He opened his mouth; but before he could rise, I thrust the sword down it. He tossed his head; and I, clinging to the sword-hilt, was thrown into the air, and fell heavily upon my shoulder. My head too

struck the ground; and I lay stunned.

When I came to myself it was that a party of men and {302} women had thrown water in my face and uttered the spells that revive from swoon. Beside me, close beside me, lay mine enemy dead; and I, not forgetful of my quest, took the blade of the sword (for it was snapt) and cut off the secret parts of the bear and took the little bone thereof; and would have gone forth with my prize. But the great lord of the house spake with me; and all his friends made as if to mock at me. But the women would not have it; they came round me and petted and caressed me; so that angry words were spoken.

But even as they quarrelled among themselves, my guardian, the old eunuch, appeared among them; for he had traced me to the garden.

And when they beheld the ring of the holy ancient man the astrologer they trembled; and the lord of the house threw a chain of gold around my neck, while his lady gave me her own silken scarf, broidered with the loves of Isis and Nephthys, and of Apis and Hathor. Nor did any dare to take from me the little bone that I had won so dearly; and with it I made the spell of the Elixir, and beheld the starry abodes of Duant, even as it was written in the old wise book.

But my guardians were ashamed and perplexed; for though I was so sleek and subtle, yet my manhood already glowed in such deeds as this -- how should I truly become the priestess of the Veiled One?

Therefore they kept me closer and nursed me with luxury and flattery. I had two negro slave-boys that fanned me and that fed me; I had an harp-player from the great city of Memphis, that played languorous tunes. But in my mischief I would constantly excite him to thoughts of war and of love; and his music would grow violent and loud, so {303} that the old eunuch, rushing in, would belabour him with his staff.

How well I recall that room! Large was it and lofty; and there were sculptured pillars of malachite and lapis-lazuli and of porphyry and yellow marble. The floor was of black granite; the roof of white marble. On the Southern side was my couch, a softness of exotic furs. To roll in them was to gasp for pleasure. In the centre was a tiny fountain of pure gold. The sunlight came through the space between the walls and the roof, while on the other sides I could look through and up into the infinite blue.

There was a great python that inhabited the hall; but he was very old, and too wise to stir. But -- so I then believed -- he watched me and conveyed intelligence to the old magus of the well.

Now then the folly of my guardians appeared in this; that while all day I slept and languished and played idly, at night while they supposed I slept, I slept not. But I rose and gave myself to the most violent exercises. First, I would go into my bathing-pool and hold my breath beneath the water while I invoked the goddess Auramoth one hundred times. Next, I would walk on my hands around the room; I even succeeded in

hopping on one hand. Next, I would climb each of the twenty-four smooth pillars. Next, I would practise the seventy-two athletic postures. Also in many other ways I would strive to make my strength exceeding great; and all this I kept most secret from my guardians.

At last on one night I resolved to try my strength; so, pushing aside the curtain, I passed into the corridor. Springing upon the soldier that guarded me, I brought him to the {304} ground; and with my right hand under his chin, my left on his right shoulder, and my knee at the nape of his neck, I tore his head from his body before he could utter a cry.

I was now in my fifteenth year; but the deed was marvelous. None suspected me; it was thought a miracle.

The old eunuch, distressed, went to consult the magus of the well; whose answer was; "Let the vows of the priestess be taken!"

Now I thought this old man most foolish-obstinate; for I myself was obstinate and foolish. Not yet did I at all understand his wisdom or his purpose.

It often happens thus. Of old, men sent their priests to rebuke Nile for rising -- until it was known that his rising was the cause of the fertility of their fields.

Now of the vows which I took upon me and of my service as priestess of the Veiled One it shall next be related. {305}

CHAPTER III

IT was the Equinox of Spring, and all my life stirred in me. They led me down cool colonnades of mighty stone clad in robes of white brodered with silver, and veiled with a veil of fine gold web fastened with rubies. They gave me not the Uraeus crown, nor any nemyss, nor the Ateph crown, but bound my forehead with a simple fillet of green leaves -- vervain and mandrake and certain deadly herbs of which it is not fitting to speak.

Now the priests of the Veiled One were sore perplexed, for that never before had any boy been chosen priestess. For before the vows may be administered, the proofs of virginity are sought; and, as it seemed, this part of the ritual must be suppressed or glossed over. Then said the High Priest: "Let it be that we examine the first woman that he shall touch with his hand, and she shall suffice." Now when I heard this, I thought to test the God; and, spying in the crowd, I beheld in loose robes with flushed face and wanton eyes, a certain courtesan well-known in the city, and I touched her. Then those of the priests that hated me were glad, for they wished to reject me; and taking aside into the hall of trial that woman, made the enquiry.

Then with robes rent they came running forth, crying out against the Veiled One; for they found her perfect in virginity, and so was she even unto her death, as latter appeared. {306}

But the Veiled One was wroth with them because of this, and appeared in her glittering veil upon the steps of her temple. There she stood, and called them one by one; and she lifted but the eye-piece of her veil and looked into their eyes; and dead they fell before her as if smitten of the lightning.

But those priests who were friendly to me and loyal to the goddess took that virgin courtesan, and led her in triumph through the city, veiled and crowned as is befitting. Now after some days he that guarded the sacred goat of Khem died, and they appointed her in his place. And she was the first woman that was thus honoured since the days of the Evil Queen in the Eighteenth Dynasty, of her that wearied of men at an age when other women have not known them, that gave herself to gods and beasts.

But now they took me to the pool of liquid silver -- or so they called it; I suppose it was quicksilver; for I remember that it was very difficult to immerse me -- which is beneath the feet of the Veiled One. For this is the secret of the Oracle. Standing afar off the priest beholds the reflection of her in the mirror, seeing her lips that move under the veil; and this he interprets to the seeker after truth.

Thus the priest reads wrongly the silence of the Goddess, and the seeker understands ill the speech of the priest. Then come forth fools, saying "The Goddess hath lied" -- and in their folly they die.

While, therefore, they held me beneath the surface of the pool, the High Priestess took the vows on my behalf saying:

I swear by the orb of the Moon;

I swear by the circuit of the Stars; {307}

I swear by the Veil, and by the Face behind the Veil;

I swear by the Light Invisible, and by the Visible Darkness; On behalf of this Virgin that is buried in thy water;

To live in purity and service;

To love in beauty and truth;

To guard the Veil from the profane;

To die before the Veil; ... -- and then came the awful penalty of failure.

I dare not recall half of it; yet in it were these words: Let her be torn by the Phallus of Set, and let her bowels be devoured by Apep; let her be prostituted to the lust of Besz, and let her face be eaten by the god ----.

It is not good to write His name.

Then they loosed me, and I lay smiling in the pool. They lifted me up and brought me to the feet of the goddess, so that I might kiss them. And as I kissed them such a thrill ran through me that I thought myself rapt away into the heaven of Amoun, or even as Asi when Hoor and Hoor-pa-kraat, cleaving her womb, sprang armed to life. Then they stripped me of my robes, and lashed me with fine twigs of virgin hazel, until my blood ran from me into the pool. But the surface of the silver swallowed up the blood by some mysterious energy; and they took this to be a sign of acceptance. So then they clothed me in the right robes of a priestess of the Veiled One; and they put a silver sistrion in my hand, and bade me perform the ceremony of adoration. This I did, and the veil of the goddess glittered in the darkness -- for night had fallen by this -- with a strange starry light.

Thereby it was known that I was indeed chosen aright.

So last of all they took me to the banqueting-house and {308} set me on the high throne. One by one the priests came by and kissed my lips: one by one the priestesses came by, and gave me the secret clasp of hands that hath hidden virtue. And the banquet waxed merry; for all the food was magically prepared. Every beast that they slew was virgin; every plant that they plucked had been grown and tended by virgins in the gardens of the temple. Also the wine was spring water only, but so consecrated by the holy priestesses that one glass was more intoxicating than a whole skin of common wine. Yet this intoxication was a pure delight, an enthusiasm wholly divine; and it gave strength, and did away with sleep, and left no sorrow.

Last, as the first gray glow of Hormakhu paled the deep indigo of the night, they crowned and clothed me with white lotus flowers, and took me joyously back into the temple, there to celebrate the matin ritual of awakening the Veiled One.

Thus, and not otherwise, I became priestess of that holy goddess, and for a little while my life passed calm as the unruffled mirror itself.

It was from the Veiled One herself that came the Breath of Change.

On this wise.

In the Seventh Equinox after my initiation into her mystery the High Priestess was found to fail; at her invocation the Veil no longer glittered as was its wont. For this they deemed her impure, and resorted to many ceremonies, but without avail. At last in despair she went to the temple of Set, and gave herself as a victim to that dreadful god. Now all men were much disturbed at this, and it was not known at all of them what they should do. {309}

Now it must be remembered that the ceremonies are always performed by a single priestess alone before the goddess, save only at the Initiations.

The others also had found themselves rejected of her; and when they learnt of the terrible end of the High Priestess, they became fearful. Some few, indeed, concealed their failure from the priests; but always within a day and a night they were found torn asunder in the outer courts; so that it seemed the lesser evil to speak truth.

Moreover, the affair had become a public scandal; for the goddess plagued the people with famine and with a terrible and foul disease.

But as for me, I wot not what to do; for to me always the Veil glittered, and that brighter than the ordinary. Yet I said nothing, but went about drooping and sorrowful, as if I were as unfortunate as they. For I would not seem to boast of the favour of the goddess.

Then they sent to the old Magus in the well; and he laughed outright at their beards, and would say no word. Also they sent to the sacred goat of Khem, and his priestess would but answer, "I, and such as I, may be favoured of Her," which they took for ribaldry and mocking. A third time they sent to the temple of Thoth the Ibis god of wisdom. And Thoth answered them by this riddle: "On how many legs doth mine Ibis stand?"

And they understood him not.

But the old High priest determined to solve the mystery, though he paid forfeit with his life. So concealing himself in the temple, he watched in the pool for the reflection of the glittering of the Veil, while one by one we performed the {310} adorations. And behind him and without stood the priests, watching for him to make a sign. This we knew not; but when it fell to me (the last) to adore that Veiled One, behold! the Veil glittered, and the old Priest threw up his arms to signal that which had occurred. And the flash of the eye pierced the Veil, and he fell from his place dead upon the priests without.

They buried him with much honour, for that he had given his life for the people and for the temple, to bring back the favour of the Veiled One.

Then came they all very humbly unto me the child, and besought me to interpret the will of the Goddess. And her will was that I alone should serve her day and night.

Then they gave me to drink of the Cup of the torment; and this is its virtue, that if one should speak falsely, invoking the name of the goddess, he shall burn in hell visibly before all men for a thousand years; and that flame shall never be put out. There is such an one in her temple in Memphis, for I saw it with these eyes. There he burns and writhes and shrieks on the cold marble floor; and there he shall burn till his time expire, and he sink to that more dreadful hell below the West. But I drank thereof, and the celestial dew stood shining on my skin, and a coolness ineffable thrilled through me; whereat they all rejoiced, and obeyed the voice of the Goddess that I had declared unto them.

Now then was I alway alone with that Veiled One, and I must enter most fully into that

secret period of my life. For, despite its ending, which hath put many wise men to shame, it was to me even as an eternity of rapture, of striving and of attainment beyond that which most mortals -- and they initiates even! -- call divine. {311}

Now first let it be understood what is the ritual of adoration of our Lady the Veiled One.

First, the priestess performs a mystical dance, by which all beings whatsoever, be they dogs or demons, are banished, so that the place may be pure. Next, in another dance, even more secret and sublime, the presence of the goddess is invoked into her Image. Next, the priestess goes a certain journey, passing the shrines of many great and terrible of the Lords of Khem, and saluting them. Last, she assumes the very self of the Goddess; and if this be duly done, the Veil glittereth responsive.

Therefore, if the Veil glittereth not, one may know that in some way the priestess hath failed to identify herself with Her. Thus an impurity in the thought of the priestess must cause her to fail; for the goddess is utterly pure.

Yet the task is alway difficult; for with the other gods one knoweth the appearance of their images; and steadily contemplating these one can easily attain to their imitation, and so to their comprehension, and to unity of consciousness with them. But with Our Veiled One, none who hath seen her face hath lived long enough to say one word, or call one cry.

So then it was of vital urgency to me to keep in perfect sympathy with that pure soul, so calm, so strong. With what terror then did I regard myself when, looking into my own soul, I saw no longer that perfect stillness. Strange was it, even as if one should see a lake stirred by a wind that one did not feel upon the cheeks and brow!

Trembling and ashamed, I went to the vesper adoration. I knew myself troubled, irritated, by I knew not what. And {312} in spite of all my efforts, this persisted even to the supreme moment of my assumption of her godhead.

And then? Oh but the Veil glittered as never yet; yea more! it shot out sparks of scintillant fire, silvery rose, a shower of flame and of perfume.

Then was I exceedingly amazed because of this, and made a Vigil before her all the night, seeking a Word. And that word came not.

Now of what further befell I will write anon.

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CHAPTER IV

SO it came to pass that I no longer went out at all from the presence of the goddess, save only to eat and to sleep. And the favour of her was restored to the people, so that all men were glad thereof.

For if any man murmured, he was slain incontinent, the people being mindful of the famine and the disease, and being minded to have no more of such, if it could by any means be avoided. They were therefore exceeding punctual with their gifts.

But I was daily more afraid, being in a great sweat of passion, of which I dared to speak to no man. Nor did I dare to speak even privily in mine own heart thereof, lest I should discover its nature. But I sent my favourite, the virgin Istarah (slim, pallid, and trembling as a young lotus in the West Wind), with my ring of office, to enquire of the old Magus of the well.

And he answered her by pointing upward to the sky and then downward to the earth. And I read this Oracle as if it were spoken "As above, so beneath." This came to me as I had flung myself in despair at the feet of my Lady, covering them with my tears; for by a certain manifest token I now knew that I had done a thing that was so dreadful that even now -- these many thousand years hence -- I dare hardly write it.

I loved the Veiled One. {314}

Yea, with the fierce passion of a beast, of a man, of a god, with my whole soul I loved her.

Even as I knew this by the manifest token the Veil burst into a devouring flame; it ate up the robes of my office, lapping them with its tongues of fire like a tigress lapping blood; yet withal it burnt me not, nor singed one hair.

Thus naked I fled away in fear, and in my madness slipped and fell into the pool of liquid silver, splashing it all over the hall; and even as I fled that rosy cataract of flame that wrapt me (from the Veil as it jetted) went out --- went out ----

The Veil was a dull web of gold, no more.

Then I crept fearfully to the feet of the goddess, and with my tears and kisses sought to wake her into life once more. But the Veil flamed not again; only a mist gathered about it and filled the temple, and hid all things from my eyes.

Now then came Istarah my favourite back with the ring and the message; and thinking that she brought bad news, I slit her lamb's-throat with the magic sickle, and her asp's-tongue I tore out with my hands, and threw it to the dogs and jackals.

Herein I erred sorely, for her news was good. Having reflected thereon, I perceived its import.

For since the Veil flamed always at my assumption, it was sure that I was in sympathy with that holy Veiled One.

If I were troubled, and knew not why; if my long peace were stirred -- why then, so She!

"As above, so beneath!" For even as I, being man, sought to grasp godhead and crush it in my arms, so She, the pure essence, sought to manifest in form by love.

Yet I dared not repeat the ceremony at midnight. {315}

Instead I lay prone, my arms outstretched in shame and pain, on the steps at her feet.

And lo! the Veil flamed. Then I knew that She too blamed Herself alike for her ardour and for her abstinence. Thus seven days I lay, never stirring; and all that time the Veil flamed subtly and softly, a steady bluish glow changing to green as my thought changed from melancholy to desire.

Then on the eight day I rose and left the shrine and clad myself in new robes, in robes of scarlet and gold, with a crown of vine and bay and laurel and cypress. Also I purified myself and proclaimed a banquet. And I made the priests and the citizens, exceeding drunken. Then I called the guard, and purged thoroughly the whole temple of all of them, charging the captain on his life to let no man pass within. So that I should be absolutely alone in the whole precincts of the temple.

Then like an old gray wolf I wandered round the outer court, lifting up my voice in a mournful howl. And an ululation as of one hundred thousand wolves answered me, yet deep and muffled, as though it came from the very bowels of the earth.

Then at the hour of midnight I entered again the shrine and performed the ritual.

As I went on I became inflamed with an infinite lust for the Infinite; and now I let it leap unchecked, a very lion. Even so the Veil glowed red as with some infernal fire. Now then I am come to the moment of the Assumption; but instead of sitting calm and cold, remote, aloof, I gather myself together, and spring madly at the Veil, catching it in my two hands. Now the Veil was of woven gold, three thousand {316} twisted wires; a span thick! Yet I put out my whole force to tear it across; and (for she also put out her force) it rent with a roar as of earthquake. Blinded I was with the glory of her face; I should have fallen; but she caught me to her, and fixed her divine mouth on mine, eating me up with the light of her eyes. Her mouth moaned, her throat sobbed with love; her tongue thrust itself into me as a shaft of sunlight smites into the palm-groves; my robes fell shrivelled, and flesh to flesh we clung. Then in some strange way she gripped me body and soul, twining herself about me and within me even as Death that devoureth mortal man.

Still, still my being increased; my consciousness expanded until I was all Nature seen as one, felt as one, apprehended as one, formed by me, part of me, apart from me -- all these things at one moment -- and at the same time the ecstasy of love grew colossal, a tower to scale the stars, a sea to drown the sun ...

I cannot write of this ... but in the streets people gathered apples of gold that dropped

from invisible boughs, and invisible porters poured out wine for all, strange wine that healed disease and old age, wine that, poured between the teeth of the dead (so long as the embalmer had not begun his work), brought them back from the dark kingdom to perfect health and youth.

As for me, I lay as one dead in the arms of the holy Veiled One -- Veiled no more! -- while she took her pleasure of me ten times, a thousand times. In that whirlwind of passion all my strength was as a straw in the simoom.

Yet I grew not weaker but stronger. Though my ribs {317} cracked, I held firm. Presently indeed I stirred; it seemed as if her strength had come to me. Thus I forced back her head and thrust myself upon and into her even as a comet that impales the sun upon its horn! And my breath came fast between my lips and hers; her moan now faint, like a dying child, no more like a wild beast in torment.

Even so, wild with the lust of conquest, I urged myself upon her and fought against her. I stretched out her arms and forced them to the ground; then I crossed them on her breast, so that she was powerless. And I became like a mighty serpent of flame, and wrapt her, crushed her in my coils.

I was the master! ...

Then grew a vast sound about me as of shouting: I grew conscious of the petty universe, the thing that seems apart from oneself, so long as one is oneself apart from it.

Men cried "The temple is on fire! The temple of Asi the Veiled One is burning! The mighty temple that gave its glory to Thebai is aflame!

Then I loosed my coils and gathered myself together into the form of a mighty hawk of gold and spake one last word to her, a word to raise her from the dead!

But lo! not Asi, but Asar!

White was his garment, starred with red and blue and yellow. Green was his Countenance, and in his hands he bore the crook and scourge. Thus he rose, even as the temple fell about us in ruins, and we were left standing there.

And I wist not what to say.

Now then the people of the city crowded in upon us, and for the most part would have slain me.

But Thoth the mighty God, the wise one, with his Ibis-head, {318} and his nemyss of

indigo, with his Ateph crown and his Phoenix wand and with his Ankh of emerald, with his magic apron in the Three colours; yea, Thoth, the God of Wisdom, whose skin is of tawny orange as though it burned in a furnace, appeared visibly to all of us. And the old Magus of the Well, whom no man had seen outside his well for nigh threescore years, was found in the midst: and he cried with a loud voice, saying:

"The Equinox of the Gods!"

And he went on to explain how it was that Nature should no longer be the centre of man's worship, but Man himself, man in his suffering and death, man in his purification and perfection. And he recited the Formula of the Osiris as follows, even as it hath been transmitted unto us by the Brethren of the Cross and Rose unto this day:

"For Asar Un-nefer hath said:

He that is found perfect before the Gods hath said:

These are the elements of my body, perfected through suffering,
glorified through trial.

For the Scent of the dying rose is the repressed sigh of my suffering;

The Flame-Red fire is the energy of my undaunted Will;

The Cup of Wine is the outpouring of the blood of my heart, sacrificed
to regeneration;

And the Bread and Salt are the Foundations of my Body

Which I destroy in order that they may be renewed.

For I am Asar triumphant, even Asar Un-nefer the Justified One!

I am He who is clothed with the body of flesh,

Yet in Whom is the Spirit of the mighty Gods.

I am the Lord of Life, triumphant over death; he who partaketh with me
shall arise with me.

I am the manifestor in Matter of those whose abode is in the Invisible.

I am purified: I stand upon the Universe: I am its Reconciler with the
eternal Gods: I am the Perfector of Matter; and without me the
Universe is not!" {319}

All this he said, and displayed the sacraments of Osiris before them all; and in a certain mystical manner did we all symbolically partake of them. But for me! in the Scent of the dying Rose I beheld rather the perfection of the love of my lady the Veiled One, whom I had won, and slain in the winning!

Now, however, the old Magus clad me (for I was yet naked) in the dress of a Priest of Osiris. He gave me the robes of white Linen, and the leopard's skin, and the wand and ankh. Also he gave me the crook and scourge, and girt me with the royal girdle. On my head he set the holy Uraeus serpent for a crown; and then, turning to the people, cried aloud:

"Behold the Priest of Asar in Thebai!

"He shall proclaim unto ye the worship of Asar; see that ye follow him!"

Then, ere one could cry "Hold!" he had vanished from our sight.

I dismissed the people; I was alone with the dead God; with Osiris, the Lord of Amennti, the slain of Typhon, the devoured of Apophis ...

Yea, verily, I was alone!

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CHAPTER V

NOW then the great exhaustion took hold upon me, and I fell at the feet of the Osiris as one dead. All knowledge of terrestrial things was gone from me; I entered the kingdom of the dead by the gate of the West. For the worship of Osiris is to join the earth to the West; it is the cultus of the Setting Sun. Through Isis man obtains strength of nature; through Osiris he obtains the strength of suffering and ordeal, and as the trained athlete is superior to the savage, so is the magic of Osiris stronger than the magic of Isis. So by my secret practices at night, while my guardians strove to smooth my spirit to a girl's, had I found the power to bring about that tremendous event, an Equinox of the Gods.

Just as thousands of years later was my secret revolt against Osiris -- for the world had suffered long enough! -- destined to bring about another Equinox in which Horus was to replace the Slain One with his youth and vigour and victory.

I passed therefore into these glowing abodes of Amennti, clad in thick darkness, while my body lay entranced at the feet of the Osiris in the ruined temple.

Now the god Osiris sent forth his strange gloom to cover us, lest the people should perceive or disturb; Therefore I lay peacefully entranced, and abode in Amennti. There I confronted the devouring god, and there was my heart weighed {321} and found perfect; there the two-and-forty Judges bade me pass through the pylons they guarded; there I spoke with the Seven, and with the Nine, and with the Thirty-Three; and at the end I came out into the abode of the Holy Hathor, unto her mystical mountain, and being there crowned and garlanded I rejoiced exceedingly, coming out through the gate of the East, the Beautiful gate, unto the Land of Khemi, and the city of Thebai, and the temple that had been the temple of the Veiled One. There I rejoined my body, making the magical links in the prescribed manner, and rose up and did adoration to the Osiris by the fourfold sign. Therefore the Light of Osiris began to dawn; it went about the city whirling forth, abounding, crying aloud; whereat the people worshipped, being abased with exceeding fear. Moreover, they hearkened unto their wise men and brought gifts of gold, so that the temple floor was heaped high; and gifts of oxen, so that the courts of the temple could not contain them: and gifts of slaves, as it were a mighty army.

Then I withdrew myself; and taking counsel with the wisest of the priests and of the architects and of the sculptors, I gave out my orders so that the temple might duly be builded. By the favour of the god all things went smoothly enough; yet was I conscious of some error in the working; or if you will, some weakness in myself and my desire. Look you, I could not forget the Veiled One, my days of silence and solitude with Her, the slow dawn of our splendid passion, the climax of all that wonder in her ruin!

So as the day approached for the consecration of the temple I began to dread some great catastrophe. Yet all went well -- perhaps too well. {322}

The priests and the people knew nothing of this, however. For the god manifested exceptional favour; as a new god must do, or how shall he establish his position? The harvest were fourfold, the cattle eightfold; the women were all fertile -- yea! barren women of sixty years bore twins! -- there was no disease or sorrow in the city.

Mighty was the concourse of the citizens on the great day of the consecration.

Splendid rose the temple, a fortress of black granite. The columns were carved with wonderful images of all the gods adoring Osiris; marvels of painting glittered on the walls; they told the story of Osiris, of his birth, his life, his death at the hands of Typhon, the search after his scattered members, the birth of Horus and Harpocrates, the vengeance upon Typhon Seth, the resurrection of Osiris.

The god himself was seated in a throne set back unto the wall. It was of lapis-lazuli and amber, it was inlaid with emerald and ruby. Mirrors of polished gold, of gold burnished with dried poison of asps, so that the slaves who worked upon it might die. For, it being unlawful for those mirrors to have ever reflected any mortal countenance, the slaves were both blinded and veiled; yet even so, it were best that they should die.

At last the ceremony began. With splendid words, with words that shone like flames, did I consecrate all that were there present, even the whole city of Thebai.

And I made the salutation unto the attendant gods, very forcibly, so that they responded with echoes of my adoration. And Osiris accepted mine adoration with gladness as I journeyed about at the four quarters of the temple. {323}

Now cometh the mysterious ceremony of Assumption. I took upon myself the form of the god: I strove to put my heart in harmony with his.

Alas! alas! I was in tune with the dead soul of Isis; my heart was as a flame of elemental lust and beauty; I could not -- I could not. Then the heavens lowered and black clouds gathered upon the Firmament of Nu. Dark flames of lightning rent the clouds, giving no light. The thunder roared; the people were afraid. In his dark shrine the Osiris gloomed, displeasure on his forehead, insulted majesty in his eyes. Then a pillar of dust whirled down from the vault of heaven, even unto me as I stood alone, half-defiant, in the midst of the temple while the priests and the people cowered and wailed afar off. It rent the

massy roof as it had been a thatch of straw, whirling the blocks of granite far away into the Nile. It descended, roaring and twisting, like a wounded serpent demon-king in his death-agony; it struck me and lifted me from the temple; it bore me through leagues of air into the desert; then it dissolved and flung me contemptuously on a hill of sand. Breathless and dazed I lay, anger and anguish tearing at my heart.

I rose to swear a mighty curse; exhaustion took me, and I fell in a swoon to the earth.

When I came to myself it was nigh dawn. I went to the top of the hillock and looked about me. Nothing but sand, sand all ways. Just so was it within my heart!

The only guide for my steps (as the sun rose) was a greener glimpse in the East, which I thought might be the valley of the Nile reflected. Thither I bent my steps: all day I struggled with the scorching heat, the shifting sand. At night I tried to sleep, for sheer fatigue impelled me. But as often as I lay {324} down, so often restlessness impelled me forward. I would stagger on awhile, then stumble and fall. Only at dawn I slept perhaps for an hour, and woke chilled to death by my own sweat. I was so weak that I could hardly raise a hand; my tongue was swollen, so that I could not greet the sun-disk with the accustomed adoration. My brain had slipped control; I could no longer even think of the proper spells that might have brought me aid. Instead, dreadful shapes drew near; one, a hideous camel-demon, an obscene brute of filth; another, a black ape with a blue muzzle and crimson buttocks, all his skin hairless and scabby, with his mass of mane oiled and trimmed like a beautiful courtesan's. This fellow mocked me with the alluring gestures of such an one, and anon voided his excrement upon me. Moreover there were others, menacing and terrible, vast cloudy demon-shapes. ...

I could not think of the words of power that control them.

Now the sun that warmed my chill bones yet scorched me further. My tongue so swelled that I could hardly breathe; my face blackened; my eyes bulged out. The fiends came closer; drew strength from my weakness, made themselves material bodies, twitched me and spiked me and bit me. I turned on them and struck feebly again and again; but they evaded me easily and their yelling laughter rang like hell's in my ears. Howbeit I saw that they attacked me only on one side, as if to force me to one path. But I was wise enough to keep my shadow steadily behind me: and they, seeing this, were all the more enraged: I therefore the more obstinate in my course. Then they changed their tactics; and made as if to keep me in the course I had chosen; and seeing this, I was confirmed therein. {325}

Truly with the gods I went! for in a little while I came to a pool of water and a tall palm standing by.

I plunged in that cool wave; my strength came back, albeit slowly; yet with one wave of my hand in the due gesture the fiends all vanished; and in an hour I was sufficiently restored to call forth my friends from the pool -- the little fishes my playmates -- and the nymph of the pool came forth and bowed herself before me and cooked me the fishes

with that fire that renders water luminous and sparkling. Also she plucked me dates from the tree, and I ate thereof. Thus was I much comforted; and when I had eaten, she took my head upon her lap, and sang me to sleep; for her voice was like the ripple of the lakes under the wind of spring and like the bubbling of a well and like the tinkling of a fountain through a bed of moss. Also she had deep notes like the sea that booms upon a rocky shore.

So long, long, long I slept.

Now when I awoke the nymph had gone; but I took from my bosom a little casket of certain sacred herbs; and casting a few grains into the pool, repaid her for her courtesy. And I blessed her in the name of our dead lady Isis, and went on in the strength of that delicious meal for a great way. Yet I wist not what to do; for I was as it were a dead man, although my age was barely two and twenty years.

What indeed should befall me?

Yet I went on; and, climbing a ridge, beheld at last the broad Nile, and a shining city that I knew not.

There on the ridge I stood and gave thanks to the great gods of Heaven, the Aeons of infinite years, that I had come thus far. For at the sight of Nilus new life began to dawn in me.

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CHAPTER VI

WITHOUT any long delay I descended the slopes and entered the city. Not knowing what might have taken place in Thebai and what news might have come thither, I did not dare declare myself; but seeking out the High Priest of Horus I showed him a certain sign, telling him that I was come from Memphis on a journey, and intended to visit Thebai to pay homage at the shrine of Isis. But he, full of the news, told me that the ancient priestess of Isis, who had become priest of Osiris, had been taken up to heaven as a sign of the signal favour of the God. Whereat I could hardly hold myself from laughter; yet I controlled myself and answered that I was not prepared to return to Memphis, for that I was vowed to Isis, and Osiris could not serve my turn.

At this he begged me to stay as his guest, and to go worship at the temple of Isis in this city. I agreed thereto, and the good man gave me new robes and jewels from the treasury of his own temple. There too I rested sweetly on soft cushions fanned by young boys with broad leaves of palm. Also he sent me the dancing girl of Sleep. It was the art of this girl to weave such subtle movements that the sense, watching her, swooned; and as she swayed she sang, ever lower and lower as she moved slower and slower, until the looker-listener was dissolved in bliss of sleep and delicate dream. {327}

Then as he slept she would bend over him even as Nuit the Lady of the Stars that

bendeth over the black earth, and in his ears she would whisper strange rhythms, secret utterances, whereby his spirit would be rapt into the realms of Hathor or some other golden goddess, there in one night to reap an harvest of refreshment such as the fields of mortal sleep yield never.

So then I woke at dawn, to find her still watching, still looking into my eyes with a tender smile on her mouth that cooed whispers infinitely soothing. Indeed with a soft kiss she waked me, for in this Art there is a right moment to sleep, and another to waken: which she was well skilled to divine.

I rose then -- she flitted away like a bird -- and robed myself; and, seeking my host, went forth with him to the Temple of Isis.

Now their ritual (it appeared) differed in one point from that to which I was accustomed. Thus, it was not death to intrude upon the ceremony save only for the profane. Priests of a certain rank of initiation might if they pleased behold it. I, therefore, wishing to see again that marvellous glowing of the Veil, disclosed a sufficient sign to the High Priest. Thereat was he mightily amazed; and, from the foot judging Hercules, began to think that I might be some sacred envoy or inspector from the Gods themselves. This I allowed him to think; meanwhile we went forward into the shrines and stood behind the pillars, unseen, in the prescribed position.

Now it chanced that the High Priestess herself had this day chosen to perform the rite.

This was a woman tall and black, most majestic, with {328} limbs strong as a man's. Her gaze was hawk-keen, and her brow commanding. But at the Assumption of the God-form she went close and whispered into the Veil, so low that we could not hear it; but as it seemed with fierce intensity, with some passion that knotted up her muscles, so that her arms writhed like wounded snakes. Also the veins of her forehead swelled, and foam came to her lips. We thought that she had died; her body swelled and shuddered; last of all a terrible cry burst from her throat, inarticulate, awful.

Yet all this while the Veil glittered, though something sombrely. Also the air was filled with a wild sweeping music, which rent our very ears with its uncouth magic. For it was like no music that I had ever heard before. At last the Priestess tore herself away from the Veil and reeled -- as one drunken -- down the temple. Sighs and sobs tore her breast; and her nails made bloody grooves in her wet flanks.

On a sudden she espied me and my companion; with one buffet she smote him to earth -- it is unlawful to resist the Priestess when she is in the Ecstasy of Union -- and falling upon me, like a wild beast she buried her teeth in my neck, bearing me to the ground. Then, loosing me, while the blood streamed from me, she fixed her glittering eyes upon it with strange joy, and with her hands she shook me as a lion shakes a buck. Sinewy were her hands, with big knuckles, and the strength of her was as cords of iron. Yet her might was but a mortal's; in a little she gave one gasp like a drowning man's; her body slackened, and fell with its dead weight on mine, her mouth glued to mine in one

dreadful kiss. Dreadful; for as my mouth returned it, almost mechanically, the blood gushed from her nostrils and blinded me. I too, then, more {329} dead than alive, swooned into bliss, into trance. I was awakened by the High Priest of Horus. "Come," he said; "she is dead." I disengaged myself from all that weight of madness -- and the body writhed convulsively as I turned it over -- I kissed those frothy lips, for in death she was beautiful beyond belief, joyous beyond description -- thence I staggered to the Veil, and saluted with all my strength, so that it glittered under the force of my sheer will. Then I turned me again, and with the High Priest sought his house.

Strange indeed was I as I went through the city, my new robes dark with blood of that most holy sorceress.

But no one of the people dared so much as lift his eyes; nor spoke we together at all. But when we were come into the house of the High Priest, sternly did he confront me.

"What is this, my son?"

And I weary of the folly of the world and of the uselessness of things answered him:

"Father, I go back to Memphis. I am the Magus of the Well."

Now he knew the Magus, and answered me:

"Why liest thou?"

And I said "I am come into the world where all speech is false, and all speech is true."

Then he did me reverence, abasing himself unto the ground even unto nine-and-ninety times.

And I spurned him and said, "Bring forth the dancing girl of Sleep; for in the morning I will away to Memphis."

And she came forth, and I cursed her and cried: "Be thou the dancing girl of Love!"

And it was so. And I went in unto her, and knew her; {330} and in the morning I girded myself, and boarded the state barge of the High Priest, and pillowed myself upon gold and purple, and disported myself with lutes and with lyres and with parrots, and with black slaves, and with wine and with delicious fruits, until I came even unto the holy city of Memphis.

And there I called soldiers of Pharaoh, and put cruelly to death all them that had accompanied me; and I burnt the barge, adrift upon the Nile at sunset, so that the flames alarmed the foolish citizens. All this I did, and danced naked in my madness through the city, until I came to the Old Magus of the Well.

And laughing, I threw a stone upon him, crying: "Ree me the riddle of my life!"

And he answered naught.

Then I threw a great rock upon him, and I heard his bones crunch, and I cried in mockery: "Ree me the riddle of "thy" life!"

But he answered naught.

Then I threw down the wall of the well; and I burned the house with fire that stood thereby, with the men-servants and the maid-servants.

And none dared stay me; for I laughed and exulted in my madness. Yea, verily, I laughed, and laughed -- and laughed ---

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CHAPTER VII

THEN being healed of my madness I took all the treasure of that old Magus which he had laid up for many years -- and none gainsaid me. Great and splendid was it of gold more than twelve bullocks could draw, of balassius rubies, and sardonyx, and beryl, and chrysoprase; of diamond and starry sapphire, of emerald much, very much, of topaz and of amethyst great and wonderful gems. Also he had a figure of Nuit greater than a woman, which was made of lapis lazuli specked with gold, carved with marvellous excellence. And he had the secret gem of Hadit that is not found on earth, for that it is invisible save when all else is no more seen.

Then went I into the market and bought slaves. I bought me in particular a giant, a Nubian blacker than polished granite seen by starlight, tall as a young palm and straight, yet more hideous than the Ape of Thoth. Also I bought a young pale stripling from the North, a silly boy with idle languishing ways. But his mouth burned like sunset when the dust-storms blow. So pale and weak was he that all despised him and mocked him for a girl. Then he took a white-hot iron from the fire and wrote with it my name in hieroglyphics on his breast; nor did his smile once alter while the flesh hissed and smoked.

Thus we went out a great caravan to a rocky islet in the {332} Nile, difficult of access for that the waters foamed and swirled dangerously about it. There we builded a little temple shaped like a beehive; but there was no altar and no shrine therein; for in that temple should the god be sacrificed unto himself.

Myself I made the god thereof; I powdered my hair with gold, and inwound it with flowers. I gilded my eyelids, and I stained my lips with vermilion. I gilded my breasts and my nails, and as God and Victim in one was I daily sacrificed unto that strange thing that was none other than myself. I made my giant Nubian high priest; and I endowed his wand with magic power, so that he might properly perform my rites. This he did to such

purpose that many men from Memphis and even from more distant towns, leaving their gods, came thither, and did sacrifice. Then I appointed also the pale boy warder of the Sanctuary: and he swore unto me to be faithful unto death.

Now there arose a great strife in Memphis, and many foolish and lewd women cried out against us. So fierce was the uproar that a great company of women issued forth from the city and came into the island. They slew my pale boy at the gate, though sword in hand he fought against them. Then they frothed on, and I confronted them in my glory. They hesitated, and in that moment I smote them with a deadly itching, so that running forth they tore off their clothes and set themselves to scratching, while my people laughed until they ached.

At the term, indeed, with exhaustion and with loss of blood they died all; four hundred and two women perished in that great day's slaughter. So that the people of Memphis had peace for awhile. {333}

But as for me, I mourned the loss of that young slave. I had his body embalmed as is not fitting for other than a king. And at the door of the temple I placed his sarcophagus beneath a hedge of knives and spears, so that there was no other access to my glory.

Like honour hath no slave had ever.

Thus then I abode three cycles of the season; and at the end of that time the high Priest died.

For mine was a strange and dreadful rite to do; none other, and none unfortified by magic power, could have done this thing.

Yet I too sickened of that everlasting sacrifice. I was become worn and wan; there was no blood but ice in my veins. I had indeed become all but a god ...

Therefore I took the body of my Nubian, and slew four young girls, and filled all the hollow spaces of his body with their blood. Then too I sealed up his body with eight seals; and the ninth seal was mine own, the centre of my godhead.

Then he rose slowly and staggeringly as I uttered the dreadful words:

A ka dua
Tuf ur biu
Bi aa chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru!

Then I touched him with my wand and he rose into full power of his being; and we entered in, and for the last time did he preform (though silent) the ceremony. At whose end he lay shrivelled and collapsed, shrunken like an old wineskin; yet his blood availed me nothing. I was icier than before. Yet now indeed was I Osiris, for I sent out flames

{334} of cold gray glory from my skin, and mine eyes were rigid with ecstasy.

Yea, by Osiris himself, I swear it! Even as the eyes of all living men revolve ceaselessly, so were mine fixed!

Then I shook myself and went forth into the city of Memphis, my face being veiled and my steps led by slaves.

And there I went into the temples one by one; and I twitched aside my veil, whereat all men fell dead on the instant, and the gods tumbled from their places, and broke in pieces upon the floor.

And I veiled myself, and went into the market-place and lifted up my voice in a chant and cried:

Death, and desolation, and despair!
I lift up my voice, and all the gods are dumb.
I unveil my face, and all that liveth is no more,
I sniff up life, and breathe forth destruction.
I hear the music of the world, and its echo is Silence.

Death, and desolation, and despair!
The parting of the ways is come: the Equinox of the Gods is past.
Another day: another way.
Let them that hear me be abased before me!
Death, and desolation, and despair!

Then I pulled away my veil, and the cold lightnings of death shot forth, and the people of the city fell dead where they stood.

Save only one, a young boy, a flute-player, that was blind, and, seeing not those eyes of mine, died not.

Then to him I spake, saying:

"Arise, summon the priests and the people, all that remain. And let them build a temple unto Osiris the God of the dead, and let the dead be worshipped for ever and ever."
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This I said, and went out from the city with the two slaves that I had left in the gate, and we went unto Nile, unto a cave by the bank of the river; and there I abode for many months, weeping for Isis my Lady. For though I had avenged her in many dreadful deeds, yet I brought her not back unto life. Moreover the love of her was as it were dead in me, so that my heart stirred not at the thought of her. Say that my love wandered like a ghost unburied, frozen, adrift upon the winds!

Now of my deeds at this period it is almost too horrible to tell. For I performed great penance, in the hope of vitalizing that dead principle in me which men call the soul.

I starved myself shamefully, in this manner. First surrounding myself with all possible luxuries of food, brought in steaming and savoury from hour to hour, I yet condemned myself to subsist upon a little garlic and a little salt, with a little water in which oats had been bruised.

Then if any wish arose in me to eat of the dainties around me I gashed myself with a sharp stone.

Moreover I kindled a great fire in the cave so that the slaves stumbled and fainted as they approached. And the smoke choked me so that I constantly vomited a black and ill-smelling mucus from my lungs, stained here and there with frothing blood.

Again, I suffered my hair to grow exceeding long, and therein I harboured vermin. Also, when I lay down to sleep, though this I did not till with swollen tongue and blackened throat I could no longer howl the name of my dead Lady, then (I say) did I smear my limbs with honey, that the rats of the cave might gnaw them as I slept. Moreover, I pillowed {336} mine head upon a corpse dead of leprosy, and whenever that dead soul of mine stirred at all with love toward my Lady, then I caressed and kissed that corpse, and sang soft songs to it, playing with gracious words and gestures. All this spoke loudly to my soul, rebuking it for its weakness and corruption. So too the bitterness and foulness of my life would often overleap the limit of sensibility; and then for hours together would I be lost in a raging whirlwind of laughter. At this time my slaves would be afraid to come anigh me, and then darting out of the cave I would catch one by the hair and dragging him within put him to exquisite torture. This indeed was of great use to me; for I would devise atrocious things, and if they served to excite his utmost anguish I would then try them on myself. Thus I would run needles steeped in Nile mud beneath my finger-vails, so that the sores festering might produce a sickening agony. Or again I would cut strips of skin and tear them off; but this failed, though it acted well enough upon the slave, for my own skin had become too brittle. Then I would take a piece of hard wood, and hammer it with a stone against the bones, hurting the membrane that covers them, and causing it to swell. This too I had to abandon, for the limb of the slave died, and he swelled up and rotted and turned green, and in shocking agony he died.

So then I was compelled to cure myself magically, and this was a great loss of force.

Yet was I "Far from the Happy Ones," although my lips hung on my fleshless face like bean-pods withered and blackened, and although there was not one inch of skin upon all my body that was not scarred. {337}

Yet my trial was nigh its end. For the people of Memphis, wondering at the frequent purchases of dead lepers made always by the same slave, began, as is the wont of the ignorant, to spread foolish rumours. At last they said openly "there is an holy hermit in

the old cave by Nile." Then the barren women of the city came out stealthily to me in the hope that by my sanctity their dry sticks might blossom.

But I showed them my dead leper, and said "Let me first beget children upon this, and after I will do your business." This liked them not; yet they left me not alone, for they went home and cried out that I was an horror, a ghoul, a vampire. ... And at that all the young and beautiful women of the city, leaving their lovers and their husbands, flocked to me, bringing gifts. But I took them to the dead leper and said, "When you are beautiful as that is beautiful, and when I am weary of its beauty and its delight, then will I do your pleasure."

Then they all raged vehemently against me, and stirred up the men of the city to destroy me. And I, not being minded to display my magic force, went by night (so soon as I heard of this) and took sanctuary in the shrine of Osiris that I had caused them to build. And there I attained felicity; for uniting my consciousness with the god's, I obtained the expansion of that consciousness. Is not the kingdom of the dead a mighty kingdom?

So I perceived the universe as it were a single point of infinite nothingness yet of infinite extension; and becoming this universe, I became dissolved utterly therein. Moreover, my body lifted itself up and rose in the air to a great height beyond the shadow of the earth, and the earth rolled beneath {338} me; yet of all this I knew nothing, for that I was all these things and none of them. Moreover I was united with Isis the Mother of Osiris, being yet her brother and her lord.

Woe, woe to me! for all this was but partial and imperfect; nor did I truly understand that which occurred.

Only this I knew, that I should return to my city of Thebai, and rule therein as High Priest of Osiris, no longer striving to some end unheard-of or impossible, but quietly and patiently living in the enjoyment of my dignities and wealth, even as a man.

Yet one thing I saw also, that as Isis is the Lady of all Nature, the living; and as Osiris is the Lord of the Dead, so should Horus come, the Hawk-headed Lord, as a young child, the image of all Nature and all Man raised above Life and Death, under the supreme rule of Hadit that is Force and of Nuit that is Matter -- though they are a Matter and a Force that transcend all our human conceptions of these things.

But of this more anon, in its due place.

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CHAPTER VIII

BEHOLD me then returned to Thebai! So scarred and altered was I, though not yet thirty years of age, that they knew me not. So I offered myself as a serving-man in the temple of Osiris, and I pleased the priests mightily, for by my magic power -- though they thought it to be natural -- I sang songs unto the god, and made hymns. Therefore

in less than a year they began to speak of initiating me into the priesthood. Now the High Priest at this time was a young and vigorous man, black-bearded in the fashion of Osiris, with a single square tuft beneath the chin. Him had they chosen after my departure in the whirlwind. And the High Priestess was a woman of forty and two years old, both dark and beautiful, with flashing eyes and stern lips. Yet her body was slim and lithe like that of a young girl. Now, as it chanced, it was my turn to serve her with the funeral offerings; flesh of oxen and of geese, bread, and wine. And as she ate she spake with me; for she could see by her art that I was not a common serving-man. Then I took out the consecrated Wand of Khem that I had from my father; and I placed it in her hand. At that she wondered, for that Wand is the sign of a great and holy initiation: so rare that (as they say) no woman but one has ever attained unto it. Then she blessed herself that she had been permitted to look upon it, and prayed me to keep silence {340} for a little while, for she had somewhat in her mind to do. And I lifted up the wand upon her in the nine-and-forty-fold benediction, and she received illumination thereof, and rejoiced. Then I fell at her feet -- for she was the High Priestess -- and kissed them reverently, and withdrew.

Then three days afterwards, as I learnt, she sent for a priestess who was skilled in certain deadly crafts and asked of her a poison. And she gave it, saying: "Let the High Priest of the God of the dead go down to the dead!" Then that wicked High Priestess conveyed unto him subtly the poison in the sacraments themselves, and he died thereof. Then by her subtlety she caused a certain youth to be made high priest who was slovenly and stupid, thinking in herself "Surely the god will reject him." But at his word the Image of the god glowed as was its wont. And at that she knew -- and we all knew -- that the glory was departed; for that the priests had supplanted the right ceremony by some trick of deceit and craft.

Thereat was she mightily cast down, for though wicked and ambitious, she had yet much power and knowledge.

But instead of using that power and that knowledge she sought to oppose craft with craft. And suspecting (aright) whose cunning had done this thing she bribed him to reverse the machinery, so that the High Priest might be shamed. But shamed he was not; for he lied, saying that the God glowed brighter than the Sun; and he lied securely, for Maat the Lady of Truth had no place in that temple. To such foulness was all fallen by my first failure to assume the god-form, and their priestly falsehood that my sanctity had rapt me into heaven. Nor had the wealth they lied to obtain availed them {341} aught; for Pharaoh had descended upon Thebai, and laid heavy hand upon the coffers of the temple, so that they were poor. Even, they sold good auguries for gold; and these were a very destruction to them that bought. Then they sold curses, and sowed discord in the city. Wherefore the people grew poorer still, and their gifts to the temple waxed even less.

For there is no foolishness like the hunger after gain.

Of old the gods had given blessing, and the people offered freely of their plenty.

Now the priests sowed chaff, and reaped but barrenness.

So I waited patiently in silence to see what might befall. And this foolish priestess could think of no better expedient than formerly. But this young stupid man had guessed how his predecessor was dead, and he touched not the sacraments; but feigned.

Then she called for me -- and I was now ordained priest -- to take counsel of me; for she was minded to put me in his place.

Thus she made a great banquet for me; and when we were well drunken she laid her head upon my breast and said marvellous things to me of love, to me, who had loved the Veiled One! But I feigned all the madness of passion and made her drunk thereon, so that she talked great words, frothing forth like dead fishes swollen in the sun, of how we should rule Thebai and (it might be) displace Pharaoh and take his throne and sceptre. Yet, foolish woman! she could not think how she might remove this stupid high priest, her own nominee! So I answered her "Assume the Form of Osiris, and all will be well in the Temple of Osiris." Mocking her, for I knew {342} that she could not. Yet so drunken was she upon love and wine that there and then she performed the ritual of Adoration and Assumption.

Then I in merry mood put out my power, and caused her in truth to become Osiris, so that she went icy stark, and her eyes fixed. ...

Then she tried to shriek with fear, and could not; for I had put upon her the silence of the tomb.

But all the while I feigned wonder and applause, so that she was utterly deceived. And being tired of mocking her, I bade her return. This she did, and knew not what to say. At first she pretended to have received a great secret; then, knowing how much higher was my grade initiation, dared not. Then, at last, being frightened, she flung herself at my feet and confessed all, pleading that at least her love for me was true. This may well have been; in any case I would have had compassion upon her, for in sooth her body was like a flower, white and pure, though her mouth was heavy and strong, her eyes wrinkled with lust, and her cheeks flaccid with deceit.

So I comforted her, pressing her soft body in mine arms, drinking the wine of her eyes, feeding upon the honey of her mouth.

Then at last I counselled her that she should bid him to a secret banquet, and that I should serve them, disguised in my old dress as a serving-man.

On the next night after this he came, and I served them, and she made open love (though feigned) to him. Yet subtly, so that he thought her the deer and himself the lion. Then at last he went clean mad, and said: "I will give thee what thou {343} wilt for one kiss of that thy marvellous mouth." Then she made him swear the oath by Pharaoh --

the which if he broke Pharaoh would have his head -- and she kissed him once, as if her passion were like the passion of Nile in flood for the sandy bars that it devoureth, and then leaping up, answered him, "give me thine office of High Priest for this my lover!" With that she took and fondled me. He gaped, aghast; then he took off the ring of office and flung it at her feet; he spat one word in her face; he slunk away.

But I, picking up the ring of office, cried after him: "What shall be done to who insulteth the High Priestess?"

And he turned and answered sullenly: "I was the High Priest." "Thou hadst no longer the ring!" she raged at him, her face white with fury, her mouth dripping the foam of her anger -- for the word was a vile word! ...

Then she smote upon the bell, and the guard appeared. At her order they brought the instruments of death, and summoned the executioner, and left us there. Then the executioner bound him to the wheel of iron by his ankles and his waist and his throat; and he cut off his eyelids, that he might look upon his death. Then with his shears he cut off the lips from him, saying, "With these lips didst thou blaspheme the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris." Then one by one he wrenched out the teeth of him, saying every time: "With this tooth didst thou frame a blasphemy against the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris." Then he pulled out the tongue with his pincers, saying: "With this tongue didst thou speak blasphemy against the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris." Then took he a strong corrosive acid and blistered his throat therewith, saying: "From this throat didst thou blaspheme the Holy One, {344} the Bride of Osiris." Then he took a rod of steel, white-hot, and burnt away his secret parts, saying: "Be thou put to shame, who hast blasphemed the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris." After that, he took a young jackal and gave it to eat at his liver, saying: "Let the beasts that devour carrion devour the liver that lifted itself up to blaspheme the Holy One, the Bride of Osiris!" With that the wretch died, and they exposed his body in the ditch of the city, and the dogs devoured it.

Now all this while had my lady dallied amorously with me, making such sweet moan of love as never was, yet her face fixed upon his eyes who loved her, and there glared in hell's torment, the body ever striving against the soul which should exceed.

And, as I judge, but the favour of Set the soul gat mastery therein.

Also, though I write it now, coldly, these many thousand years afterward, never had I such joy of love of any woman as with her, and at that hour, so that as I write it I remember well across the mist of time every honey word she spoke, every witching kiss (our mouths strained sideways) that she sucked from my fainting lips, every shudder of her soft strong body. I remember the jewelled coils of hair, how they stung like adders as they touched me; the sharp rapture of her pointed nails pressing me, now velvet-soft, now capricious-cruel, now (love-maddened) thrust deep to draw blood, as they played up and down my spine. But I saw nothing; by Osiris I swear it! I saw nothing, save only the glare in the eyes of that lost soul that writhed upon the wheel.

Indeed, as the hangman took out the corpse, we fell back {345} and lay there among the waste of the banquet, the flagons overturned, the napery awry, the lamps extinct or spilt, the golden cups, chased with obscene images, thrown here and there, the meats hanging over the edge of their bejewelled dishes, their juice staining the white luxury of the linen; and in the midst ourselves, our limbs as careless as the wind, motionless.

One would have said: the end of the world is come. But through all that fiery abyss of sleep wherein I was plunged so deep, still stirred the cool delight of the knowledge that I had won the hand for which I played, that I was High Priest of Osiris in Thebai.

But in the morning we rose and loathed each other, our mouths awry, our tongues hanging loose from their corners like thirsty dogs, our eyes blinking in agony from the torture of daylight, our limbs sticky with stale sweat.

Therefore we rose and saluted each other in the dignity of our high offices; and we departed one from the other, and purified ourselves.

Then I went unto the Ceremony of Osiris, and for the last time the shameful farce was played.

But in my heart I vowed secretly to cleanse the temple of its chicanery and folly. Therefore at the end of the ceremony did I perform a mighty banishing, a banishing of all things mortal and immortal, even from Nuit that circleth infinite Space unto Hadit the Core of Things; from Amoun that ruleth before all the Gods unto Python the terrible Serpent that abideth at the end of things, from Ptah the god of the pure soul of aethyr unto Besz the brute force of that which is grosser than earth, which hath no name, which is denser than {346} lead and more rigid than steel; which is blacker than the thick darkness of the abyss, yet is within all and about all.

Amen!

Then during the day I took counsel with myself, and devised a cunning to match the cunning of them that had blasphemed Osiris, who had at last become my God.

Yea! bitterly would I avenge him on the morrow.

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CHAPTER IX

NOW this was the manner of my working, that I inspired the High Priestess to an Oracle, so that she prophesied, saying that Osiris should never be content with his servants unless they had passed the four ordeals of the elements. Now of old these rituals had been reserved for a special grade of initiation. The chapter was therefore not a little alarmed, until they remembered how shamefully all the true magic was imitated, so that the rumour went that this was but a device of the High Priestess to increase the reputation of the temple for sanctity. And, their folly confirming them in this, they agreed

cheerfully and boasted themselves. Now then did I swathe them one by one in the grave-clothes of Osiris, binding upon the breast and image, truly consecrated, of the god, with a talisman against the four elements.

Then I set them one by one upon a narrow and lofty tower, balanced, so that the least breath of wind would blow them off into destruction.

Those whom the air spared I next threw into Nile where most it foams and races. Only a few the water gave back again. These, however, did I bury for three days in the earth without sepulchre or coffin, so that the element of earth might combat them. And the rare ones whom earth spared I cast upon a fire of charcoal. {348}

Now who is prepared for these ordeals (being firstly attuned to the elements) findeth them easy. He remains still, though the tempest rage upon the tower; in the water he floats easily and lightly; buried, he but throws himself into trance; and, lastly, his wrappings protect him against the fire, though all Thebai went to feed the blaze.

But it was not so with this bastard priesthood of Osiris. For of the three hundred only nine were found worthy. The High Priestess, however, I brought through by my magic, for she had amused me mightily, and I took great pleasure in her love, that was wilder than the rage of all the elements in one.

So I called together the nine who had survived, all being men, and gave them instruction and counsel, that they should form a secret brotherhood to learn and to teach the formula of the Osiris in its supreme function of initiating the human soul. That they should keep discipline in the temple only for the sake of the people, permitting every corruption yet withdrawing themselves from it. Is not the body perishable, and the skin most pure? So also the ancient practice of embalming should fall into desuetude, and that soon; for the world was past under the rule of Osiris, who loveth the charnel and the tomb.

All being sworn duly into this secret brotherhood I appointed them, one to preside over each grade, and him of the lowest grade to select the candidates and to govern the temple.

Then did I perform the invoking Ceremony of Osiris, having destroyed the blasphemous machinery; and now at last did the God answer me, glittering with infinite brilliance. {349} Then I disclosed myself to the Priests, and they rejoiced exceedingly that after all those years the old lie was abolished, and the master come back to his own.

But the god uttered an Oracle, saying: "This last time shall I glitter with brilliance in My temple; for I am the god of Life in Death, concealed. Therefore shall your magic henceforth be a magic most secret in the heart; and whoso shall perform openly any miracle, him shall ye know for a liar and a pretender to the sacred Wisdom.

"For this cause am I wrapped ever in a shroud of white starred with the three active

colours; these things conceal Me, so that he who knoweth Me hath passed beyond them."

Then did the god call us each separately to him, and in each ear did he whisper a secret formula and a word of power, pertaining to the grade to which I had appointed him.

But to me he gave the supreme formula and the supreme word, the word that hath eight-and-seventy letters, the formula that hath five-and-sixty limbs.

So then I devoted myself there and then to a completer understanding of Osiris my God, so that I might discover his function in the whole course of the Cosmos.

For he that is born in the years of the power of a God thinketh that God to be eternal, one, alone. But he that is born in the hour of the weakness of the God, at the death of one and the birth of the other, seeth something (though it be little) of the course of things. And for him it is necessary to understand fully that change of office (for the gods neither die nor are re-born, but now one initiates and the other guards, and now one heralds and the other sanctifies) its purpose and meaning in the whole scheme of things. {350}

So I, in this year V of the Equinox of the Gods (1908) wherein Horus took the place of Osiris, will by the light of this my magical memory seek to understand fully the formula of Horus -- Ra Hoor Khuit -- my god, that ruleth the world under Nuit and Hadit. Then as Ankh-f-na-khonsu left unto me the "stele" 666 with the keys to that knowledge, so also may I write down in hieroglyph the formula of the Lady of the Forked Wand and of the Feather, that shall assume his throne and place when the strength of Horus is exhausted.

So now the service of the Gods was to be secret and their magic concealed from men. They were to fall before the eyes of men from their place, and little sewer-rats were to come and mock at them, no man avenging them, and they utterly careless, not striking for themselves. Yet was there knowledge of them which an initiate might gain, though so much more difficult, immeasurably higher and more intimate.

My life from this moment became highly concentrated upon itself. I had no time either for ascetic practices or for any pleasures; nor would I take any active part in the service of the temple which, purified and regenerated, had become both subtly perfect and perfectly subtle.

It was not all of the people who did at all comprehend the change that had occurred; but the others obeyed and made believe to understand, lest their fellows should despise them. So it happened that the more ignorant and stupid any person was the more he feigned understanding; so that the least devout appeared the most devout -- as it is unto this day.

But for me all these things were as nothing; for I studied ever the nature of Osiris,

concentrating myself into mysterious pure symbols. I understood why it was said that Isis had {351} failed to discover the Phallus of Osiris, and thus perceived the necessity of Horus to follow him in the great succession of the Equinoxes. Moreover I fashioned talismans of pure light concerning Osiris, and I performed in light all the ceremonies of initiation into his mysteries.

These were interpreted by wise men and translated into the language of the twilight and graven on stone and in the memories of men.

Yet was I even more intrigued in that great struggle to apprehend the course of things, as it is seen from the standpoint of Destiny. So that I might leave true and intelligible images to enlighten the mind of him (whether myself or another) that should come after me to celebrate the Equinox of the Gods at the end of the period of Osiris.

As now hath come to pass.

Thus then three-and-thirty years I lived in the temple of Osiris a High Priest; and I subdued all men under me. Also I abolished the office of priestess, for had not Isis failed to find that venerable Phallus without which Osiris must be so melancholy a god?<> Therefore was Khemi to fall, and the world to be dark and sorrowful for many years.

Therefore I made mine High Priestess into a serving-maid, and with veiled face she served me all those many years, never speaking.

Yet they being accomplished, I thought fit to reward her. So magically I renewed about her the body of a young girl, and for a year she served me, unveiled and speaking at her pleasure.

And her time being come, she died.

Then I looked again into my destiny, and perceived that {352} all my work was duly accomplished. Nor could any use or worth be found in my body.

So therefore I determined to accept my great reward, that was granted unto me as the faithful minister of the god F.I.A.T. that is behind all manifestation of Will and of Intelligence, of whom Isis and Osiris and Horus are but the ministers.

Of this, and of my death, I will speak on another occasion.

But first I will discourse of the inhabitants of the kingdom that encircleth the world, so that they who "fear" may be comforted.

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CHAPTER X

BUT of these matters I am warned that I shall not now become aware, for that there be

great mysteries therein contained, pertaining to a degree of initiation of which I am as yet unworthy.

(Thus the record comes abruptly to an end.)

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THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON

THE KING ("Continued")

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A ∴ A ∴

Publication in Class B.

Imprimatur:

N. FrA ∴ A ∴ A.'.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON

THE KING ("Continued")

THE PRIEST

IN opening this the most important section of Frater P.'s career, we may be met by the unthinking with the criticism that since it deals rather with his relation to others than with his personal attainment, it has no place in this volume.

Such criticism is indeed shallow. True, the incidents which we are about to record took place on planes material or contiguous thereto; true, so obscure is the light by which we walk that much must be left in doubt; true, we have not as yet the supreme mystical attainment to record; but on the other hand it is our view that the Seal set upon Attainment may be itself fittingly recorded in the story of that Attainment, and that no step in progress is more important than that when it is said to the aspirant: "Now that you are able to walk alone, let it be your first care to use that strength to help others!" And so this great event which we are about to describe, and event which will lead, as time will show, to the establishment of a New Heaven and a New Earth for all men, wore the simplest and humblest guise. So often the gods come clad as peasants or as children; nay, I have listened to their voice in stones and trees. {357}

However, we must not forget that there are persons so sensitive and so credulous that they are convinced by anything. I suppose that there are nearly as many beds in the world as there are men; yet for the Evangelical every bed conceals its Jesuit. We get "Milton composing baby rhymes," and "Locke reasoning in gibberish," divine revelations which would shock the intelligence of a sheep or a Saxon; and we find these upheld and defended with skill and courage.

Therefore since we are to announce the divine revelation made to Fra. P., it is of the last importance that we should study his mind as it was at the time of the Unveiling. If we find it to be the mind of a neurotic, of a mystic, of a person predisposed, we shall slight the revelation; if it be that of a sane man of the world, we shall attach more importance to it.

If some dingy Alchemist emerges from his laboratory, and proclaims to all Tooting that he has made gold, men doubt; but the conversion to spiritualism of Professor Lombroso made a great deal of impression on those who did not understand that his criminology was but the heaped delusion of a diseased brain.

So we shall find that the A ∴ A ∴ subtly prepared Fra. P. by over two years' training in rationalism and indifferentism for Their message. And we shall find that so well did They do Their work that he refused the message for five years more, in spite of many strange proofs of its truth. We shall find even that Fra. P. had to be stripped naked of himself before he could effectively deliver the message.

The battle was between all that mighty will of his and {358} the Voice of a Brother who spoke once, and entered again into His silence; and it was not Fra. P. who had the victory.

* * * * *

We left Fra. P. in the autumn of 1901, having made considerable progress in Yoga. We noted that in 1902 he did little or nothing either in Magic or Mysticism. The interpretation of the occult phenomena which he had observed occupied him exclusively, and his mind was more and more attracted to materialism.

What are phenomena! he asked. Of noumena I know and can know nothing. All I know is, as far as I know, a mere modification of the mind, a phase of consciousness. And thought is a secretion of the brain. Consciousness is a function of the brain.

If this thought was contradicted by the obvious, "And what is the brain? A phenomenon in mind!" it weighed less with him. It seemed to his mind as yet unbalanced (as all minds are unbalanced until they have crossed the Abyss), that it was more important to insist on matter than on mind. Idealism wrought such misery, was the father of all illusion, never led to research. And yet what odds? Every act or thought is determined by an infinity of causes, is the resultant of an infinity of forces. He analysed free will, found it illusion. He analysed God, saw that every man had made God in his own images, saw the savage and cannibal Jews devoted to a savage and cannibal God, who commanded the rape of virgins and the murder of little children. He saw the timid inhabitants of India, races continually the prey of every robber tribe, inventing the effeminate Vishnu, while {359} under the same name their conquerors worshipped a warrior, the conqueror of demon Swans. He saw the flower of the earth throughout all time, the gracious Greeks, what gracious gods they had invented. He saw Rome, in its strength devoted to Jupiter and Hercules, in its decay turning to emasculate Attis, slain Adonis, murdered Osiris, crucified Christ. He could even trace in his own life every aspiration, every devotion, as a reflection of his physical and intellectual needs. He saw, too, the folly of all this supernaturalism. He heard the Boers and the British pray to the same Protestant God, and it occurred to him that the early successes of the former might be due rather to superior valour than to superior praying power, and their eventual defeat to the circumstance that they could only bring 60,000 men against a quarter of a million. He saw, too, the face of humanity mired in its own blood that dripped from the leeches of religion fastened to its temples.

In all this he saw man as the only thing worth holding to; the one thing that needed to be "saved," but also the one thing that could save it.

All that he had attained, then, he abandoned. The intuitions of the Qabalah were cast behind him with a smile at his youthful folly; magic, if true, led nowhere; Yoga had become psychology. For the solution of his original problems of the universe he looked to metaphysics; he devoted his intellect to the cult of absolute reason. He took up once more with Kant, Hume, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Maudsley, Mansel, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and many another; while as for his life, was he not a man? He had a wife; he knew his duty to the race, and to his own ancient graft thereof. He was a traveller and a sportsman; very well, then, live it! So we {360} find that from November 1901 he did no practices of any kind until the Spring Equinox of 1904, with the exception of a casual week in the summer of 1903, and an exhibition game of magic in the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid in November 1903, when by his invocations he filled that chamber with a brightness as of full moonlight,<> only to conclude, "There, you see it? What's the good of it?"

We find him climbing mountains, skating, fishing, hunting big game, fulfilling the duties of a husband; we find him with the antipathy to all forms of spiritual thought and work which marks disappointment.

If one goes up the wrong mountain by mistake, as may happen, no beauties of that mountain can compensate for the disillusionment when the error is laid bare. Leah may have been a very nice girl indeed, but Jacob never cared for her after that terrible

awakening to find her face on the pillow when, after seven years toil, he wanted the expected Rachel.

So Fra. P., after five years barking up the wrong tree, had lost interest in trees altogether as far as climbing them was concerned. He might indulge in a little human pride: "See, Jack, that's the branch I cut my name on when I was a boy"; but even had he seen in the forest the Tree of Life itself with the golden fruit of Eternity in its branches, he would have done no more than lift his gun and shoot pigeon that flitted through its foliage.

Of this "withdrawal from the vision" the proof is not merely deducible from the absence of all occult documents in his dossier, and from the full occupation of his life in external and (361} mundane duties and pleasures, but is made irrefragible and emphatic by the positive evidence of his writings. Of these we have several examples. Two are dramatisations of Greek mythology, a subject offering every opportunity to the occultist. Both are markedly free from any such allusions. We have also a slim booklet in which the joys of pure human love are pictured without the faintest tinge of mystic emotion. Further, we have a play in which the Origin of Religion, as conceived by Spencer or Frazer, is dramatically shown forth; and lastly we have a satire, hard, cynical, and brutal in its estimate of society, but careless of any remedy for its ills.

It is as if the whole past of the man with all its aspiration and attainment was blotted out. He saw life (for the first time, perhaps) with commonplace human eyes. Cynicism he could understand, romance he could understand; all beyond was dark. Happiness was the bedfellow of contempt.

As to miracles and prophecies, he was as sceptical as the famous Pope of Rome who "didn't believe in them; he had seen too many." If an angel had appeared to him, he would have explained him away as cheerily as the late Frank Podmore. He was as ready to acquiesce in the unhistoricity of Gotama as in that of Jesus. If he called himself a Buddhist, it was the agnostic and atheistic philosophy and the acentric nominalist psychology that attracted him. The precepts and practices of Buddhism earned only his dislike and contempt.

We learn that, late in 1903, he was proposing to visit China on a sporting expedition when a certain very commonplace communication made to him by his wife caused him to postpone it. "Let's go and kill something for a month or two," said he, "and if you're right, we'll get back to nurses and doctors." {362}

So we find them in Hambantota, the south-eastern province of Ceylon, occupied solely with buffalo, elephant, leopard, sambhur, and the hundred other objects of the chase.

We here insert extracts from the diary, indeed a meagre production --- after what we have seen of his previous record in Ceylon.

Whole weeks pass without a word; the great man was playing bridge, poker, or golf!

The entry of February 19th reads as if it were going to be interesting, but it is followed by that of February 20th. It is, however, certain that about the 14th of March he took possession of a flat in Cairo --- in the Season!

Can bathos go further?

So that the entry of March 16th is dated from Chiro.

[Our notes given in round brackets.]

FRATER P.'S DIARY

(This diary is extremely incomplete and fragmentary. Many entries, too, are evidently irrelevant or "blinds." We omit much of the latter two types.)

"This eventful year 1903 finds me at a nameless camp in the jungle of Southern Province of Ceylon; my thoughts, otherwise divided between Yoga and sport, are diverted by the fact of a wife ..."

(This reference to Yoga is the subconscious Magical Will of the Vowed Initiate. He was not doing anything; but, on questioning himself, as was his custom at certain seasons, he felt obliged to affirm his Aspiration.)

"Jan." 1. ... (Much blotted out) ... missed deer and hare. So annoyed. Yet the omen is that the year is well for works of Love and Union; ill for those of Hate. Be mine of Live! (Note that he does not add "and Union").

"Jan." 28. Embark of Suez.

"Feb." 7. Suez.

"Feb." 8. Landed at Port Said.

"Feb." 9. To Cairo.

"Feb." 11. Saw b. f. g.
b. f. b.

(This entry is quite unintelligible to us.) {363}

"Feb." 19. To Helwan as Oriental Despot.

(Apparently P. had assumed some disguise, probably with the intention of trying to study Islam from within as he had done with Hinduism.)

"Feb." 20. Began golf.

"March" 16. Began INV. (invocation). Iota-Alpha-Omega.

"March" 17. Theta-omega-omicron-epsilon-Theta appeared.

"March" 18. Told to INV. (invoke) Saturn omega-omega-rho-iota as Sun by new way.

"March" 19. Did this badly at noon 30.

"March" 20. At 10 p.m. did well --- Equinox of Gods --- omicron-epsilon mu-eta Nev ("?" new) C.R.C. (Christian Rosy Cross, we conjecture.) Hoori now Hpnt (obviously "Hierophant").

"March" 21. Sun in Aries. I.A.M. ("?" one o'clock.)

"March" 22. X.P.B. {Arabic name, difficult to make out. First and last letters Alif, five letters long, second and fourth letters the same --- possibly He or Khe, middle letter possibly Sin but unclear. It may be a rendering of Crowley's atypical Hebrew spelling for the word "Beast" into Arabic --- see page 384.}

(May this and the entry March 24 refer to the Brother of the A ∴ A ∴ who found him?)
E.P.D. in 84 m.

(Unintelligible to us: possibly a blind.)

"March" 23. Y.K. done ("?" His work in the Yi King.)

"March" 24. Met {same Arabic name} again.

"March" 25. ---.

:823:

:461:

Thus

" = p f l y 2 b z

:218:

.---.

(Blot) wch trouble with ds.

(Blot) P.B. (All unintelligible; possibly a blind.)

"April" 6. Go off again to H, taking A's p.

(This probably a blind.)

Before we go further into the history of this period we must premise as follows.

Fra. P. never made a thorough record of this period. He seems to have wavered between absolute scepticism in the bad sense, a dislike of the revelation, on the one hand, and real enthusiasm on the other. And the first of these moods would induce him to do things to spoil the effect of the latter. Hence the "blinds" and stupid meaningless cyphers which deface the diary.

And, as if the Gods themselves wished to darken the {364} Pylon, we find that later, when P.'s proud will had been broken, and he wished to make straight the way of the historian, his memory (one of the finest memories in the world) was utterly incompetent to make everything certain.

However, nothing of which he was not certain will be entered in this place.

We have one quite unspoiled and authoritative document "The Book of Results," written in one of the small Japanese vellum note-books which he used to carry. Unfortunately, it seems to have been abandoned after five days. What happened between March 23rd and April 8th?

THE BOOK OF RESULTS

"March" 16"th". Die Mercury, I invoke Iota-Alpha-Omega.

(Fra. P. tells us that this was done by the ritual of the "Bornless One," <> merely to amuse his wife by showing her the sylphs. She refused or was unable to see any sylphs, but became "inspired," and kept on saying: "They're waiting for you!")

W. says "they" are "waiting for me."

17. Jupiter.

It is "all about the child." Also "all Osiris."

(Note the cynic and sceptic tone of this entry. How different it appears in the light of Liber 418!)

Thoth, invoked with great success, indwells us.

(Yes; but what happened? Fra. P. has no sort of idea.)

18. Venus. Revealed that the waiter was Horus, whom I had offered and ought to invoke. The ritual revealed in skeleton. Promise of success Saturn or Sun and of Samadhi. {365}

(Is this "waiter" another seer? We are uncertain.) The revealing of the ritual (by W. the seer) consisted chiefly in a prohibition of all formulae hitherto used, as will be seen from the text printed below.

It was probably on this day that P. cross-examined W. about Horus. Only the striking character of her identification of the God, surely, would have made him trouble to obey her. He remembers that he only agreed to obey her in order to show her how

silly she was, and he taunted her that "nothing could happen if you broke all the rules."

Here therefore we insert a short note of Fra. P.

How W. knew R.H.K. (Ra Hoor Khuit).

1. Force and Fire (I asked her to describe his moral qualities).

2. Deep blue light. (I asked her to describe the condition caused by him. This light is quite unmistakable and unique; but of course her words, though a fair description of it, might equally apply to some other.)

3. Horus. (I asked her to pick out his name from a list of ten dashed off at haphazard.)

4. Recognised his figure when shown. (This refers to the striking scene at the Boulak Museum, which will be dealt with in detail.)

5. Knew my past relations with the God. (This means, I think, that she knew I had taken his place in temple, etc., and that I had never once invoked him.)

6. Knew his enemy. (I asked, "Who is his enemy?" Reply, "Forces of the waters --- of the Nile." W. knew no Egyptology --- or anything else.)

7. Knew his lineal figure and its colour. (A $1/84$ chance.) {366}

8. Knew his place in temple. (A $1/4$ chance, at the least.)

9. Knew his weapon (from a list of 6).

10. Knew his planetary nature (from a list of 7 planets.)

11. Knew his number (from a list of the 10 units).

12. Picked him out of ("a") Five .

: indifferent, "i.e." arbitrary

("b") Three. symbols. (This means that I settled in my own mind that say D of A, B, C, D, and E should represent him, and that she then said D.)

We cannot too strongly insist on the extraordinary character of this identification.

We had made no pretension of clairvoyance, nor had P. ever tried to train her.

P. had great experience of clairvoyants, and it was always a point of honour with him to bowl them out. And here was the novice, a woman who should never have been allowed outside a ballroom, speaking with the authority of God, and proving it by unhesitating correctness.

One slip, and Fra. P. would have sent her to the devil. And that slip was not made. Calculate the odds! We cannot find a mathematical expression for tests 1, 2, 4, 5, or 6. But the other 7 tests give us

$$\begin{array}{cccccccc} 1 & 1 & 1 & 1 & 1 & 1 & 1 & 1 \\ -- & x & -- & x & - & x & - & x & - & x & -- & x & -- & = & ----- \\ 10 & 84 & 4 & 6 & 7 & 10 & 15 & 21,168,000 \end{array}$$

Twenty-one millions to one against her getting through half the ordeal!

Even if we suppose what is absurd, that she knew the {367} correspondences of the Qabalah<> as well as Fra. P., and had knowledge of his own secret relations with the Unseen, we must strain telepathy to explain test 12.

But we know that she was perfectly ignorant of the subtle correspondences, which were only existing at that time in Fr. P.'s own brain.

And even if it were so, how are we to explain what followed --- the discovery of the Stele of Revealing?

To apply test 4, Fra. P. took her to the museum at Boulak, which they had not previously visited. She passed by (as P. noted with silent glee) several images of Horus. They went upstairs. A glass case stood in the distance, too far off for its contents to be recognized. But W. recognised it! "There," she cried, "There he is!"

Fra. P. advanced to the case. There was the image of Horus in the form of Ra Hoor Khuit painted upon a wooden stele of the 26th dynasty --- "and the exhibit bore the number 666"!

(And after that it was five years before Fra. P. Was forced to obedience.)

This incident must have occurred before the 23rd of March, as the entry on that date refers to Ankh-f-n-khonsu.

Here is P.'s description of the stele.

"In the museum at Cairo, No. 666 is the stele of the Priest Ankh-f-n- khonsu. Horus has a red Disk and green Uraeus. {368}

{Illustration facing page 368 identified:

This is a color reproduction of the obverse of the stele cited in the text. It will not be described here in view of the fact that reproductions are widely available, and it is described in the text.

The back of this page contains the following:

"A PARAPHRASE OF THE INSCRIPTIONS UPON THE OBVERSE OF THE STELE OF REVELLING"

"Above, the gemmed azure is
The naked splendour of Nuit;
She bends in ecstasy to kiss
The secret ardours of Hadit.
The winged globe, the starry blue
Are mine, o Ankh-f-n-Khonsu.

"I am the Lord of Thebes, and I
The inspired forth-speaker of Mentu;
For me unveils the veiled sky,
The self-slain Ankh-f-n-Khonsu
Whose words are truth. I invoke, I greet
Thy presence, o Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

"Unity uttermost showed!
I adore the might of Thy breath,
Supreme and terrible God,
Who makest the gods and death
To tremble before Thee: ---
I, I adore thee!

"Appear on the throne of Ra!
Open the ways of the Khu!
Lighten the ways of the Ka!
The ways of the Khabs run through
To stir me or still me!
Aum! let it kill me!

"The Light is mine; its rays consume
Me: I have made a secret door
Into the House of Ra and Tum,
Of Khephra, and of Ahathoor.
I am thy Theban, o Mentu,
The prophet Ankh-f-n-Khonsu!

"By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat:
By wise Ta-nech I weave my spell.
Show thy star-splendour, O Nuit!
Bid me within thine House to dwell,
O winged snake of light, Hadith!
Abide with me, Ra-Hoor-Khuit!"

facing this:

"A PARAPHRASE OF THE HIEROGLYPHS OF THE 11 LINES UPON THE REVERSE
OF THE STELE"

"Saith of Mentu the truth-telling brother
Who was master of Thebes from his birth:
O heart of me, heart of my mother!
O heart which I had upon earth!
Stand not thou up against me as a witness!
Oppose me not, judge, in my quest!
Accuse me not now of unfitness
Before the Great God, the dread Lord of the West!
For I fastened the one to the other
With a spell for their mystical girth,
The earth and the wonderful West,
When I flourished, o earth, on thy breast!

"The dead man Ankh-f-n-Khonsu
Saith with his voice of truth and calm:
O thou that hast a single arm!
O thou that glitterest in the moon!
I weave thee in the spinning charm;
I lure thee with the billowy tune.

"The dead man Ankh-f-n-Khonsu
Hath parted from the darkling crowds,
Hath joined the dwellers of the light,
Opening Duat, the star-abodes,
Their keys receiving.
The dead man Ankh-f-n-Khonsu
Hath made his passage into night,
His pleasure on the earth to do
Among the living."

The back of this page contains the following:

A color reproduction of the reverse of the Stele. Not described as commonly available and loosely translated in the text.

NB: the second page of text and the second color reproduction are reversed in the Weiser re-print edition. This is the order from the 1st Edition --- WEH.}

His face is green, his skin indigo.
His necklace, anklets, and bracelets are gold.
His nemyss nearly black from blue.
His tunic is the Leopard's skin, and his apron green
and gold.
Green is the wand of double Power; his r.h. is
empty.
His throne is indigo the gnomon, red the square.
The light is gamboge.
Above his are the Winged Globe and the bent figure
of the heavenly Isis, her hands and feet touching
earth.

[We print the most recent translation of the Stele, by Messrs Alan Gardiner, Litt.D., and Battiscombe Gunn. It differs slightly from that used by Fra.' P., which was due to the assistant-curator of the Museum at Bulak.]

STELE OF ANKH-F-NA-KHONSU.

OBVERSE.

"Topmost Register (under Winged Disk)."
Behdet (? Hadit ?), the Great God, the Lord of Heaven. "Middle Register."
"Two vertical lines to left: ---"
Ra-Harakhti, Master of the Gods.
"Five vertical lines to right: ---"
Osiris, the Priest of Montu, Lord of Thebes, Opener

of the doors of Nut in Karnak, Ankh-f-na-Khonsu, the
Justified. {369}

"Below Altar: ---"

Oxen, Geese, Wine, (?) Bread.

"Behind the god is the hieroglyph of Amenti."

"Lowest Register."

(1) Saith Osiris, the Priest of Montu, Lord of Thebes, the Opener of the Doors of Nut in Karnak, Ankh-f-na-Khonsu, (2) the Justified: --- "Hail, Thou whose praise is high (the highly praised), thou great-willed, O Soul ("ba") very awful ("lit." mighty of awe) that giveth the terror of him (3) among the Gods, shining in glory upon his great throne, making ways for the Soul ("ba"), for the Spirit ("yekh") and for the Shadow ("khabt"). I am prepared, and I shine forth as one that is prepared. (4) I have made way to the place in which are Ra, Tom, Khepri and Hathor." Osiris, the Priest of Montu, Lord of Thebes, (5) Ankh-f-na-Khonsu, the Justified; son of MNBSNMT<>; born of the Sistrum-bearer of Amon, the Lady Atne-sheer.

REVERSE

"Eleven lines of writing."

(1) Saith Osiris, the Priest of Montu, Lord of Thebes, Ankj-f-(2)na-Khonsu, the Justified: --- "My heart from my mother, my heart from my mother, my heart<> of my existence (3) upon earth, stand not forth against me as a witness, drive me not back (4) among the {370} Sovereign Judges,<> neither incline against me in the presence of the Great God, the Lord of the West.<> (5) Now that I am united with Earth in the Great West, and endure no longer upon Earth. (6) Saith Osiris, he who is in Thebes, Ankh-f-na-Khonsu, the Justified: --- "O Only-(7)One, shining like ("or" in) the Moon; Osiris Ankj-f-(8)na-Khonsu has come forth upon high among these thy multitudes. (9) He that gathereth together those that are in the Light, the Underworld ("duat") is [also] (10) opened to him; lo, Osiris Ankj-f-na-Khonsu, cometh forth by (11) day to do all that he wisheth upon earth among the living."

There is one other object to complete the secret of Wisdom --- or,<> it is in the hieroglyphs.

This last paragraph is, we suppose, dictated by W.)

We now return to the "Book of Results."

19. Saturn The ritual written out and the invocation done --- little success.

20. Sun Revealed<> that the Equinox of the Gods is come. Horus taking the Throne of the East and all rituals, etc., being abrogated.

(To explain this we append the G.D. ritual of the Equinox, which was celebrated in

the spring and autumn {371} within 48 hours of the actual dates of Sol entering Aries and Libra.)

FESTIVAL OF THE EQUINOX

(Temple arranged as for 0 = 0)

"Ht." ("knocks"). Fratres and Sorores of all grades of the Golden Dawn in
the Outer, let us celebrate the Festival of the : : Equinox!
. Vernal .
. Autumnal.

"All rise."

"Ht." Frater Kerux, proclaim the fact, and announce the abrogation of the present
Pass Word.

"K." ("going to Ht.'s right, saluting, and facing West"). In the Name of the Lord of the
Universe, and by command to the V.H.Ht., I proclaim the

. Vernal .
: : Equinox, and declare that the Pass Word ----- is abrogated.
. Autumnal.

"Ht." Let us, according to ancient custom, consecrate the return of the
. Vernal .
: : Equinox.
. Autumnal.

Light.

"Hs." Darkness.

"Ht." East.

"Hs." West.

"Ht." Air.

"Hs." Water.

"Hg." ("knocks"). I am the Reconciler between them.

"All give signs."

D. Heat.

S. Cold.

D. South.

S. North.

D. Fire.

S. Earth.

"Hg." ("knocks"). I am the Reconciler between them.

"All give signs."

"Ht." ("knocks"). One Creator.

D. One Preserver.

"Hs." ("knocks"). One Destroyer. {372}

S. One Redeemer.

"Hg." ("knocks"). One Reconciler between them.

"All give signs."

"Each retiring Officer in turn, beginning with Ht., quits his post by the left hand and

goes to foot of Throne. He there disrobes, placing robe and lamen at foot of Throne or Dias. He then proceeds with the Sun's course to the Altar, and lays thereon his special insignia, viz.: --- Ht., Sceptre: Hs., Sword: Hg., Sceptre: K., Lamp and Wand: S., Cup: D., Censer: repeating out-going Password as he does so.

"Ht., taking from the Altar the Rose, returns with the Sun to his post:

"Hs. takes Cup of Wine:

"Hg. waits for the Kerux and takes his Red Lamp from him:

"K. takes nothing:

"S. takes platter of Salt:

"D. takes emblem of Elemental Fire:

"Returning each to his place.

"All Officers except K. now keep their places.

"The remaining members form a column in the North and, led by Kerux, proceed to the East; when all are in column along East side each turns to left and faces Hierophant."

"Ht." Let us adore the Lord of the Universe.

Holy art Thou, Lord of the Air, who hast created the Firmament.

("Making with the Rose the Sign of the Cross in the Air towards the East.).

"All give signs. Procession moves on to the South, halts, and all face South."

D. ("facing South"). Let us adore the Lord of the Universe.

Holy art Thou, Lord of the Fire, wherein Thou hast shown forth the
Throne of Thy Glory.

("Making with the Fire the sign of the Cross toward the South.")

"All give signs. Procession moves on to the West, halts, and faces West."

"Hs." ("facing West"). Let us adore the Lord of the Universe.

Holy art Thou, Lord of the Waters, whereon Thy Spirit moved at the
Beginning.

("Making with the Cup the sign of the Cross in the Air before him.")

"All give signs. Procession passes on to the North. All halt and face North."

S. ("facing North"). Let us adore the Lord of the Universe.

Holy art Thou, Lord of the Earth, which Thou hast made Thy
footstool.

("Making with the platter of Salt the sign of the Cross toward the North.")

"All give signs.

"All resume their places and face the usual way." {373}

"Hg." Let us adore the Lord of the Universe.

Holy art Thou, Who art in all things, in Whom are all things;

If I climb up into Heaven, Thou art there;

If I go down into Hell, Thou art there also;

If I take the Wings of the Morning and remain in the uttermost
parts of the Sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me and Thy
right hand shall hold me;

If I say "Peradventure the Darkness shall cover me," even the
Night shall be Light unto Thee;

Thine is the Air with its Movement,

Thine is the Fire with its flashing Flame,

Thine is the Water with its Flux and Reflux,
Thine is the Earth with its Eternal Stability.
("Makes the sign of the Cross with Red Lamp.")

"All give signs.

"Ht. goes to Altar and deposits the rose.

"Imperator meanwhile assumes the Throne.

"Ht. returns to a seat on immediate left as Past Hierophant.

"Each old Officer now proceeds in turn to the Altar and places upon it the ensign he had taken therefrom, returning to places of their grade, not their Thrones, with nothing in their hands: they sit as common members, leaving all offices vacant."

"Imperator." By the Power and Authority in me vested, I confer upon you the new Password. It is -----.

The Officers of this Temple for the ensuing half-year are as follows: ---

("Reads list of new Officers.")

"New Officers come up in turn and are robed by the Imperator.

"Each new Officer in turn passes to the Altar and takes his insignia therefrom, repeating aloud:" ---

By the Password ----- I claim my ----.

"S., after claiming his Cup, purifies the Hall and the Members by Water, without a word spoken by the Ht. unless he fails in this duty."

"D., after claiming his Censer, consecrates the Hall and the Members by Fire, without unnecessary word from the Ht."

"THE MYSTIC CIRCUMAMBULATION"

"This should take place in Silence, but if the Members be unprovided with Rituals, the Ht. may order it as follows:" ---

"All form in North, K., Hg., Members, Hs., S., D.

"Each member as he passes the Throne repeats the Password aloud." {374}

"Ht." Let us invoke the Lord of the Universe.

Lord of the Universe, Blessed by Thy Name unto the Eternal Ages.

Look with favour upon this Order, and grant that its members may at

length attain to the true Summum Bonum, the Stone of the Wise,

The Perfect Wisdom and the Eternal Light,

To the Glory of Thine Ineffable Name, AMEN.

"All salute."

"Ht." Frater Kerux, in the Name of the Lord of the Universe, I command
. Vernal .

you to declare that the : : Equinox has returned, and that ----- is

.Autumnal.

the Password for the next six months.

"K." In the Name of the Lord of the Universe and by command of the

.Aries.,

V.H.Ht. I declare that the Sun has entered : : , the Sign of the

.Libra.

. Vernal .

: : Equinox, and that the Password for the ensuing half-year will .Autumnal.
be -----.

"Ht."	Khabs.	Pax.	In.
"Hs."	Am.	Konx.	Extension.
"Hg."	Pekht.	Om.	Light.

20. ("contd.") --- Great success in midnight invocation.

(The other diary says 10 P.M. "Midnight" is perhaps a loose phrase, or perhaps marks the climax of the ritual.)

I am to formulate a new link of an order with the solar force.

(It is not clear what happened in this invocation; but it is evident from another note of certainly later date, that "great success" does not mean "Samadhi." For P. writes: "I make it an absolute condition that I should attain Samadhi, in the god's own interest." His memory concurs in this. It was the Samadhi attained in October 1906 that set him again in the path of obedience to this revelation.

But that "great success" means something very important {375} is clear enough. The sneering sceptic of the 17th of March must have had a shock before he wrote those words.)

21. Moon. Sun enters Aries,

22. Mars. The day of rest, on which nothing whatever of magic is to be done at all. Mercury is to be the great day of invocation.

(This note is due to W.'s prompting, or to his own rationalising imagination.)

23. Mercury. The Secret of Wisdom.

(We omit the record of a long and futile Tarot divination.)

At this point we may insert the Ritual which was so successful on the 20th.

INVOCATION OF HORUS ACCORDING TO THE DIVINE VISION OF W. THE SEER

To be performed before a window open to the E. or N. without incense. The room to be filled with jewels, but only diamonds to be worn. A sword, unconsecrated. 44 pearl beads to be told. Stand. Bright daylight at 12.30 noon. Lock doors. White robes. Bare feet. Be very loud. Saturday. Use the Sign of Apophis and Typhon.

The above is W.'s answer to various questions posed by P.

* * * * * Preliminary. Banish. L.B.R.

Pentagram. L.B.R. Hexagram. Flaming Sword. Abrahadabra. Invoke. As before.

[These are P.'s ideas for the ritual. W. replied, "Omit."]

The MS. of this Ritual bears many internal marks of having been written at white heat and left unrevised, save perhaps for one glance. There are mistakes in grammar and spelling unique in all MSS. of Fra. P.; the use of capitals is irregular, and the punctuation almost wanting.] {376}

CONFESSION

Unprepared and uninvoking Thee, I, omicron-upsilon mu-eta, Fra. R. R. et A. C., am here in Thy Presence --- for Thou art Everywhere, O Lord Horus! --- to confess humbly before Thee my neglect and scorn of Thee.

How shall I humble myself enough before Thee? Thou art the mighty and unconquered Lord of the Universe: I am a spark of Thine unutterable Radiance.

How should I approach Thee? --- but Thou art Everywhere.

But Thou hast graciously deigned to call me unto Thee, to this Exorcism of Art, that I may be Thy Servant, Thine Adept, O Bright One, O Sun of Glory! Thou hast called me --- should I not then hasten to Thy Presence?

With unwashen hands therefore I come unto Thee, and I lament my wandering from Thee --- but Thou knowest!

Yea, I have done evil!

If one<> blasphemed Thee, why should I therefore forsake Thee? But thou art the Avenger; all is with Thee.

I bow my neck before Thee; and as once Thy sword was upon it,<> so am I in Thy hands. Strike if Thou wilt: spare if Thou wilt: but accept me as I am.

My trust is in Thee: shall I be confounded? This Ritual of Art; this Forty and Fourfold Invocation; this Sacrifice of Blood<> --- these I do not comprehend. {377}

It is enough if I obey Thy decree; did thy fiat go forth for my eternal misery, were it not my joy to execute Thy Sentence on myself?

For why? For that All is in Thee and of Thee; it is enough if I burn up in the intolerable glory of Thy presence.

Enough! I turn toward Thy Promise.

Doubtful are the Words: Dark are the Ways: but in Thy Words and Ways is Light. Thus then now as ever, I enter the Path of Darkness, if haply so I may attain the Light. Hail!

GR:alpha I HB:A

Strike, strike the master chord!
Draw, draw the Flaming Sword!
Crowned Child and Conquering Lord,
Horus, avenger!

1. O Thou of the Head of the Hawk! Thee, Thee, I invoke! ["At every "Thee I invoke," throughout whole ritual, give the Sign of Apophis."]

A. Thou only-begotten-child of Osiris Thy Father, and Isis Thy Mother. He that was slain; She that bore Thee in Her womb, flying from the Terror of the Water.

Thee, Thee, I invoke!

2. O Thou whose Apron is of flashing white, whiter than the Forehead of the Morning! Thee, Thee, I invoke!

B. O Thou who hast formulated Thy Father and made fertile Thy Mother!

Thee, Thee, I invoke! {378}

3. O Thou whose garment is of Golden glory, with the azure bars of sky!
Thee, Thee, I invoke!

C. Thou who didst avenge the Horror of Death; Thou the slayer of Typhon! Thou who didst lift Thine arms, and the Dragons of Death were as dust; Thou who didst raise Thine Head, and the Crocodile of Nile was abased before Thee!

Thee, Thee, I invoke!

4. O Thou whose Nemyss hideth the Universe with night, the impermeable Blue!
Thee, Thee, I invoke!

D. Thou who travellest in the Boat of Ra, abiding at the Helm of the Aftet boat and of the Sektet boat!

Thee, Thee, I invoke!

5. Thou who bearest the Wand of Double Power!
Thee, Thee, I invoke!

E. Thou about whose presence is shed the darkness of Blue Light, the unfathomable glory of the outmost Ether, the untravelled, the unthinkable immensity of Space. Thou who concentrest all the Thirty Ethers in one darkling sphere of Fire!

Thee, Thee, I invoke!

6. O Thou who bearest the Rose and Cross of Life and Light!
Thee, Thee, I invoke!

The Voice of the Five.
The Voice of the Six.
Eleven are the Voices.
Abrahadabra! {379}

GR:beta II HB:B

Strike, strike the master chord!
Draw, draw the Flaming Sword!
Crowned Child and Conquering Lord,
Horus, avenger!

1. By thy name of Ra I invoke Thee, Hawk of the Sun, the glorious one!
2. By thy name Harmachis, youth of the Brilliant Morning, I invoke Thee!
3. By thy name Mau, I invoke Thee, Lion of the Midday Sun.
4. By thy name Tum, Hawk of the Even, crimson splendour of the Sunset, I invoke Thee!
5. By thy name Khep-Ra I invoke Thee, O Beetle of the hidden Mastery of Midnight!
- A. By thy name Heru-pa-Kraat, Lord of Silence, Beautiful Child that standest on the Dragons of the Deep, I invoke Thee!
- B. By thy name of Apollo, I invoke Thee, O man of strength and splendour, O poet, O father!
- C. By thy name of Phoebus, that drivest thy chariot through the Heaven of Zeus, I invoke Thee!
- D. By thy name of Odin I invoke Thee, O warrior of the North, O Renown of the Sagas!

E. By thy name of Jeheshua, O child of the Flaming Star, I invoke Thee!
F. By Thine own, Thy secret name Hoori, Thee I invoke! {380}

The Names are Five.
The Names are Six.
Eleven are the Names!
Abrahadabra!

Behold! I stand in the midst. Mine is the symbol of Osiris; to Thee are mine eyes ever turned. Unto the splendour of Geburah, the Magnificence of Chesed, the mystery of Daath, thither I lift up mine eyes. This have I sought, and I have sought the Unity: hear Thou me!

GR:gamma III HB:G

1. Mine is the Head of the Man, and my insight is keen as the Hawk's.
By my Head I invoke Thee!
A. I am the only-begotten child of my Father and Mother.
By my Body I invoke Thee!
2. About me shine the Diamonds of Radiance white and pure.
By their brightness I invoke Thee!
B. Mine is the Red Triangle Reversed, the Sign<> given of none, save it be of Thee,
O Lord!
By the Lamén I invoke Thee!
3. Mine is the garment of white sewn with gold, the flashing abbai that I wear.
By my robe I invoke Thee!
C. Mine is the sign of Apophis and Typhon!
By the sign I invoke Thee!
4. Mine is the turban of white and gold, and mine the blue vigour of the intimate air!
{381}
By my crown I invoke Thee!
D. My fingers travel on the Beads of Pearl: so run I after Thee in thy car of glory.
By my fingers I invoke Thee!
[On the Saturday the string of pearls broke: so I changed the invocation to "My mystic sigils travel in the Bark of the Akasa, etc. By the spells I invoke Thee! --- P.]
5. I bear the Word of Double Power in the Voice of the Master --- Abrahadabra!
By the Word I invoke Thee!
E. Mine are the dark-blue waves of music in the song that I made of old to invoke thee ---

Strike, strike the master chord!
Draw, draw the Flaming Sword!
Crowned Child and Conquering Lord,
Horus, avenger!

By the Song I invoke Thee!

6. In my hand is thy Sword of Revenge; let it strike at Thy Bidding!
By the Sword I invoke Thee!

The Voice of the Five.
The Voice of the Six.
Eleven are the Voices.
Abrahadabra!

GR:delta IV HB:D

[This section merely repeats GR:alpha I HB:A in the first person. Thus it begins:
{382}

1. "Mine is the Head of the Hawk! Abrahadabra!", and ends:
 6. "I bear the Rose and Cross of Life and Light! Abrahadabra!" giving the Sign at each Abrahadabra. Remaining in the Sign, the invocation concludes:]
- Therefore I say unto Thee: Come Thou forth and dwell in me; so that every my Spirit, whether of the Firmament, or of the Ether, of the Earth or under the Earth; on dry land or in the Water, or Whirling Air or of rushing fire; and every spell and scourge of God the Vast One may be THOU. Abrahadabra!

The Adoration -- impromptu.

Close by banishing. [I think this was omitted at W.'s order. --- P.]

* * * * *

During the period March 23rd --- April 8th, whatever else may have happened, it is at least certain that work was continued to some extent, that the inscriptions of the stele were translated for Fra. P., and that he paraphrased the latter in verse. For we find him using, or prepared to use, the same in the text of Liber Legis.

Perhaps then, perhaps later, he made out the "name-coincidences of the Qabalah" to which we must now direct the reader's attention.

The MS. is a mere fragmentary sketch.

Ch = 8 = Ch I Th = 418 = Abrahadabra = RA-HVVR (Ra-Hoor).

Also 8 is the great symbol I adore.

(This may be because of its likeness to Infinity or because of its (old G.'. D.'.) attribution to Daath, P. being then a rationalist; or for some other reason.) {383}

So is 0.

0 = A in the Book of Thoth (The Tarot).

A = 111 with all its great meanings, Sun = 6.

Now 666 = My name.

= the number of the stele.

= the number of the Beast. (See Apocalypse.)

= the number of the Sun.

The Beast A Ch I H A = 666 in full. (The usual spelling is ChIVA.)

(A = 111 Ch = 418 I = 20 H = 6 A = 111.)

HRV-RA-HA.

$211 + 201 + 6 = 418$.

(This name occurs only in L. Legis, and is a test of that book rather than of the stele.)

ANKH-P-N-KHONS" h"V-T = 666.

(We trust the addition of the termination T will be found justified.)

Bes-n-maut B I Sh-NA-MAVT . = 888

Ta-Nich TA-NICH. . = Ch x A.

Nuteru NVThIRV = 666.

Montu MVNTV = 111.

Aiwass AIVAS = 78, the influence or messenger, or the Book T.

Ta-Nich TA-NICH = 78. Alternatively, Sh for Ch gives 370, O Sh, Creation.

So much we extract from volumes filled with minute calculations, of which the bulk is no longer intelligible even to Fra. P.

His memory, however, assures us that the coincidences were much more numerous and striking than those we have been able to reproduce here; but his attitude is, we understand, that after all "It's all in Liber Legis. 'Success is thy proof: argue not; convert not; talk not overmuch!'" And indeed in the Comment to that Book will be found sufficient for the most wary of inquirers.

Now who, it may be asked, was Aiwass? It is the name given by W. to P. as that of her informant. Also it is the name given as that of the revealer of Liber Legis. But whether {384} Aiwass is a spiritual being, or a man known to Fra. P., is a matter of the merest conjecture. His number is 78, that of Mezla, the Channel through which Macroprosopus reveals Himself to, or showers His influence upon, Microprosopus. So we find Fra. P. speaking of him at one time as of another, but more advanced, man; at another time as if it were the name of his own superior in the Spiritual Hierarchy. And to all questions Fra. P. finds a reply, either pointing out "the subtle metaphysical distinction between curiosity and hard work," or indicating that among the Brethren "names are only lies," or in some other way defeating the very plain purpose of the historian.

The same remark applies to all queries with regard to V.V.V.V.V.; with this addition, that in this case he condescends to argue and to instruct. "If I tell you," he once said to the present writer, "that V.V.V.V.V. is a Mr Smith and lives at Clapham, you will at once go round and tell everybody that V.V.V.V.V. is a Mr Smith of Clapham, which is not true. V.V.V.V.V. is the Light of the World itself, the sole Mediator between God and Man; and in your present frame of mind (that of a poopstick) you cannot see that the two statements may be identical for the Brothers of the A ∴ A ∴! Did not your great-grandfather argue that no good thing could come out of Nazareth? "Is not this the carpenter's son? is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas? And his sisters, are they not all with us? Whence then hath this man all these things? And they were offended in him."

Similarly, with regard to the writing of Liber Legis, Fra. P. will only say that it is in no way "automatic writing," that he {385} heard clearly and distinctly the human articulate accents of a man. Once, on page 6, he is told to edit a sentence; and once, on page 19, W. supplies a sentence which he had failed to hear.

To this writing we now turn.

It must have been on the 7th of April that W. commanded P. (now somewhat cowed) to enter the "temple" exactly at 12 o'clock noon on three successive days, and to write down what he should hear, rising exactly at 1 o'clock.

This he did. Immediately on his taking his seat the Voice began its Utterance, and ended exactly at the expiration of the hour.

These are the three chapters of Liber Legis, and we have nothing to add to the comment prepared by Fra. P. himself while the sun was in the sign of the Virgin, Anno V from this first revelation.

Note, however, the 65 pages of MS., and the 220 verses.

The reproduction of Liber Legis has been done thus minutely in order to prevent the casual reader from wasting his valuable time over it.

The full title of the book is

LIBER L vel LEGIS

svb figyra CCXX

as delivered by LXXVIII to DCLXVI

and it is the First and Greatest of those Class A publications of A ∴ A ∴ of which is not to be altered so much as the style of a letter. {386}

{Special gate-fold insert described. This is absent in the Weiser reprint, being replaced by 18 unnumbered pages, printed on obverse only with the MS pages mostly four to a page (less at chapter breaks). In the 1st edition, this is long plate of black on white clay-coat paper, heavy and folded twice accordion style to lay piled flat in the closed book. The holograph MS pages of "Liber L" are arranged from right to left, five across and thirteen down without break. The first row goes therefore: 5 4 3 2 1. The plate has a very wide margin all around, and the head of the writing is oriented toward the binding of the book. The quality of the reproduction is medium to poor, with some of the lighter writing utterly illegible.

Since this cannot be exactly reproduced in word-processed format, the pages will be represented by the TS text of "Liber AL" with some notations of variance and appearance:

1

Had! The manifestation of Nuit

The unveiling of the company of heaven

Every man and every woman is a star

Every number is infinite; there is no difference

Help me, o warrior lord of Thebes, in my

unveiling before the Children of men

Be thou Hadit, my secret centre, my

heart & my tongue!

Behold! it is revealed by Aiwass the

minister of Hoor-paar-kraat

The Khabs is in the Khu, not the Khu
in the Khabs
Worship then the Khabs, and behold my
light shed over you.

2

Let my servants be few & secret: they shall
rule the many & the known.
These are fools that men adore; both their
Gods & their men are fools.
Come forth, o children, under the stars
& take your fill of love. I am above you
and in you. My ecstasy is in yours My
joy is to see your joy

V. 1. of Spell called the Joy {Reading difficult, in TS this line
is replaced by:

"Above, the gemmed azure is
The naked splendour of Nuit;
She bends in ecstasy to kiss
The secret ardours of Hadit.
The winged globe, the starry blue,
Are mine, O Ankh-af-na-khonsu!"}

Now ye{?} shall know that the chosen
priest & apostle of infinite space is
the prince-priest the Beast; and in

3

his woman; called the Scarlet Woman, is
all power given. They shall gather my
children into their fold: they shall bring the
glory of the stars into the hearts of men.
For he is ever a sun, and she a moon. But
to him is the winged secret flame and to
her the stooping starlight.
But ye are not so chosen
Burn upon their brows, o splendrous serpent!
O azure-lidded woman, bend upon them!
The key of the rituals is in the secret word
which I have given unto him.

4

With the God & the Adorer I am nothing: they
do not see me. They are as upon the earth

I am Heaven, and there is no other God
than me, and my lord Hadit.
Now therefore I am known to ye by my
name Nuit, and to him by a secret name
which I will give him when at last he
knoweth me
Since I am Infinite Space, and the Infinite
Stars thereof, do ye also thus. Bind
nothing! Let there be no difference made
among you between any one thing & any

5

other thing; for thereby there cometh hurt.
But whoso availeth in this, let him be
the chief of all!
I am Nuit, and my word is six and fifty
Divide, add, multiply, and understand.
Then saith the prophet and slave of the
beauteous one. Who am I, and what shall
be the sign. So she answered him, bending
down, a lambent flame of blue, all-touching
all penetrant, her lovely hands upon the
black earth, & her lithe body arched for love
and her soft feet not hurting the

6

little flowers Thou knowest! And the sign
shall be my ecstasy, the consciousness of
the continuity of existence, the
omnipresence of my body.

{Crossed out: "the non-atomic
the unsegmentary"{?}}

{Written in different style.

Under this, crossed out: "non-atomic
fact of my universality."}

{two lines crossed out:

"(Write this in whiter words)"

"(But go forth on)"

To the right of these lines is a note
in a different style:

": Done later as

: above."}

Then the priest answered & said unto
the Queen of Space, kissing her lovely brows
and the dew of her light bathing his whole
body in a sweet-smelling perfume of sweat

O Nuit, continuous one of Heaven, let it

7

be ever thus that men speak not of
Thee as One but as None and let
them speak not of thee at all since
thou art continuous!

None, breathed the light, faint & faery, of
the stars, and two. For I am divided
for love's sake, for the chance of union.

This is the creation of the world, that
the pain of division is as nothing and

{"division" written over a word
crossed out, possibly "distance"}

the joy of dissolution all.

For these fools of men and their

8

woes care not thou at all! They feel
little; what is, is balanced by weak
joys; but ye are my chosen ones.

Obey my prophet! follow out the
ordeals of my knowledge! seek me
only! Then the joys of my love will
redeem ye from all pain. This is
so: I swear it by the vault of my
body; by my sacred heart and tongue;
by all I can give, by all I desire of
ye all.

Then the priest fell into a deep trance or

9

swoon, & said unto the Queen of Heaven
Write unto us the ordeals write unto
us the rituals write unto us the law.
But she said: the ordeals I write not
the rituals shall be half known and
half concealed: the Law is for all
This that thou writest is the threefold
book of Law.

My scribe Ankh-af-na-khonsu the {The "k" of "khonsu" looks re-touched.}
priest of the princes shall not in one
letter change this book; but lest there
be folly, he shall comment thereupon

by the wisdom of Ra-Hoor-Khu-it.

10

Also the mantras and spells; the
obeah and the wanga; the work of
the wand and the work of the sword:
these he shall learn and teach.
He must teach; but he may make severe
the ordeals.

The word of the Law is Theta-epsilon-lambda-eta-mu-alpha. {"Thelema" is in Greek
letters in the MS}

Who calls us Thelemites will do no
wrong, if he look but close in to the
word. For there are therein Three {"therein" looks retouched}
Grades, the Hermit and the Lover and
the man of Earth. Do what thou wilt

11

shall be the whole of the Law.
The word of Sin is Restriction. O man!
refuse not thy wife, if she will. O
lover, if thou wilt, depart. There is
no bond that can unite the divided but
love: all else is a curse. Accursed!
Accursed! be it to the aeons. Hell.
Let it be that state of manyhood
bound and loathing. So with thy all
thou hast no right but to do thy will
Do that and no other shall say nay.
For pure will, unassuaged of purpose,

12

delivered from the lust of result, is
every way perfect
The Perfect and the Perfect are one
Perfect and not two; nay, are none!
Nothing is a secret key of this law
Sixty-one the Jews call it; I call it
eight, eighty, fourhundred & eighteen.
But they have the half: unite by thine
art so that all disappear.
My prophet is a fool with his one one
one; are not they the Ox, and none

{"have" is retouched.}

by the Book.

13

Abrogate are all rituals, all ordeals, all {"are" is above line, and a
carat between and below
"Abrogate" and "all".}

words and signs. Ra-Hoor-Khuit hath
taken his seat in the East at the Equinox {"at" is retraced.}
of the Gods and let Asar be with Isa
who also are one. But they are not of
me Let Asar be the adorant, Isa the
sufferer; Hoor in his secret name and
splendour is the Lord initiating.
There is a word to say about the Hierophantic
task. Behold! there are three ordeals in
one, and it may be given in three ways.
The gross must pass through fire; let the

14

fine be tried in intellect, and the
lofty chosen ones in the highest. Thus
ye have star & star system & system
let not one know well the other!
There are four gates to one palace;
the floor of that palace is of silver and
gold, lapis lazuli & jasper are there, and
all rare scents jasmine & rose, and the
emblems of death. Let him enter in turn
or atonce the fourgates; let him stand
on the floor of the palace. Will he
not sink? Amn. Ho! warrior, if thy {"Amn" is underlined.}
servant sink? But there are means

15

and means. Be goodly therefore: dress ye
all in fine apparel eat rich foods and
drink sweet wines and wines that foam.
Also, take your fill and will of {"Word crossed out at head of line,
possibly "last".}
love as ye will, when, where and with
whom ye will. But always unto me.
If this be not aright; if ye confound
the space-marks, saying: They are one

or saying They are many; if the ritual
be not ever unto me: then expect
the direful judgments of Ra Hoor Khuit!
This shall regenerate the world, the little

16

world my sister, my heart & my tongue, {"world" has been rewritten over
a different word, not clear.)

unto whom I send this kiss. Also, o
scribe and prophet though thou be of the
princes it shall not assuage thee nor
absolve thee. But ecstasy be thine and
joy of earth: ever To me To me
Change not as much as the style
of a letter; for behold thou, o prophet
shalt not behold all these mysteries
hidden therein.

The child of thy bowels, he shall behold {"he" is underlined.}
them.

Expect him not from the East nor from

17

the West, for from no expected house
cometh that child. Aum! All words are
sacred and all prophets true; save only that
they understand a little; solve the first
half of the equation, leave the second
unattacked But thou hast all in the
clear light, and some though not all in the
dark.

Invoke me under my stars. Love is the
law, love under will. Nor let the fools
mistake love; for there are love and love.
There is the dove and there is the serpent.
Choose ye well! He, my prophet, hath

18

chosen, knowing the law of the fortress
and the great mystery of the House of God
All these old letters of my Book are
aright; but * is not the Star. This

{Where "*" has been placed in
this line, the MS has a much
retouched mark, commonly taken

to be the Hebrew letter Tzaddi}

also is secret: my prophet shall reveal
it to the wise.

I give unimaginable joys on earth: certainty,
not faith, while in life, upon death; peace
unutterable, rest, ecstasy: nor do I demand
aught in sacrifice.

My incense is of resinous woods & gums
and there is no blood therein: because of
my hair the trees of Eternity.

19

My number is 11, as all their numbers

who are of us. My colour is black to the {Between and above "us." and
"My" is a parentheses holding
"Lost
phrase"
Below this is a carat and under
that in a thin pen "The shape of
my star is -". This is followed
in a very different pen by:

"The Five Pointed Star, with a
Circle in the Middle, & the circle is Red"}

blind, but the blue & gold are seen of
the seeing. Also I have a secret glory for
them that love me.

But to love me is better than all things: if
under the night-stars in the desert thou
presently burnest mine incense before me
invoking me with a pure heart and the
Serpent flame therein, thou shalt come
a little to lie in my bosom. For one kiss
wilt thou then be willing to give all;

20

but whoso gives one particle of dust
shall lose all in that hour. Ye shall
gather goods and store of women and
spices; ye shall wear rich jewels; ye
shall exceed the nations of the earth
in splendour & pride; but always in the
love of me, and so shall ye come to
my joy. I charge you earnestly to come
before me in a single robe and covered

with a rich headdress. I love you I yearn to
you. Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous
I who am all pleasure and purple

21

and drunkenness of the innermost sense
desire you. Put on the wings and arouse
the coiled splendour within you: come unto me
At all my meetings with you shall the
priestess say - and her eyes shall burn
with desire as she stands bare and rejoicing
in my secret temple - To me! To me!
calling forth the flame of the hearts of all in her {"flame of the" is

added above the line
with a carat to mark
below.}

love-chant.

Sing the rapturous love-song unto me!
Burn to me perfumes! Wear to me jewels!
Drink to me, for I love you! I love you!

22

I am the blue-lidded daughter of Sunset; I am {"lidded" is retouched.}
the naked brilliance of the voluptuous night
sky.

To me! To me!

The Manifestation of Nuit is at an
end.

1 {all verses in this chapter are numbered
in a lighter writing}

- 1 Nu! the hiding of Hadit.
- 2 Come! all ye, and learn the secret that
hath not yet been revealed. I Hadit am
the complement of Nu my bride. I am not
extended, and Khabs is the name of my House.
- 3 In the sphere I am everywhere, the centre, as
she, the circumference, is nowhere found.
- 4 Yet she shall be known & I never.
- 5 Behold! the rituals of the old time are black.
Let the evil ones be cast away; let the
good ones be purged by the prophet! Then shall

this Knowledge go aright.

- 6 I am the flame that burns in every heart of
man, and in the core of every star. I am

2

Life, and the giver of Life, yet therefore is
the knowledge of me the knowledge of death.

- 7 I am the Magician and the Exorcist. I am
the axle of the wheel, and the cube in the circle.
"Come unto me" is a foolish word; for it is I that
go.
8 Who worshipped Heru-pa-kraath have
worshipped me; ill, for I am the worshipper.
9 Remember all ye that existence is pure joy;
that all the sorrows are but as shadows; they
pass & are done; but there is that which
remains.
10. O prophet! thou hast ill will to learn this
writing.
11. I see thee hate the hand & the pen; but I am

3

stronger.

12. Because of me in Thee which thou knewest not
13. for why? Because thou wast the knower,
and me.
14. Now let there be a veiling of this shrine: now
let the light devour men and eat them
up with blindness!
15. For I am perfect, being Not; and my number
is nine by the fools; but with the just I am
eight, and one in eight: Which is vital, for
I am none indeed. The Empress and the King
are not of me; for there is a further secret.
16 I am the Empress & the Hierophant. Thus
eleven, as my bride is eleven.

4

- 17 Hear me, ye people of sighing!
The sorrows of pain and regret
Are left to the dead and the dying,
The folk that not know me as yet.
18 These are dead, these fellows; they feel not. We

are not for the poor and sad: the lords of the earth are our kinsfolk.

- 19 Is a God to live in a dog? No! but the highest are of us. They shall rejoice, our chosen: who sorroweth is not of us.
- 20 Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us.

5

- 21 We have nothing with the outcast and the unfit: let them die in their misery.: For they feel not. Compassion is the vice of kings: stamp down the wretched & the weak: this is the law of the strong: this is our law and the joy of the world. Think not, o king, upon that lie: That Thou Must Die: verily thou shalt not die, but live! Now let it be understood If the body of the King dissolve, he shall remain in pure ecstasy for ever Nuit Hadit Ra-Hoor Khuit. The Sun, Strength & Sight, Light these are for the servants of the Star & the Snake.

6

- 22 I am the Snake that giveth Knowledge & Delight and bright glory, and stir the hearts of men with drunkenness. To worship me take wine and strange drugs whereof I will tell my prophet, & be drunk thereof! They shall not harm ye at all. It is a lie, this folly against self. The exposure of innocence is a lie. Be strong, o man, lust, enjoy all things of sense and rapture: fear not that any God shall deny thee for this.
- 23 I am alone: there is no God where I am.
- 24 Behold! these be grave mysteries; for there are also of my friends who be hermits. Now

7

think not to find them in the forest or on the mountain; but in beds of purple, caressed by magnificent beasts of women with large limbs, and fire and light in their eyes, and masses of flaming hair about them; there shall ye

find them. Ye shall see them at rule, at
victorious armies, at all the joy; and there
shall be in them a joy a million times
greater than this. Beware lest any
force another, King against King! Love one
another with burning hearts; on the low men
trample in the fierce lust of your pride

8

in the day of your wrath.

- 25 Ye are against the people, O my chosen!
26 I am the secret Serpent coiled about to
spring: in my coiling there is joy. If I
lift up my head, I and my Nuit are one.
If I droop down mine head, and shoot
forth venom, then is rapture of the earth,
and I and the earth are one.
27 There is great danger in me; for who doth
not understand these runes shall make
a great miss. He shall fall down into
the pit called Because, and there he shall

9

perish with the dogs of Reason.

- 28 Now a curse upon Because and his kin!
29 May Because be accursed for ever!
30 If Will stops and cries Why, invoking
Because, then Will stops & does nought.
31 If Power asks why, then is Power weakness.
32 Also reason is a lie; for there is a
factor infinite & unknown; & all their
words are skew-wise.
33 Enough of Because! Be he damned for a dog!
34 But ye, o my people, rise up & awake!
35 Let the rituals be rightly performed with
joy & beauty!

10

- 36 There are rituals of the elements and feasts
of the times.
37 A feast for the first night of the Prophet
and his Bride!
38 A feast for the three days of the writing of

the Book of the Law.

- 39 A feast for Tahuti and the child of the
Prophet - secret, O Prophet!
- 40 A feast for the Supreme Ritual, and a
feast for the Equinox of the Gods.
- 41 A feast for fire and a feast for water; a
feast for life and a greater feast for death!

11

- 42 A feast every day in your hearts in the
joy of my rapture.
- 43 A feast every night unto Nu, and the
pleasure of uttermost delight!
- 44 Aye! feast! rejoice! there is no dread
hereafter. There is the dissolution, and
eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Nu.
- 45 There is death for the dogs.
- 46 Dost thou fail? Art thou sorry? Is fear
in thine heart?
- 47 Where I am these are not.

12

- 48 Pity not the fallen! I never knew them.
I am not for them. I console not: I hate
the consoled & the consoler.
- 49 I am unique & conqueror. I am not of the
slaves that perish. Be they damned &
dead! Amen. [This is of the 4: there is
a fifth who is invisible, & therein am I
as a babe in an egg.]
- 50 Blue am I and gold in the light of my
bride: but the red gleam is in my eyes
& my spangles are purple & green.
- 51 Purple beyond purple: it is the light higher

13

than eyesight.

- 52 There is a veil: that veil is black. It is
the veil of the modest woman; it is the veil
of sorrow, & the pall of death: this is none
of me. Tear down that lying spectre of
the centuries: veil not your vices in
virtuous words: these vices are my service;

ye do well, & I will reward you here and hereafter.

- 53 Fear not, o prophet, when these words are said, thou shalt not be sorry. Thou art emphatically my chosen; and blessed are

14

the eyes that thou shalt look upon with gladness. But I will hide thee in a mask of sorrow: they that see thee shall fear thou art fallen: but I lift thee up.

- 54 Nor shall they who cry aloud their folly that thou meanest nought avail; thou shalt reveal it: thou availest: they are the slaves of because: They are not of me. The stops as thou wilt; the letters change them not in style or value!
- 55 Thou shalt obtain the order & value of the English Alphabet; thou shalt find

15

new symbols to attribute them unto.

- 56 Begone! ye mockers; even though ye laugh in my honour ye shall laugh not long: then when ye are sad know that I have forsaken you.
- 57 He that is righteous shall be righteous still; he that is filthy shall be filthy still.
- 58 Yea! deem not of change: ye shall be as ye are, & not other. Therefore the kings of the earth shall be Kings for ever: the slaves shall serve. There is none that shall be cast down or lifted up: all is ever

16

as it was. Yet there are masked ones my servants: it may be that yonder beggar is a King. A King may choose his garment as he will: there is no certain test: but a beggar cannot hide his poverty.

- 59 Beware therefore! Love all, lest perchance is a King concealed! Say you so? Fool! If he be a King, thou canst not hurt him.

- 60 Therefore strike hard & low and to hell
with them, master!
- 61 There is a light before thine eyes, o prophet
a light undesired, most desirable.

17

- 62 I am uplifted in thine heart and the kisses
of the stars rain hard upon thy body.
- 63 Thou art exhaust in the voluptuous fullness
of the inspiration; the expiration is sweeter
than death, more rapid and laughterful than
a caress of Hell's own worm.
- 64 Oh! thou art overcome: we are upon thee;
our delight is all over thee: hail! hail!
prophet of Nu! prophet of Had! prophet of
Ra-Hoor-Khu! Now rejoice! now come in
our splendour & rapture! Come in our passionate
peace, & write sweet words for the Kings!

18

- 65 I am the Master: thou art the Holy Chosen One.
- 66 Write, & find ecstasy in writing! Work, &
be our bed in working! Thrill with the
joy of life & death! Ah! thy death shall
be lovely: whoso seeth it shall be glad. Thy
death shall be the seal of the promise of
our agelong love. Come! lift up thine heart
& rejoice! We are one; we are none.
- 67 Hold! Hold! Bear up in thy rapture;
fall not in swoon of the excellent kisses!
- 68 Harder! Hold up thyself! Lift thine head!

19

- breathe not so deep - die!
- 69 Ah! Ah! What do I feel? Is the word
exhausted?
- 70 There is help & hope in other spells. Wisdom
says: be strong! Then canst thou bear more
joy. Be not animal; refine thy rapture!
If thou drink, drink by the eight and ninety
rules of art: if thou love, exceed by
delicacy; and if thou do aught joyous, let
there be subtlety therein!

- 71 But exceed! exceed!
 72 Strive ever to more! and if thou art truly

20

- mine - and doubt it not, an if thou art
 ever joyous! - death is the crown of all
 73 Ah! Ah! Death! Death! thou shalt long for
 death. Death is forbidden, o man, unto thee.
 74 The length of thy longing shall be the strength
 of its glory. He that lives long & desires
 death much is ever the King among the Kings.
 75 Aye! listen to the numbers & the words:
 76 4 6 3 8 A B K 2 4 A L G M O R 3 Y
 X 24 89 R P S T O V A L. What

{In this line, 24 and 89 each
 are embraced above and below
 by two curved lines, convex to
 the outside.}

meaneth this, o prophet? Thou knowest
 not; nor shalt thou know ever. There
 cometh one to follow thee: he shall

21

- expound it. But remember, o chosen
 one, to be me; to follow the love of
 Nu in the star-lit heaven; to look forth
 upon men, to tell them this glad word.
 77 O be thou proud and mighty among men!
 78 Lift up thyself! for there is none like unto
 thee among men or among Gods! Lift up
 thyself, o my prophet, thy stature shall
 surpass the stars. They shall worship thy
 name, foursquare, mystic, wonderful, the
 number of the man; and the name of

22

- thy house 418.
 79 The end of the hiding of Hadit; and
 blessing & worship to the prophet of
 the lovely Star!

1 {all verses in this chapter are numbered
 in a lighter writing}

- 1 Abrahadabra! the reward of Ra Hoor Khut.
- 2 There is division hither homeward; there is
a word not known. Spelling is defunct; all is not
aught. Beware! Hold! Raise the spell of
Ra-Hoor-Khuit!
- 3 Now let it be first understood that I am
a god of War and of Vengeance. I shall
deal hardly with them.
- 4 Choose ye an island!
- 5 Fortify it!
- 6 Dung it about with enginery of war!
- 7 I will give you a war-engine.
- 8 With it ye shall smite the peoples; and

2

- none shall stand before you.
- 9 Lurk! Withdraw! Upon them! this
is the Law of the Battle of Conquest: thus
shall my worship be about my secret house.
 - 10 Get the stele of revealing itself; set it
in thy secret temple - and that temple
is already aright disposed - & it shall be your
Kiblah for ever. It shall not fade, but
miraculous colour shall come back to it
day after day. Close it in locked glass for a {"after" is retraced.}
proof to the world.
 - 11 This shall be your only proof. I forbid argument.
Conquer! That is enough. I will make easy

3

to you the abstruction from the ill-ordered {"a" and "u" of
= = "abstruction" are
double underlined,
possibly as a check on
the exact word at a later
date.}

house in the Victorious City. Thou shalt
thyself convey it with worship, o prophet,
though thou likest it not. Thou shalt have
danger & trouble. Ra-Hoor-Khu is with
thee. Worship me with fire & blood; worship
me with swords & with spears. Let the woman
be girt with a sword before me: let blood
flow to my name. Trample down the Heathen; be

upon them, o warrior, I will give you of their
flesh to eat!

12 Sacrifice cattle, little and big: after a child.

4

13 But not now.

14 Ye shall see that hour, o blessed Beast, and
thou the Scarlet Concubine of his desire!

15 Ye shall be sad thereof.

16 Deem not too eagerly to catch the promises; fear
not to undergo the curses. Ye, even ye, know not
this meaning all.

17 Fear not at all; fear neither men nor Fates,
nor gods, nor anything. Money fear not, nor
laughter of the folk folly, nor any other power
in heaven or upon the earth or under the
earth. Nu is your refuge as Hadit your

5

light; and I am the strength, force, vigour, of
your arms.

18 Mercy let be off: damn them who pity.

Kill and torture; spare not; be upon them!

19 That stele they shall call the Abomination
of Desolation; count well its name, & it shall
be to you as 718.

20 Why? Because of the fall of Because, that
he is not there again.

21 Set up my image in the East: thou shalt buy
thee an image which I will show thee, especial, {MS has two l's in
"especial", last one
crossed out.}

not unlike the one thou knowest. And it shall
be suddenly easy for thee to do this.

6

22 The other images group around me to support
me: let all be worshipped, for they shall
cluster to exalt me. I am the visible object of worship;
the others are secret; for the Beast
& his Bride are they: and for the winners of
the Ordeal x. What is this? Thou shalt know. {"x" is strangely
shaped, like the letter

"a" or Hebrew Aleph.}

- 23 For perfume mix meal & honey & thick leavings
of red wine: then oil of Abramelin and
olive oil, and afterward soften & smooth
down with rich fresh blood!
- 24 The best blood is of the moon, monthly: then
the fresh blood of a child, or dropping from the

7

host of heaven: then of enemies; then
of the priest or of the worshippers: last of {"or of" has been altered.
"of" was written first,
"or" written over it and
a second "of" entered
above; carat below to
show where it goes.}

some beast, no matter what.

- 25 This burn: of this make cakes & eat unto {"unto" looks like "with"}
me. This hath also another use; let it be
laid before me, and kept thick with perfumes
of your orison: it shall become full of beetles
as it were and creeping things sacred unto me.
- 26 These slay, naming your enemies; & they shall
fall before you.
- 27 Also these shall breed lust & power of lust in
you at the eating thereof.
- 28 Also ye shall be strong in war.

8

- 29 Moreover, be they long kept, it is better; for
they swell with my force. All before me.
- 30 My altar is of open brass work: burn thereon
in silver or gold!
- 31 There cometh a rich man from the West who
shall pour his gold upon thee.
- 32 From gold forge steel!
- 33 Be ready to fly or to smite.
- 34 But your holy place shall be untouched
throughout the centuries: though with fire and
sword it be burnt down & shattered, yet
an invisible house there standeth and
shall stand until the fall of the Great

Equinox, when Hrumachis shall arise and
the double-wanded one assume my throne and
place. Another prophet shall arise, and bring
fresh fever from the skies; another woman shall
awake the lust & worship of the Snake; another
soul of God and beast shall mingle in the
globed priest; another sacrifice shall stain
the tomb; another king shall reign; and blessing
no longer be poured To the Hawk-headed
mystical Lord!

35 The half of the word of Heru-ra-ha, called
Hoor-pa-kraat and Ra-Hoor-Khut.

36 Then said the prophet unto the God:

37 I adore thee in the song

"I am the Lord of Thebes" &c from Vellum book

Continuing to

{"Continuing" doubtful}

----- "fill me"

38 So that thy light is in me & its red flame
is as a sword in my hand to push thy
order. There is a secret door that I shall
make to establish thy way in all the quarters
(these are the adorations, as thou hast written)
as it is said:

"The light is mine" &c

from vellum book to "Ra-Hoor-Khuit"

39 All this and a book to say how thou
didst come hither and a reproduction of
this ink and paper for ever - for in it is
the word secret & not only in the English -
and thy comment upon this the Book of the Law {"thy comment" lightly
underlined.}

shall be printed beautifully in red ink and
black upon beautiful paper made by hand;
and to each man and woman that thou
meetest, were it but to dine or to drink
at them, it is the Law to give. Then they
shall chance to abide in this bliss or no;

it is no odds. Do this quickly!
40 But the work of the comment? That is easy; and

12

Hadit burning in thy heart shall make swift
and secure thy pen.

41 Establish at thy Kaaba a clerk-house: {"clerk-house" now, but the
MS has "clerkshop" or something
very similar, with "shop"
crossed out twice and "-house"
written above.}

all must be done well and with business
way.

42 The ordeals thou shalt oversee thyself, save only
the blind ones. Refuse none, but thou
shalt know & destroy the traitors. I am
Ra - Hoor - Khuit; and I am powerful to protect
my servant. Success is thy proof: argue not;
convert not; talk not overmuch! Them
that seek to entrap thee, to overthrow thee, them
attack without pity or quarter; & destroy them
utterly. Swift as a trodden serpent turn.

13

and strike! Be thou yet deadlier than he!

Drag down their souls to awful torment: laugh {There is a scratched
out "4" at the head of
this line. Probably an
aborted verse mark.}

at their fear: spit upon them!

43 Let the Scarlet Woman beware! If pity and
compassion and tenderness visit her heart
if she leave my work to toy with old
sweetnesses then shall my vengeance be
known. I will slay me her child: I will
alienate her heart: I will cast her out
from men: as a shrinking and despised harlot

{There is a smudge like
a false start before the
word "harlot".}

=

shall she crawl through dusk wet streets, and
die cold and an-hungered.

{The "o" of "through"
has a double line-over.}

44. But let her raise herself in pride. Let
her follow me in my way. Let her
work the work of wickedness! Let her kill
her heart! Let her be loud and adulterous;
let her be covered with jewels, and rich
garments, and let her be shameless before
all men!
- 45 Then will I lift her to pinnacles of power:
then will I breed from her a child mightier
than all the kings of the earth I will fill
her with joy: with my force shall she see
& strike at the worship of Nu: she shall
achieve Hadit.

- 46 I am the warrior Lord of the Forties: the
Eighties cower before me, & are abased.
I will bring you to victory & joy: I will be
at your arms in battle & ye shall
delight to slay. Success is your proof;
courage is your armour; go on, go on, in
my strength; & ye shall turn not back for
any!
- 47 This book shall be translated into all
tongues: but always with the original in
the writing of the Beast; for in the

{The next page has a square grid, truncated diagonal line and cross in circle drawn upon it. This has been represented defectively here. The grid is represented very imperfectly. Crowley's handwriting increases its downward angle as he approaches the end of the page, and this has been crudely represented. The line is shown only by "\" marks where it crosses. The Circle with cross is shown by a "+".}

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crapulous creeds.

- 55 Let Mary inviolate be torn upon wheels:
for her sake let all chaste women be
utterly despised among you.
- 56 Also for beauty's sake and love's!
57 Despise also all cowards; professional soldiers
who dare not fight, but play; all fools despise!
- 58 But the keen and the proud, the royal and
the lofty; ye are brothers!
- 59 As brothers fight ye!
- 60 There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.
- 61 There is an end of the word of the God

19

enthroned in Ra's seat, lightening the girders
of the soul.

- 62 To Me do ye reverence; to me come ye
through tribulation of ordeal, which is
bliss.
- 63 The fool readeth this Book of the Law, and
its comment & he understandeth it not.
- 64 Let him come through the first ordeal, &
it will be to him as silver
- 65 Through the second, gold
- 66 Through the third, stones of precious water.
- 67 Through the fourth, ultimate sparks of the
intimate fire.

20

- 68 Yet to all it shall seem beautiful. Its
enemies who say not so, are mere liars.
- 69 There is success.
- 70 I am the Hawk-Headed Lord of Silence
& of Strength; my nemyss shrouds the
night-blue sky.
- 71 Hail! ye twin warriors about the pillars of
the world! for your time is nigh at hand.
- 72 I am the Lord of the Double Wand of Power
the wand of the

{Above the break in the
line: "Force of Coph Nia-"
At the break "Cophni" crossed
out and underlined with a
wavy mark, followed by "I"
underlined.}

but my
left hand is empty, for I have crushed

21

an Universe; & nought remains.

- 73 Paste the sheets from right to left and
from top to bottom: then behold!
- 74 There is a splendour in my name hidden
and glorious, as the sun of midnight is
ever the son.
- 75 The ending of the words is the Word
Abrahadabra.

The Book of the Law is Written
and Concealed.
Aum. Ha.

LIBER LEGIS

THE COMMENT<>

1. Compare II. 1, the complement of this verse.
In Nu is Had concealed; by Had is Nu manifested.
Nu being 56 and Had 9, their conjunction results in 65, Adonai, the Holy Guardian Angel.
See the Sepher Sephiroth and "The Wake-World" in "Konx Om Pax" for further details on 65.
Note, however, the sixty-five pages of the MS. of Liber Legis.
Or counting NV 56 HAD 10, we get 66, which is Sigma (1 - 11).
Had is further the centre of the Key-Word "Abrahadabra."
2. This book is a new revelation, or unveiling of the holy ones.
3. This should not be understood in the spiritualistic sense. It means that in each person is the sublime starry nature, a consciousness to be attained by the prescribed methods.
[Yet it may mean some real connection between a given person and a given star. Why not? Still, this is not in my knowledge. See Lib. 418.]
4. The limited is a mere mask; the illimitable is the only truth.
5. Nu, to unveil herself, needs a mortal intermediary, in the first instance.
It is to be supposed that Ankh-f-n-khonsu, the warrior lord of Thebes, priest of Men Tu, is in some subtle manner identical with either Aiwass or the Beast.
6. The recipient of this knowledge is to identify himself with Hadit, and thus fully

express the thoughts of her heart in her very language.

7. Aiwass --- see Introduction. He is 78, Mezla the "influence" from the Highest Crown, and the number of cards in the Tarot, Rota, the all- embracing Wheel.

Hoor-paar-Kraat. See II. 8.

Aiwass is called the minister of Hoor-paar-Kraat, the God of Silence; for his word is the Speech in the Silence. {387}

8. Here begins the text.

Khabs is the secret Light or L.V.X.; the Khu is the magical entity of a man.

I find later (Sun in Virgo, An VII.) that Khabs means star. In which case "cf. v." 3.

The doctrine here taught is that the Light is innermost, essential man. Intra (not Extra) Nobis Regnum Dei.

9. That Khabs is declared to be the light of Nu. It being worshipped in the centre, the light also fills the circumference, so that all is light.

10. This is the rule of Thelema, that its adepts shall be invisible rulers.

This, it may be remarked, has always been the case.

11. "The many and the known," both among Gods and men, are revered; this is folly.

12. The Key of the worship of Nu. The uniting of consciousness with infinite space by the exercise of love, pastoral or pagan love. But "vide infra."

13. This doctrine implies some mystic bond which I imagine is only to be understood by experience; this human ecstasy and that divine ecstasy interact.

A similar doctrine is to be found in the Bhagavad Gita.

14. This verse is a direct translation of the first section of the stele. It conceals a certain secret ritual, of the highest rank, connected with the two previous verses.

15. The authority of the Beast rests upon this verse; but it is to be taken in conjunction with certain later verses which I shall leave to the research of students to interpret. I am inclined, however, to believe that "the Beast" and "the Scarlet Woman" do not denote persons, but are titles of office, that of Hierophant and High Priestess (HB:V and HB:G), else it would be difficult to understand the next verse.

16. In II. 16 we find that Had is to be taken as 11 (see II. 16, comment). Then Hadit = 421, Nuit = 466.

$421 - 3 \text{ (the moon)} = 418.$

$466 + 200 \text{ (the sun)} = 666.$

These are the two great numbers of the Qabalistic system that enabled me to interpret the signs leading to this revelation.

The winged secret flame is Hadit; the stooping starlight is Nuit; these are their true natures, and their functions in the supreme ritual referred to above.

17. "Ye" refers to the other worshippers of Nuit, who must seek out their own election.

18. The serpent is the symbol of divinity and royalty. It is also a symbol of Hadit, invoked upon them.

19. Nuit herself will overshadow them. {388}

20. This word is perhaps Abrahadabra, the sacred word of 11 letters.

21. Refers to the actual picture on the stele. Nuit is a conception immeasurably beyond all men have ever thought of the Divine. Thus she is not the mere star-goddess, but a far higher thing, dimly veiled by the unutterable glory.

This knowledge is only to be attained by adepts; the outer cannot reach to it.

22. A promise --- not yet fulfilled. [Since (Sun in Sagittarius, An V.) fulfilled.]
 A charge to destroy the faculty of discriminating between illusions.

23. The chief, then, is he who has destroyed this sense of duality.

24. Nu HB:NV = 6 + 50 = 56.

25. Dividing $6/50 = 0.12$.

0 the circumference, Nuit.
 . the centre, Hadit.
 1 the Unity proceeding, Ra-Hoor-Khuit.
 2 = the Coptic H, whose shape closely resembles the Arabic figure 2, the Breath of Life, inspired and expired. Human consciousness. Thoth.
 Adding $50 + 6 = 56$, Nu, and concentrating $5 + 6 = 11$, Abrahadabra, etc.
 Multiplying $50 \times 6 = 300$, HB:Sh and Ruach Elohim, the Holy Spirit.
 I am inclined to believe that there is a further mystery concealed in this verse; possibly those of 418 and 666 again.

26. The prophet demanding a sign of his mission, it is promised: a Samadhi upon the Infinite.
 This promise was later fulfilled --- see "The Temple of Solomon the King," which proposes to deal with the matter in its due season.

27-31. Here is a profound philosophical dogma, in a sense possibly an explanation and illumination of the propositions in "Berashith."

The dyad (or universe) is created with little pain in order to make the bliss of dissolution possible. Thus the pain of life may be atoned for by the bliss of death.

This delight is, however, only for the chosen servants of Nu. Outsiders may be looked on much as the Cartesians looked on animals.

32. The rule and purpose of the Order: the promise of Nuit to her chosen.

33. The prophet then demanded instruction: ordeals, rituals, law.

34. The first demand is refused, or, it may be, is to be communicated by another means than writing.
 [It has since been communicated.]
 The second is partially granted; or, if fully granted, is not to be made wholly public.
 The third is granted unconditionally. {389}

35. Definition of this book.

36. The first strict charge not to tamper with a single letter of this book.
 The comment is to be written "by the wisdom of Ra-Hoor-Khuit," "i.e." by open, not by initiated wisdom.

37. An entirely new system of magic is to be learnt and taught, as is now being done.

38. The usual charge in a work of this kind.
 Every man has a right to attain; but it is equally the duty of the adept to see that he duly earns his reward, and to test and train his capacity and strength.

39. Compare Rabelais. Also it may be translated, "Let Will and Action be in harmony."
 But Theta-epsilon-lambda-eta-mu-alpha also means Will in the higher sense of Magical One-pointedness, and in the sense used by Schopenhauer and Fichte.
 I suggest ---
 The the essential HB:ATh, Azoth, etc., = GR:Theta-epsilon.
 Word Chokmah, Thoth, the Logos, the Second Emanation.

of the Partitive, Binah the Great Mother.
the Chesed, the paternal power, reflection of the "The" above.
Law Geburah, the stern restriction.
is Tiphereth, visible existence, the balanced harmony of the
worlds.

Theta-epsilon-lambda-eta-mu-alpha The idea embracing all this sentence in a word.

Or ---

GR:Theta the = HB:T the Lion, "Thou shalt unite all these symbols into the form of a Lion."

GR:epsilon Word = HB:H the letter of Breath, the Logos.

GR:lambda of = HB:L Libra the Equilibrium.

GR:eta the = HB:Ch 418, Abrahadabra.

GR:mu Law = HB:M the Hanged Man, or Redeemer.

GR:alpha is = HB:A the 0 (zero, Nuit, which is Existence).

GR:Theta-epsilon-lambda-eta-mu-alpha the sum of all.

40. Theta-epsilon, the Hermit, HB:Y invisible, yet illuminating. The A ∴ A ∴
lambda-eta, the Lover, HB:Z visible as is the lightning flash. The College of Adepts.

mu-alpha, the Man of Earth, HB:P the Blasted Tower. The 3 Keys add up to 31 = HB:LA Not and HB:AL God. Thus is the whole of

Theta-epsilon-lambda-eta-mu-alpha equivalent to Nuit, the all-embracing. {390}

See the Tarot Trumps for further study of these grades.

Theta-epsilon = 14, the Pentagram, rule of Spirit over ordered Matter. Strength and Authority (HB:T and HB:H) and secretly 1 + 4 = 5, the Hierophant HB:V. V. Also: Leo Aries, the Lion and the Ram. "Cf." Isaiah. It is a "millennial" state.

lambda-eta = 38, the Key-word Abrahadabra, 418, divided by the number of its letter, 11. Justice or Balance and the Charioteer or Mastery. A state of progress; the church militant.

mu-alpha = 41, the Inverted Pentagram, matter dominating spirit. The Hanged Man and the Fool. The condition of those who are not adepts.

"Do what thou wilt" need not only be interpreted as licence or even as liberty. It may for example be taken to mean Do what thou (Ateh) wilt; and Ateh is 406 = HB:ThAV = T, the sign of the cross. The passage might then be read as a charge to self-sacrifice or equilibrium.

I only put forward this suggestion to exhibit the profundity of thought required to deal even with so plain a passage.

All the meanings are true, if only the interpreter be illuminated; but if not, they are all false, even as he is false.

41, 42. Interference with the will of another is the great sin, for it predicates the existence of another. In this duality sorrow consists. I think that possibly the higher meaning is still attributed to "will."

43. "No other" shall say "nay" may mean ---

No-other (= Nuit) shall pronounce the word No, uniting the aspirant with Herself by denying and so destroying that which he is.

44. Recommends "non-attachment." Students will understand how in meditation the

mind which attaches itself to hope of success is just as bound as if it were to attach itself to some base material idea. It is a bond; and the aim is freedom.

I recommend serious study of the word "unassuaged" which appears not very intelligible.

45. Perhaps means that adding perfection to perfection results in the unity and ultimately the Negativity.

But I think there is much more than this.

46. 61 = HB:AYN. But the True Nothing of Nuit is 8, 80, 418. Now 8 is HB:Ch, which spelt fully, HB:ChYTh, is 418. And 418 is Abrahadabra, the word of Ra-Hoor-Khuit. Now 80 is HB:P, the letter of Ra-Hoor-Khuit. [Qy. this.]

47. Let us, however, add the Jewish half 61.

$8 + 80 + 418 = 506$. "Cf." verses 24, 25.

$506 + 61 = 567 = 27 \times 21 =$?

But writing 506 qabalistically backwards we get

605, and $605 + 61 = 666$. {391}

$666 = 6 \times 111$, and $111 = \text{HB:A} = 0$ in Taro

$= 1 + 2 + \dots + 36$, the sum of the numbers in the Magic Square of Sol.

$=$ the Number of the Beast

Or, taking the keys of 8, 80, 418, we get vii., xvi., vii., adding to 30.

$30 + 61 = 91 = \text{HB:AMN}$, Amen.

This may unite Nuit with Amon the negative and concealed. Yet to my mind she is the greater conception, that of which Amoun is but a reflection.

48. See above for 111.

"My prophet is a fool," "i.e." my prophet has the highest of all grades, since the Fool is HB:A.

I note later (An V., Sun. in Aquarius) that "v." 48 means that all disappears when 61 + 8, 80, 418 are reduced to 1. And this may indicate some practical mystic method of annihilation. I am sure (Sun in Libra, An VII.) that this is by no means the perfect solution of these marvellous verses.

49. Declares a New System of Magic and initiation.

Asar --- Isa --- is now the Candidate, not the Hierophant.

Hoor --- see Cap. III. --- is the Initiator.

50. Our system of initiation is to be triune.

For the outer, tests of labour, pain, etc.

For the inner, intellectual tests.

For the elect of the A : A :, spiritual tests.

Further, the Order is not to hold lodges, but to have a chain-system.

51. The candidate will be brought through his ordeals in divers ways.

The Order is to be of freemen and nobles.

52. But distinctions must not be made before Nuit, either intellectually, morally, or personally.

Metaphysics, too, is intellectual bondage; avoid it!

Otherwise one falls back to the Law of Hoor from the perfect emancipation of Nuit.

This is a great mystery, only to be understood by those who have fully attained Nuit and her secret Initiation.

53. The prophet is retained as the link with the lower.
 Again the word "assuage" used in a sense unintelligible to me.
 54, 55, 56 to the word "child."
 A prophecy, not yet (May 1909 O.S.) fulfilled, so far as I know. I take it in its obvious sense.
 56 from the word "Aum."
 All religions have some truth.
 We possess all intellectual truth, and some, not all, mystic truth.
 57. Invoke me, --- etc. --- I take literally. See Liber NV for this ritual. {392}
 Love under will --- no casual pagan love; nor love under fear, as the Christians do.
 But love magically directed, and used as a spiritual formula.
 The fools (not here implying HB:A fools, for III., 57 says, All fools despise) may mistake.
 This love, then, should be the serpent love, the awakening of the Kundalini. The further mystery is of HB:P and unsuited to the grade in which this comment is written.
 The last paragraph confirms the Tarot attributions as given in 777. With one secret exception.
 58. The Grace of our Lady of the Stars.
 59. "Because," etc. This mystical phrase doubtless refers to some definite spiritual experience connected with the knowledge of Nuit.
 60. Nu = 56 and $5 + 6 = 11$.
 The Circle in the Pentagram? See Liber NV.
 The uninitiated perceive only darkness in Night: the wise perceive the golden stars in the vault of azure.
 Concerning that Secret Glory it is not here fitting to discourse.
 61. Practical and literal, yet it may be doubted whether "to lose all in that hour" may not refer to the supreme attainment, and that therefore to give one particle of dust (perhaps the Ego, or the central atom Hadit her complement) is the act to achieve.
 62, 63. Again practical and literal. Yet the "Secret Temple" refers also to a knowledge incommunicable --- save by experience.
 64. The supreme affirmation.
 65. The supreme adjuration.
 66. The end.

II

1. "Cf." I. 1. As Had, the root of Hadit, is the manifestation of Nuit, so Nu, the root of Nuit, is the hiding of Hadit.
2. Nuit is Infinite Extension; Hadit Infinite Contraction. Khabs is the House of Hadit, even as Nuit is the house of the Khu, and the Khabs is in the Khu (I, 8). These theologies reflect mystic experiences of Infinite Contraction and Expansion, while philosophically they are the two opposing Infinities whose interplay gives Finiteness.
3. A further development of higher meaning. In phrasing this verse suggests an old mystical definition of God: "He Whose centre is everywhere and Whose circumference nowhere."
4. The circumference of Nuit touches Ra-Hoor-Khuit, Kether; but her centre Hadit is

for ever concealed above Kether. Is not Nu the "Hiding" of {393} Hadit, and Had the "Manifestation" of Nuit? [I later, Sun in Libra, An VII., dislike this note; and refer the student to Liber XI. and Liber DLV.]

5. A reference to certain magical formulae known to the scribe of this book.

The purification of said rituals is in progress at this time, An V.

6. Hadit is the Ego or Atman in everything, but of course a loftier and more secret thing than anything understood by the Hindus. And of course the distinction between Ego and Ego is illusion. Hence Hadit, who is the life of all that is, if known, becomes the death of that individuality.

7. Hadit is both the Maker of Illusion and its destroyer. For though His interplay with Nuit results in the production of the Finite, yet His withdrawing into Himself is the destruction thereof.

"The axle of the wheel," another way of saying that He is the Core of Things.

"The cube in the Circle." "Cf." Liber 418, "The Vision and the Voice," 30th AEthyr.

"Come unto me" is a foolish word; for it is I that go.

That is, Hadit is everywhere; yet, being sought, he flies. The Ego cannot be found, as meditation will show.

8. He is symbolised by Harpocrates, crowned child upon the lotus, whose shadow is called Silence.

Yet His Silence is the Act of Adoration; not the dumb callousness of heaven toward man, but the supreme ritual, the Silence of the supreme Orgasm, the stilling of all Voices in the perfect rapture.

9. Hence we pass naturally and easily to the sublime optimism of Verse 9. The lie is given to pessimism, not by sophistry, but by a direct knowledge.

10. The prophet who wrote this was at this point angrily unwilling to proceed.

11. He was compelled to do so,

12. For the God was in him, albeit he knew it not.

13. For so long as any knower remains, there is no thing known. Knowledge is the loss of the Knower in the Known.

"And me" (not "and I"), Hadit was the passive, which could not arise because of the existence of the Knower; "and" implying further the duality --- which is Ignorance.

14. Enough has been said of the Nature of Hadit, now let a riddle of L.V.X. be propounded.

15. I am perfect, being Not (31 HB:LA or 61 HB:AYN).

My number is Nine by the fools (IX. the Hermit of Virgo and Mercury).

With the just I am Eight. VIII., Justice Libra Maat HB:L, and One in Eight, HB:A.

Which is Vital, for I am None indeed, HB:LA.

The Empress HB:D III., the King HB:H IV., are not of me. III. + IV. = VII. {394}

16. I am the Empress and the Hierophant (HB:V V.) III. + V. = VIII., and VIII. is XI., both because of the 11 letters in Abrahadabra (= 418 = HB:ChYTh = HB:Ch = 8), the Key Word of all this ritual, and because VIII. is not Leo, Strength, but Libra, Justice, in the Tarot (see Tarot Lecture and 777).

17-21. This passage was again very painful to the prophet, who took it in its literal sense.

But "the poor and the outcast" are the petty thoughts and the qliphothic thoughts and the sad thoughts. These must be rooted out, or the ecstasy of Hadit is not in us. They

are the weeds in the Garden that starve the Flower.

22. Hadit now identifies himself with the Kundalini, the central magical force in man.

This privilege of using wine and strange drugs has been confirmed; the drugs were indeed revealed.

Follows a curse against the cringing altruism of Christianity, the yielding of the self to external impressions, the smothering of the Babe of Bliss beneath the flabby old nurse Convention.

23. The Atheism of God.

"Allah's the Atheist! he owns

No Allah." Bagh-i-Muattar.

To admit God is to look up to God, and so not to be God. The curse of duality.

24. Hermits --- see "v." 15.

Our ascetics enjoy, govern, conquer, love, and are not to quarrel (but see vv. 59, 60 --- Even their combats are glorious).

25. The cant of democracy condemned. It is useless to pretend that men are equal; the facts are against it. And we are not going to stay, dull and contented as oxen, in the ruck of humanity.

26. The Kundalini again. The mystic Union is to be practised both with Spirit and with Matter.

27. The importance of failing to interpret these verses. Unspirituality leads us to the bird-lime of Intellect. The Hawk must not perch on any earthly bough, but remain poised in the ether.

28-31. The great Curse pronounced by the Supernals against the Inferiors who arise against them.

Our reasoning faculties are the toils of the labyrinth within which we are all caught. "Cf." Lib. LXV. V. 59.

32. We have insufficient data on which to reason.

This passage only applies to "rational" criticism of the Things Beyond.

33. We pass from the wandering in the jungle of Reason to {395}

34. The Awakening.

35. Let us be practical persons, not babblers of gossip and platitude.

36-43. A crescendo of ecstasy in the mere thought of performing these rituals; which are in preparation under the great guidance of V.V.V.V.V.

44. Without fear rejoice; death is only a dissolution, a uniting of Hadit with Nu, the Ego with the All, HB:Y with HB:A. (Note HB:Y 10 + HB:A 1 = 11, Abrahadabra, the Word of Uniting the 5 and the 6.)

45. Those without our circle of ecstasy do indeed die. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

46. The prophet was again perplexed and troubled; for in his soul was Compassion for all beings.

But though this Compassion is a feeling perhaps admirable and necessary for mortals, yet it pertains to the planes of Illusion.

47. Hadit knows nothing of these things; He is pure ecstasy.

48. Hadit has never defiled His purity with the Illusions of Sorrow, etc. Even love and pity for the fallen is an identification with it (sympathy, from sigma-epsilon-nu pi-alpha-theta-epsilon-iota-nu), and therefore a contamination.

49. Continues the curse against the slave-soul.

"Amen." This is of the 4, "i.e." should be spelt with 4 letters (the elements), HB:AMThSh not HB:AMN. The fifth, who is invisible, is HB:a'a, 70, the Eye. Now HB:AMThSh = 741 + 70 = 811 = IAO IN GREEK, and IAO is the Greek form of HB:YHVHH, the synthesis of the 4 elements HB:ABThSh.

(This HB:a'a is perhaps the O. in N.O.X., Liber VII. I. 40.)

50 "Cf." I. 60.

51. Purple --- the ultra-violet ("v." 51), the most positive of the colours.

Green --- the most negative of the colours, half-way in the spectrum.

The Magical Image of Hadit is therefore an Eye within a coiled serpent, gleaming red --- the spiritual red of HB:Sh and not mere Fire --- at the apex of the Triangle in the half circle of Nuit's Body, and shedding spangles as of the spectrum of eight colours, including the ultra-violet but not the ultra-red; and

52. Set above a black Veil.

This verse is very difficult for anyone, either with or without morality. For what men nowadays call "Vice" is really virtue --- virtue, manliness --- and "Virtue" --- cowardice, hypocrisy, prudery, chastity, and so on are really vices --- vitia, flaws.

53. But the prophet again disliked the writing. The God comforted him.

Also he prophesied of his immediate future, which was fulfilled, and is still being fulfilled at the time (An V., Sun in 20 Degree Cancer) of this writing. Even more marked now (An VII., Sun in Libra), especially these words, "I lift thee up."

54. The triumph over the rationalists predicted. {396}

The punctuation of this book was done after its writing; at the time it was mere hurried scribble from dictation.

See the MS. facsimile.

55. done. See Liber Trigrammaton, Comment.

56. The God again identifies himself with essential ecstasy. He wants no reverence, but identity.

57. A quotation from the Apocalypse. This God is not a Redeemer: He is Himself. You cannot worship Him, or seek Him --- He is He. And if thou be He, well.

58. Yet it does not follow that He (and His) must appear joyous. They may assume the disguise of sorrow.

59. Yet, being indeed invulnerable, one need not fear for them.

60. Hit out indiscriminately therefore. The fittest will survive.

This doctrine is therefore contrary to that of Gallio, or of Buddha.

61. At the ecstasy of this thought the prophet was rapt away by the God. First came a new strange light, His herald.

62. Next, as Hadit himself, did he know the athletic rapture of Nuit's embrace.

63. Each breath, as he drew it in, was an orgasm; each breath, as it went out, was a new dissolution into death.

Note that throughout these books death is always spoken of as a definite experience, a delightful event in one's career.

64. The prophet is now completely swallowed up in the ecstasy. Then he is hailed by the Gods, and bidden to write on.

65, 66. The division of consciousness having re-arisen, and been asserted the God continues, and prophesies --- of that which I cannot comment.

The ecstasy rekindles,
 67, 68. So violently that the body of the prophet is nigh death.
 69. The prophet's own consciousness re-awakens. He no longer knows anything at all --- then grows the memory of the inspiration past; he asks if it is all.
 [It is evidently his own interpolation in the dictation.]
 70. Also he has the human feeling of failure. It seems that he must fortify his nature in many other ways, in order that he may endure the ecstasy unbearable of mortals.
 There is also a charge that other than physical considerations obtain.
 71. Yet excess is the secret of success.
 72. There is no end to the Path --- death itself crowns all.
 73, 74. Yet death is forbidden: work, I suppose, must be done before it is earned; its splendour will increase with the years that it is longed for. {397}
 75, 76. A final revelation. The revealer to come is perhaps the one mentioned in I. 55 and III. 47. The verse goes on to urge the prophet to identify himself with Hadit, to practise the Union with Nu, and to proclaim this joyful revelation unto men.
 77, 78. Though the prophet had in a way at this time identified himself with the number 666, he considered the magic square drawn therefrom rather silly and artificial, if indeed it had yet been devised, on which point he is uncertain.
 The true Square is as follows:
 [It follows when it is discovered!]
 The House of the Prophet, not named by him, was chosen by him before he attached any meaning to the number 418; nor had he thought of attaching any importance to the name of the House. He supposed this passage to be mystical, or to refer to some future house.

Yet on trial we obtain at once

HB:BVLShKY = 418

79. So mote it be!

III

1. Abrahadabra --- the Reward of Ra-HoorKhuit. We have already seen that Abrahadabra is the glyph of the blending of the 5 and the 6, the Rose and the Cross. So also the Great Work, the equilibration of the 5 and the 6, is shown in this God; fivefold as a Warrior Horus, sixfold as the solar Ra. Khuit is a name of Khem the Ram-Phallus-two-plume god Amon; so that the whole god represents in qabalistic symbolism the Second Triad ("whom all nations of men call the first").

It is the Red descending Triangle --- the sole thing visible. For Hadit and Nuit are far beyond.

Note that Ra-Hoor HB:RAHVVR = 418.

2. Suggested by a doubt arising in the mind of the prophet as to the unusual spelling. But the "I" makes a difference in the qabalistic interpretation of the name.

3 --- end. This whole book seems intended to be interpreted literally. It was so taken by the scribe at the time.

Yet a mystical meaning is easy to find. Exempli gratia; vv. 4-9.

4. An Island = one of the Cakkrams or nerve-centres in the spine.

5. Fortify it! = Concentrate the mind upon it.
6. = Prevent any impressions reaching it.
7. = I will describe a new method of meditation by which
8. Ye shall easily suppress invading thoughts. {398}
9. May mystically describe this method ["e.g.", Liber HHH, Section 3].
But the course of history will determine the sense of the passage.
10. The stele of revealing --- see illustration.

That temple; it was arranged as an octagon; its length double its breadth; entrances on all four quarters of temple; enormous mirrors covering six of the eight walls (there were no mirrors in the East and West or in the western halves of the South and North sides).

There were an altar and two obelisks in the temple; a lamp above the altar; and other furniture.

Kiblah --- any point to which one turns to pray, as Mecca is the Kiblah of the Mahometan.

"It shall not fade," etc. It has not hitherto been practicable to carry out this command.

11. "Abstruction." It was thought that this meant to combine abstraction and construction, "i.e.", the preparation of a replica, which was done.

Of course the original is in "locked glass."

12-15. This, ill-understood at the time, is now too terribly clear. The 15th verse, apparently an impossible sequel, has justified itself.

16. Courage and modesty of thought are necessary to the study of this book. Alas! we know so very little of the meaning.

17. The infinite unity is our refuge, since if our consciousness be in that unity, we shall care nothing for the friction of its component parts. And our light is the inmost point of illuminated consciousness.

And the great Red Triangle is as a shield, and its rays are far-darting arrows!

18. An end to the humanitarian mawkishness which is destroying the human race by the deliberate artificial protection of the unfit.

19. 718 is $\text{upsilon-pi-omicron-mu-omicron-nu-eta}$, the abstract noun equivalent to Perdurabo. (Sun in 3 Degree Cancer, An. VII.)

20. In answer to some mental "Why" of the prophet the God gives this sneering answer. Yet perhaps therein is contained some key to enable me one day to unlock the secret of verse 19, at present (Sun in 20 Degree Virgo, An. V.) obscure. [Now (Sun in Libra, An VII.) clear.]

21. This was remarkably fulfilled.

22. This first charge was accomplished; but nothing resulted of a sufficiently striking nature to record.

The Ordeal "X" will be dealt with in private.

23-25. This incense was made; and the prediction most marvellously fulfilled.

26, 27, 28, 29. These experiments, however, were not made. {399}

30. Not yet accomplished (Sun in 20 Degree Virgo, An V.)

31. Not yet accomplished (Sun in 20 Degree Virgo, An V.)

32, 33. Certainly, when the time comes.

34. This prophecy, relating to centuries to come, does not concern the present writer

at the moment.

Yet he must expound it.

The Hierarchy of the Egyptians gives us this genealogy: Isis, Osiris, Horus.

Now the "pagan" period is that of Isis; a pastoral, natural period of simple magic.

Next with Buddha, Christ, and others there came in the Equinox of Osiris; when sorrow and death are the principal objects of man's thought, and his magical formula is that of sacrifice.

Now, with Mohammed perhaps as its forerunner, comes in the Equinox of Horus, the young child who rises strong and conquering (with his twin Harpocrates) to avenge Osiris, and bring on the age of strength and splendour.

His formula is not yet fully understood.

Following him will arise the Equinox of Ma, the Goddess of Justice, it may be a hundred or ten thousand years from now; for the Computation of Time is not here as There.

35. Note Heru-ra-ha = 418.

36-38. Mostly translations from the stele.

39. This is being done; but quickly? No. I have slaved at the riddles in this book for nigh on seven years; and all is not yet clear (Sun in Virgo 20 Degree, An. V.). Nor yet (Sun in Libra, An VII.).

40. I do not think it easy. Though the pen has been swift enough, once it was taken in hand. May it be that Hadit hath indeed made it secure! [I am still (An VII., Sun in Libra), entirely dissatisfied.]

41. This shall be done as soon as possible.

42. This shall be attended to.

43-45. The two latter verses have become useless, so far as regards the person first indicated to fill the office of "Scarlet Woman." In her case the prophecy of v. 43 has been most terribly fulfilled, to the letter; except the last paragraph. Perhaps before the publication of this comment the final catastrophe will have occurred (Sun in 20 Degree Virgo, An V.). It or an even more terrible equivalent is now in progress (Sun in Libra, An VII.). ["P.S." --- I sealed up the MSS. of this comment and posted it to the printer on my way to the Golf Club at Hoylake. On my arrival at the Club, I found a letter awaiting me which stated that the catastrophe had occurred.]

Let the next upon whom the cloak may fall beware!

46. I do not understand the first paragraph.

47. These mysteries are inscrutable to me, as stated in the text. Later {400} (Sun in Capricorn, An V.) I note that the letters of the Book are the letters of the Book of Enoch; and are stars, or totems of stars. (See 15th Aire in Lib. 418.) So that he that shall divine it shall be a Magus, 9=2.

48-62. Appears to be a plain instruction in theology and ethics. I do not understand "Din." Bahlasti = 358, and Ompehda perhaps 210.

63. A fact.

64-67. This too shall be proven to him who will and can.

68. A fact.

69. I take this as a promise that the Law shall duly be established.

70-72. A final pronouncement of His attributes. I do not know the exact meaning of v. 71. [Later, Sun in Libra, An VII. Yes: I do.]

Coph Nia. I cannot trace this anywhere; but KOPhNIA adds to 231. Nia is Ain backwards; Coph suggests Qoph. All very unsatisfactory.

73. Done. See illustration. (See Comment on III. 47.)

74. Perhaps refers to the addition of the name to 418. But Khephra is the "Sun" at midnight in the North. Now in the North is Taurus, the Bull, Apis the Redeemer, the "Son."

75. The ending of the words is the ending of the Work --- Abrahadabra The Book is written, as we see; and concealed --- from our weak understanding.

Aum-Ha, HB:Aa'aM = 111, HB:HA = 6, $111 \times 6 = 666$, the Seal of the Beast. Note well that HB:Aa'a Mwith a HB:M final adds to 671, Throa, the Gate, Adonai spelt in full, etc. etc. Using the Keys of Aum Ha, we get XII. + XV. + 0, and IV. + 0, their sum, 31 = HB:LA, Not.

We defer consideration of the sequel to this revelation, and our account of Fra. P's further progress, until the next chapter. This appointment to the Priesthood constituted him --- even had he no other claim --- a member of the grade of Exempt Adept; it was a long and terrible journey of death thence to rebirth as a Babe of the Abyss, and to the final chapter of our work, which must describe his attainment of the Grade of Master of the Temple. {400 "a"}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07028.html>

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About this capture

MY CRAPULOUS CONTEMPORARIES

NO. V

THE BISMARCK OF BATTERSEA

{401}

THE BISMARCK OF BATTERSEA

DANTE perhaps thought when he descended the fifth round of Hell that there was some consolation in the fact that he was getting near the bottom. To us, as we explore the glories of Edwardian literature, such consolation is denied. Abyss after abyss yawns beneath our feet; deep into the gloom we peer and our ears are poisoned with the fetid vapours of the ineffable slime --- with the callow crapulosities of a Corelli, the slobbering senilities of a Sims, the unctuous snivellings of a Caine.

But we do not propose to descend so far --- there is a limit. But stay! what is that glimmer on yonder ledge? That ledge where the Brown Dog of the Faddist fights its eternal battle with the Yellow God of Socialism. The ledge labelled "Battersea," supreme word of malignity in the tongue of the pit? Our laurelled guide quickly lowers us thither.

What is that bloated and beery buffoon who stands upon his head to attract attention! we ask. Bismarck, it appears, is his name. Blood and iron is his motto. 'S death! but I suspect a paradox. Maybe that by blood he means beer, by iron ink.

"Maybe this Nonconformist plum-pudding has been dipped in whale oil --- and why have they stuffed it with onions?" How shall I find the key to this mystery! So portentous a sentence --- and its meaning? "Christianity is only tenable through Literalism and Ritualism." Not so I read it --- and my own {403} secret interpretation sends a guffaw through the black shining sides of the prison. With that I awoke; 'twas all a dream; I must begin again --- that opening will never do.

Here, therefore, beginneth the third lesson. How shall we catch the great gray water-rat "That strikes the stars ("sublimi vertice") on Campden Hill?"

Quoth the famous consort of a famous judge, on being advised to abate the rat nuisance by plugging their holes with a mixture of tallow, arsenic, and brown paper: "Yes, but you've got to catch them first." So we, accepting her wisdom, shall not attempt to suppress the News (plain or illustrated) --- we shall rather cope with the stench at its source.

This pot-bellied Publicola must be not only scotched, but killed. This megalomaniac Menenius must be put through the medicinal mangle of criticism --- a thing which he has hitherto escaped, for as from the porpoise hides of the portly Monitor the round shot of the Merrimac rebounded, so has the oily evasiveness of this literary porpoise served to protect him from his foes, and now he clumsily gambols through the sea, unaware of the pursuing sword-fish. But a greater than the sword-fish (or shall I say the Sword-of-Song-fish) is here.

Just as a balloon is difficult to crush but easy to prick, so shall it be in these days.

This fellow is simply a trimmer. This seeming porpoise is only a jelly-fish; and the great black curves we saw were but the inkiness of the creature.

We draw out this leviathan with an hook, and he goes conveniently into a beer-mug. We calculate the mass of this brilliant comet, and we find it is not to exceed that of a barrel of butter. {404}

We are appalled by the bellowing of this Bull of Phalaris, and find that it is but an ingenious mechanism worked by the gaspings of an emasculate oyster.

Surely never in all the history of thought --- and its imitations --- has such a widow's curse supplied the world with such a deluge of oil. Croton oil.

As a man who orders roast beef and gets hash, so do we look for literature and get

mixed dictionary. How do we do it? We stifle the groans of our armchair by continued session and open the Encyclopedia at random. Hulloo! what's this? "Schopenhauer, famous pessimist philosopher." (To the stenographer): "The splendid optimism of Schopenhauer ---" (Sotto voce) "Let's see what a philosopher is!" (turns it up after a vain search through letter F) "philosopher --- lover of wisdom," etc.

(To stenographer) "manifests itself in a positive loathing of all wisdom." (Another turn.)

"Reprehensible --- to be condemned."

(Dictating) "and is therefore to be condemned --- no! no! please, miss --- "not" to be condemned." (Another turn.)

"Catamaran" --- a surf-boat used in Madras, hm! --- (to stenographer) --- "by all Hindoo speculative mystics."

(Speculative mystics --- one of our best stock lines.)

We are now fairly started on our weekly causerie, the subject being probably Home Rule.

You see, nobody can get hurt. The invertebrate cannot maul the vertebrate --- so we are safe from the chance of their fury. They pay us to defend the doctrine of original sin --- so we escape by defending it upon the ground that it is "Jolly." They pay us to attack Free Thought, so we label it "narrow {405} sectarianism," and please the Hard-Shell Baptists --- with the purses --- without annoying the Freethinker, who is naturally not hit.

The Romans crucified St. Peter head downwards; but it was reserved for this oleaginous clown to offer that last indignity to his Master. We are paid to shore up the rotting buttresses of Christianity, and we begin our article, "A causal carpenter" ---

But, let us change the subject!

There was a man --- a great man --- who some years ago wrote a magnificent philosophical story called the "Napoleon of Notting Hill.

More lucid and a thousand times more entertaining than Bunyan, deeper than Berkeley, as full of ecstasy of laughter as Rabelais, and of mystic ecstasy as Malory, a book of the Chymical Marriage of Christian Rosencreutz with Voltaire.

I think those summits are not unattainable by the subject of our essay --- for God's sake, man, forswear sack and live cleanly, and give us something like that!

A. QUILLER, JR.

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<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07029.html>

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About this capture

ARTHUR IN THE AREA AGAIN!

Oh, Allah be obeyed!
How infernally they played!
I remember that they called themselves the Waites.
"W. S. Gilbert."

MR. WAITE is at the area door again! It is not altogether unphilosophical to judge a man by the company he keeps, and I have reluctantly decided to dismiss Mr. Waite. He must consider himself no longer my disciple. It has been a painful step, more painful even than when I was obliged to expel him in 1900 from the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn. For he shows himself this last time in a quite impossible avatar --- that of a Satanic colporteur eating rabbit pie in the kitchens of South Ealing.

I have before me a "Special Catalogue of Occult Books," published by a gentleman giving the name of Foulsham, which I hope shortly to see in "Punch" under the heading "MORE COMMERCIAL CANDOUR."

Item No. 1 is a "talisman." "The key to unlock the mysteries of the Universe." We hear that "charms and talismans ensure success." "This talisman is worn to bring Health, Happiness, and Success," a combination which I regard as remarkably cheap at 4"s." 3"d." post free.

But if you haven't got 4"s." 3"d.", or are less ambitious, you {407} may still get a Parchment Talisman for wearing on the breast, from the Great Book by Rabbi Solomon with silk bag and cord for 1"s." 3"d." There are several; one for honour and riches, one for health, one for "Success in Hazard (betting --- cards --- games of chance)" which looks to me like cheating, one for Success in Trade, and then a set of three to which I call the particular attention of Professor von Kraft-Ebbing and Sir Charles Mathews. They are:

For Man's Love.
For Woman's Love.
For Love of Opposite Sex.

At the other end the catalogue turns from the psychopath to the servant- girl. All about the mystic meaning of moles, "love signs," and birthmarks, together with works on obstetrics (home-made), cure of Epilepsy, Worms, falling hair, and consumption, Old Moore's gazing Crystals, "Ye Witches Fortune-Telling Cards," and the rest of the rag-bag.

The ham of this exquisite sandwich is Mr. Waite's "Book of Black Magic and of Pacts" as was, "Book of Ceremonial Magic" as is. But for this "clientele" of Mr. Foulsham the title is simply "The Book of Magic, including Black magic, the rites and mysteries of Goethic ("sic!") Theurgy, Sorcery, and Infernal Necromancy." Rather tempting for the people who wear talismans "for agricultural prosperity"!

I say fearlessly that this advertisement is a crude appeal to the vilest passions of the most wretched of humanity, to the people who would really love to bewitch their neighbour's cow. It is no reply to this charge to point out that the book is absolutely harmless. It is sold on the pretext that it is {408} poison: if Locusta cheats her clients she is no less infamous: rather more.

If Mr. Waite thought to escape my eagle eye by omitting his name, this note will undeceive him; I repeat that I can no longer consider him as one of my disciples; and if he continues to adopt my ideas and phrases, and to republish them as his own, I shall really be obliged to do something hardly distinguishable from taking public notice of the fact.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no7/eqi07030.html>

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About this capture

THE BIG STICK

{411}

REVIEWS

THE SECRET TRADITION IN FREEMASONRY. By A. E. WAITE. London.

2 vols, 4to. 1911. 42"s."

This is a work of over 900 pages, with twenty-eight plates, and numerous interesting head and tail pieces, sumptuously issued by the publishers. The author may be

masonically justified in issuing "ex cathedra," from his study chair, a new and mystic version of our old rites, but such, to be of value, must be grounded upon historic facts, and not upon the nonsense of garbled masonic histories. In the first volume the author shows an extraordinary lack of knowledge, and hence is unable to fix his theory of an Inner and Secret Tradition upon any solid basis, and the volume, with its inflated diction, and troubled reasoning, is very unsatisfactory. The second volume is much better, and is really an interesting study. In both however he does not seek to hide his contempt, often expressed in uncourteous language, against all who are opposed to his views, or otherwise against those degrees from which nothing could be extracted to support his theorizing, and the writer of this review comes in, with many better men, for a slating.

In September 1910 my attention was called to a Review of my ARCANES SCHOOLS in the London "Equinox," in which I find the following: "It is true he occasionally refers to people like Hargreave Jennings, A. E. Waite, and H. P. Blavatsky as if they were authorities, but whoso fishes with a net of so wide a sweep as brother Yarker's must expect to pull in some worthless fish. This accounts for Waite's contempt of him. Imagine Walford Brodie reviewing a medical book which referred to him as an authority on paralysis!" In spite of this mild castigation he still refers to me with some contempt, and as he has so little regard for the feelings of others, generally, I may be pardoned for following suit. I fancy, to say the least, that I am quite as able to judge evidence as Bro. Waite is; and I may say that for about sixty-five years I have made a constant study of Freemasonry, in my leisure hours, and I conceive that I have forgotten more of real Masonry than Waite ever knew, or is ever likely to know.

In the first place, he seems to be utterly ignorant of the Jacobite Ecossaisism of the Chapter of Clermont, yet it is only in their Pre-grand Lodge Harodim {413} that he could find foundation for his theorizing. My views on this subject occupy about eighty pages, now appearing in "The American Freemason," Salt Lake, Iowa, and to which I must refer my readers.

He cannot find what he seeks in the Hanoverian G. L. of London, --- 1717; or if he finds anything in the ritual of that body it will be trifling, following the religious training of the two clergymen, Anderson and Desaguliers, who founded it. On the Craft system he ought to have directed his attention to the old York ritual, and that of the Ancient Masons, which in that of York may date from 1726 (see my "Guild Charges").

The Royal Arch degree, when it had the "Three Veils" must have been the work, even if by instruction, of a Kabalistic Jew about 1740, and from this time we may expect to find a Secret tradition, grafted upon Anderson's system; the Arch degree was, undoubtedly, developed out the the Knight of the Sword, or Red Cross, by the Harodim Templars of Clermont, and that out of the operative Harodim.

Any stupid assertion, however historically untenable, but which is supported by a large majority, is a safe stock in trade for all such writers as Bro. Waite; it pays to tickle the palate of the crowd. It would take up too much space to carry this further, but I will ask to point out, firsthand, some matters of general interest.

(I, p. 4). The A. and A.S. Rite "was not" invented in America, it was known in Geneva several years before 1802, when Charleston found out that it was of 33 Degree, and began to trade upon it. They had, however, some years before, the "Morinite" Rite of 25 Degree founded at Jamaica in 1767, and not 1761- 2, hence anything referring to that date is false.

(P. 10). "Heredom" is a French modification of "Harodim"; even Barruel knew this. It is a term used by the Comici builders of London, and is still in use with operative Lodges hailing from Durham. It was known to the operative Lodges of the Co. of Durham in 1735, when two of them went under the G.L. of Lodon, and may be ages older than that, and identical with the "Quarter Masters" of Kelwinning, etc., under the Schau Statutes of 1598 and with the "Warden Courts" of Scotland and France, existing in 1622, as Laurie points out. I can provide first-hand light as to the transliteration of the word into Heredomus, or Holy House. Many years ago, or about 1870, I was in correspondence with Mr. J. W. Papworth on the subject, and he put the question to a very learned friend whom he knew at the British Museum, and who suggested to him the above derivation. As he requested that his name should not appear I sent it to the "Freemason's Magazine," under the signature of GR:Delta, and it was at once adopted by Pike; hence the term "Holy House" is about forty years old. I may mention that the Duke of Leinster's "Prince Mason" of Ireland, {414} which is an amplified version of the London Rosecroix of 1770, but very much older than that, uses the following words in presenting the Jewel of a Pelican, "You are still a Harodim, or Master of the workmen of the Temple," --- a Clermont echo. It seems to be everywhere kept out of sight that the Pelican feeding its young with its blood was the war banner of James III when England was invaded by him in 1715.

(P. 40). Ramsay did no more in 1737, than put his own gloss on what he learned in the Chapter of Clermont. It is true that in 1754 a change was made in the "Illustrious Knight" (Templar and Sepulchre), and an additional degree then added by an unknown de Bonneville, which may be a Jesuit pseudonym, which in 1758 became the 25th degree, by adding the system of the Knights of the East, etc., and later the 32 Degree, and to which some of Ramsay's views were added; he could not have been a member of the English G.L., but was a Jacobite Scotch Mason, and according to his own statement, made to his friend Gensau in 1741, was born in 1680-1681, and not in 1668 as given by Waite; such of these members as were voted Scotch rank by their Lodges, received the Harodim rank of Clermont. Thory says that these Scotch Masons in 1736 had four Lodges, and in ten years received 5,600 members. Personally, I think it likely that the Clermont claims from the Templars (Albigensian) may be just from their own operative Lodges. Fludd, rather than Ashmole, may have indoctrinated the London Masons, and I have given my reasons for this view in my American papers.

(P. 295). Waite is mistaken in supposing that the "Ordre du Temple" was not established in England. There was a Convent in 1838 at Liverpool, and its members' names are preserved. The same at London, and Sussex's consent was necessary for Reception; Dr. Robert Bigsby was a member of it, as also of Burnes' revival of Deuchar's Masonic Knight Templar, which forms the basis of our 1851 ritual, which is not that of Dunckerley who worked the Clermont Templar Kadosh. There was also a Convent under the Duke of Sussex in India.

(P. 312). In reference to Clermont Waite is floating on his own imaginary sea. Between 1688 and 1753, Clermont had three well-known degrees of Harodim, and in 1754 a fourth was added. He quotes a garbled extract from Fratre Kristner, who is reliable, and adds a sneer against me. The Swedish Rite has knowledge that Count Scheffer was received by Derwentwater; Graf von Schmittau; Count Posse, were Received 1737, 1743, 1747. But Waite claims to be the infallible Pope, who is to judge

evidence!!!

(P. 322). "Prince Adept" was added to Knight of the Sun at Kingston in 1767, in order that Morin might put in its place, the Prussian "Noachite" to give countenance to his frauds. {415}

(P. 409). My view of HRDM-RSYES. is that, as it now stands, it is the French Lectures of Clermont's three grades. I give my reasons for this in the "American Freemasons" papers.

(II. p. 1). This volume, referring as it does, to more recent times, has fewer errors. It might even be extended, and earlier Hermetic details added.

(P. 36). We here read in Waite's words of The thing called "Co-Masonry." I am not a Co-Mason myself, but I occasionally send things to the independent private quarterly termed "Co-Mason," they are usually articles unsuited to the taste of mentally deficient Masons, or things that better informed Masons desire to hide. Again the system comes in for sarcasm owing to a supposed affinity with the Count St. Germain. We may not like Co-Masonry, for one thing, it affords less opportunity for the convivial Mason, who has no room for the intellectual part; but the system has come to stay, and we may as well treat it with civility.

(P. 92). The reduced Rite of Memphis has never been so numerous as to receive respect, and Freemasons are too ignorant to understand it, and to attack it --- as in Co-Masonry --- may prove profitable. As a matter of fact, some mistake was made in America as to the alleged reduction, but Egypt always held to the revised system of 1862-1866; at this time the Gd. Orient and the Chief of the Rite revised the whole system, mainly on an Hermetic basis, and gave to thirty-three leading ceremonies the power to confer, at intervals, the remaining sixty-two degrees which are generally added verbally in their relative places, and recently I furnished to America the necessary changes in a MS. of 200 pages. America had the Chapter degrees, 11 Degree - 18 Degree, carefully edited, but the higher section was somewhat chaotic, and in 1872 I did not feel justified in making any great change. Bro. Waite thrice gives plates of its 90-95 Degree Jewel --- the winged egg --- but without identification.

(P. 230). "Rite of Swedenborg." Of this Kenneth Mackenzie was Grand Secretary from its introduction till his own death. Bro. Waite is quite mistaken in supposing that he had any hand in compiling the ritual; that and the Charter are in my hands as they came from Canada; the Charter is in the engrossment of Colonel Moore, and carries the following names: Colonel W.J.B. McLeod Moore, Gd. Master of Templars, and 33 Degree; T.D. Harrington, Pt. G.M. of the G.L. of Canada, and 33 Degree; George Canning Longley, 33 Degree; The two first names were 33 Degree Masons of the S.G.C. of Canada, then little esteemed, but founded by the Golden Square body of London; but Longley and myself were of the "Martin-Cerneau" body, though I have several 33 Degree Patents of the "Morinite" Sect. Founded, as the Rite is, on a version of Ancient Masonry, carried back to a Feast of the Tabernacles, 5873 B.C., it is most interesting, but too lengthy for general use; under these circumstances I might feel inclined to print it for {416} Master Masons, if Freemasonry was an intellectual body, but the needs of English Freemasonry, that in the best and most elaborate of works it is only working for the printer. The Rite was carried from London to the Americas, by Samuel Beswick, a Swedenborgian Minister, who wrote a book on the subject, and he informed me that they had rejected the matter added by Chastannier, and that what was

left was the work of Swedenborg. Hence Bro. Waite's description of two secret and unnamed degrees, are of interest at this point.

(P. 368). Knight or "Priest of Eleusis." I have this skeleton ritual of the Early Grand; and suppose it may be the old 1838 work of Memphis, of which Dr. Morison de Greenfield was an early member. As I look upon it the degree is intended to teach that early christianity absorbed the mysteries of Eleusis, and I mention this because I hear from New York that an eminent scholar, learned in Hermetic Greek, is making a translation in which he will prove that the Gospels and Epistles are pure Greek of the Eleusinian cult, and that the Jewish references are added to give a Semitic colouring. But I must conclude: I could make a decent sized volume in criticising and contesting Bro. Waite's book.

JOHN YARKER, 33 Degree, 90 Degree, 97

Degree.

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A BED OF ROSES.

THE SECRET TRADITION OF FREEMASONRY. By A. E. WAITE.

My previous remark calls for no modification.

MARECHAL DE CAMBRONNE. {417}

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About this capture

A BIRTHDAY

"Aug." 10, 1911.

FULL moon to-night; and six and twenty years
 Since my full moon first broke from angel spheres!
 A year of infinite love unwearying ---
 No circling seasons, but perennial spring!
 A year of triumph trampling through defeat,
 The first made holy and the last made sweet
 By this same love; a year of wealth and woe,
 Joy, poverty, health, sickness --- all one glow
 In the pure light that filled our firmament
 Of supreme silence and unbarred extent,
 Wherein one sacrament was ours, one Lord,
 One resurrection, one recurrent chord,
 One incarnation, one descending dove,
 All these being one, and that one being Love!

You sent your spirit into tunes; my soul
 Yearned in a thousand melodies to ensroll
 Its happiness: I left no flower unplucked
 That might have graced your garland. I induct
 Tragedy, comedy, farce, fable, song,
 Each longing a little, each a little long,
 But each aspiring only to express
 Your excellence and my unworthiness ---
 Nay! but my worthiness, since I was sense
 And spirit too of that same excellence.

{419}

So thus we solved the earth's revolving riddle:
 I could write verse, and you could play the fiddle,
 While, as for love, the sun went through the signs,
 And not a star but told him how love twines
 A wreath for every decanate, degree,
 Minute and second, linked eternally
 In chains of flowers that never fading are,
 Each one as sempiternal as a star.

Let me go back to your last birthday. Then
 I was already your one man of men
 Appointed to complete you, and fulfil

From everlasting the eternal will.
We lay within the flood of crimson light
In my own balcony that August night,
And conjuring the aright and the averse
Created yet another universe.

We worked together; dance and rite and spell
Arousing heaven and constraining hell.
We lived together; every hour of rest
Was honied from your tiger-lily breast.
We --- oh what lingering doubt or fear betrayed
My life to fate! --- we parted. Was I afraid?
I was afraid, afraid to live my love,
Afraid you played the serpent, I the dove,
Afraid of what I know not. I am glad {420}
Of all the shame and wretchedness I had,
Since those six weeks have taught me not to doubt you,
And also that I cannot live without you.

Then I came back to you; black treasons rear
Their heads, blind hates, deaf agonies of fear,
Cruelty, cowardice, falsehood, broken pledges,
The temple soiled with senseless sacrileges,
Sickness and poverty, a thousand evils,
Concerted malice of a million devils; ---
You never swerved; your high-pooped galleon
Went marvellously, majestically on
Full-sailed, while every other braver bark
Drove on the rocks, or foundered in the dark.

Then Easter, and the days of all delight!
God's sun lit noontide and his moon midnight,
While above all, true centre of our world,
True source of light, our great love passion-pearled
Gave all its life and splendour to the sea
Above whose tides stood our stability.

Then sudden and fierce, no monitory moan,
Smote the mad mischief of the great cyclone.
How far below us all its fury rolled!
How vainly sulphur tries to tarnish gold!
We lived together: all its malice meant
Nothing but freedom of a continent!

It was the forest and the river that knew
The fact that one and one do not make two. {421}

We worked, we walked, we slept, we were at ease,
We cried, we quarrelled; all the rocks and trees
For twenty miles could tell how lovers played,
And we could count a kiss for every glade.
Worry, starvation, illness and distress?
Each moment was a mine of happiness.

Then we grew tired of being country mice,
Came up to Paris, lived our sacrifice
There, giving holy berries to the moon,
July's thanksgiving for the joys of June.

And you are gone away --- and how shall I
Make August sing the raptures of July?
And you are gone away --- what evil star
Makes you so competent and popular?
How have I raised this harpy-hag of Hell's
Malice --- that you are wanted somewhere else?
I wish you were like me a man forbid,
Banned, outcast, nice society well rid
Of the pair of us --- then who would interfere
With us? --- my darling, you would now be here!

But no! we must fight on, win through, succeed,
Earn the grudging praise that never comes to meed,
Lash dogs to kennel, trample snakes, put bit
In the mule-mouths that have such need of it,
Until the world there's so much to forgive in
Becomes a little possible to live in.

God alone knows if battle or surrender
Be the true courage; either has its splendour. {422}
But since we chose the first, God aid the right,
And damn me if I fail you in the fight!
God join again the ways that lie apart,
And bless the love of loyal heart to heart!
God keep us every hour in every thought,
And bring the vessel of our love to port!

These are my birthday wishes. Dawn's at hand,
And you're an exile in a lonely land.
But what were magic if it could not give
My thought enough vitality to live?
Do not then dream this night has been a loss!
All night I have hung, a god, upon the cross;
All night I have offered incense at the shrine;

All night you have been unutterably mine,
Miner in the memory of the first wild hour
When my rough grasp tore the unwilling flower
From your closed garden, mine in every mood,
In every tense, in every attitude,
In every possibility, still mine
While the sun's pomp and pageant, sign to sign,
Stately proceeded, mine not only so
In the glamour of memory and austral glow
Of ardour, but by image of my brow
Stronger than sense, you are even here and now
Miner, utterly mine, my sister and my wife,
Mother of my children, mistress of my life!

O wild swan winging through the morning mist!
The thousand thousand kisses that we kissed, {423}
The infinite device our love devised
If by some chance its truth might be surprised,
Are these all past? Are these to come? Believe me,
There is no parting; they can never leave me.
I have built you up into my heart and brain
So fast that we can never part again.
Why should I sing you these fantastic psalms
When all the time I have you in my arms?
Why? 'tis the murmur of our love that swells
Earth's dithyrambs and ocean's oracles.

But this is dawn; my soul shall make its nest
Where your sighs swing from rapture into rest
Love's thurible, your tiger-lily breast.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

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THE EQUINOX
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THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A .: A .:

THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM
EDITED BY SOROR VIRAKAM
SUB-EDITOR: FRA. LAMPADA TRADAM
An. VIII VOL. I. NO. VIII. Sun in Libra

SEPTEMBER MCMXII

O.S.

THE METHOD OF SCIENCE---THE AIM OF RELIGION

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3 GREAT JAMES STREET, GRAY'S INN
LONDON, W.C.

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Persons wishing for information, assistance, further interpretation, etc., are requested to communicate with

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE A ∴ A ∴

c/o THE EQUINOX,

3 Great James Street,

W.C. Telephone: CITY 8987,

or to call at that address by appointment. A representative will be there to meet them.

THE Chancellor of the A ∴ A ∴ considers it desirable to make a brief statement of the financial position, as the time has now arrived to make an effort to spread the knowledge to the ends of the earth. The expenses of the propaganda are roughly estimated as follows ---

Maintenance of Temple, and service . . . "Pounds"200 p.a.

Publications "Pounds"200 p.a.

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As in the past, the persons responsible for the movement will give the whole of their

time and energy, as well as their worldly wealth, to the service of the A ∴ A ∴

Unfortunately, the sums at their disposal do not at present suffice for the contemplated advance, and the Chancellor consequently appeals for assistance to those who have found in the instructions of the A ∴ A ∴ a sure means to the end they sought. All moneys received will be applied solely for the purpose of aiding those who have not yet entered the circle of the light.

{ii}

Owing to the unnecessary strain thrown upon Neophytes by unprepared persons totally ignorant of the groundwork taking the Oath of a Probationer, the Imperator of A ∴ A ∴, under the seal and by the authority of V.V.V.V.V., ordains that every person wishing to become a Probationer of A ∴ A ∴ must first pass three months as a Student of the Mysteries.

He must possess the following books: ---

THE EQUINOX, from No. 1 to the current number.

"Raja Yoga," by Swami Vivekananda.

"The Shiva Sanhita," or "The Hathayoga Pradipika."

"Konx Om Pax."

"The Spiritual Guide," by Miguel de Molinos.

"777."

"Rituel et Dogme de la haute Magie," par Eliphaz Levi, or its translation, by A. E. Waite.

"The Goetia of the Lemegeton of Solomon the King."

"Tannhauser," by A. Crowley.

"The Sword of Song," by A. Crowley.

"Time," by A. Crowley.

"Eleusis," by A. Crowley.

[These four last items are to be found in his Collected Works.]

"The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abra-melin the Mage."

The Tao Teh King and the Writings of Kwany {sic, s.b. "Kwang"} Tzu (Sacred Books of the East, Vols. XXXIX, XL).

An examination in these books will be made. The Student is expected to show a thorough acquaintance with them, but not necessarily to understand them in any deeper sense. On passing the examination he may be admitted to the grade of Probationer.

{iii}

Probationers are reminded that the object of Probations and Ordeals is one: namely: to select Adepts. But the method appears twofold: (i) to fortify the fit; (ii) to eliminate the unfit.

The Chancellor of the A ∴ A ∴ views without satisfaction the practice of Probationers working together. A Probationer should work with his Neophyte, or alone. Breach of this rule may prove a bar to advancement.

{iv}

{Following half page is tipped in in some copies:

"This Order in no way conflicts with, or infringes the just privileges of, the United Grand Lodge of England." -- EDITOR.}

I.N.R.I.

BRITISH SECTION OF THE ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

O.T.O.

M.'.M.'.M.'.

[The Premonstrator of the A.'.A.'. permits it to be known that there is not at present any necessary incompatibility between the A ∴ A ∴ and the O.T.O. and M.'.M.'.M.'., and allows membership of the same as a valuable preliminary training.] {v}

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

MYSTERIA MYSTICA MAXIMA

PREAMBLE

DURING the last twenty-five years, constantly increasing numbers of earnest people and seekers after truth have been turning their attention to the study of the hidden laws of Nature.

The growth of interest in these matters has been simply marvellous. Numberless societies, associations, orders, groups, etc., etc., have been founded in all parts of the civilized world, all and each following some line of occult study.

While all these newly organized associations do some good in preparing the minds of thoughtful people for their eventually becoming genuine disciples of the One Truth, yet there is but ONE ancient organization of Mystics which shows to the student a Royal Road to discover the One Truth. This organization has permitted the formation of the body known as the "ANCIENT ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS." It is a modern School of Magi. Like the ancient Schools of Magi it derived its knowledge from Egypt and Chaldea. This knowledge is never revealed to {vii} the profane, for it gives immense power for either good or evil to its possessors.

It is recorded in symbol, parable and allegory, requiring a Key for its interpretation.

The symbols of Freemasonry were originally derived from the more ancient mysteries, as all who have travelled the burning sands know. The ritual and ceremonies, signs and passwords have been preserved with great fidelity: but the Real Key has been long lost to the crowds who have been initiated, advanced and raised in Masonry.

The KEY to this knowledge can, however, be placed within the reach of all those who unselfishly desire, study and work for its possession.

The Symbols of Ancient Masonry, the Sacred Art of the Ancient Chemi (Egyptians), and Homer's Golden Chain are but different aspects of the One Great Mystery. They represent but different degrees of initiation. By the Right Use of the "Key" alone the "Master Word" can be found.

In order to afford genuine seekers after Hermetic Truth some information on the aims of the Ancient Order of Oriental Templars, we now print the preliminary instruction issued by the Fratres of this Order.

FIRST INSTRUCTION

To all whom it may concern ---

Let it be known that there exists, unknown to the great crowd, a very ancient order of sages, whose object is the amelioration and spiritual elevation of mankind, by means of {viii} conquering error, and aiding men and women in their efforts of attaining the power of recognizing the truth. This order has existed already in the most remote and prehistoric times; and it has manifested its activity secretly and openly in the world under different names and in various forms; it has caused social and political revolutions, and proved to be the rock of salvation in times of danger and misfortune. It has always upheld the banner of freedom against tyranny, in whatever shape this appeared, whether as clerical or political, or social despotism or oppression of any kind. To this secret order every wise and spiritually enlightened person belongs by right of his or her nature; because they all, even if they are personally unknown to each other, are one in their purpose and object, and they all work under the guidance of the one light of truth. Into this sacred society no one can be admitted by another, unless he has the power to enter it himself by virtue of his own interior illumination: neither can any one, after he has once entered, be expelled, unless he should expel himself by becoming unfaithful to his principles, and forget again the truths which he has learned by his own experience.

All this is known to every enlightened person; but it is known only to few that there exists also an external, visible organization of such men and women who, having themselves found the path to real self-knowledge, are willing to give to others, desirous of entering that path, the benefit of their experience and to act as spiritual guides to those who are willing to be guided. As a matter of course, those persons who are already sufficiently spiritually developed to enter into conscious communion with the great spiritual brotherhood {ix} will be taught directly by the spirit of wisdom; but those who still need external advice and support will find this in the external organization of that society. In regard to the spiritual aspect of this secret order, one of the Brothers says ---

"Our community has existed ever since the first day of creation when the gods spoke the divine command: 'Let there be light!' and it will continue to exist till the end of time. It is the Society of the Children of Light, who live in the light and have attained immortality therein. In our school we are instructed directly by Divine Wisdom, the Celestial Bride,

whose will is free and who selects as her disciples those who are devoted to her. The mysteries which we are taught embrace everything that can possibly be known in regard to God, Nature and Man. Every sage that ever existed in the world has graduated at our school; for without wisdom no man can be wise. We all study only one book, the Book of Nature, in which the keys to all secrets are contained, and we follow the only possible method in studying it, that of experience. Our place of meeting is the Temple of the Holy Spirit pervading the universe; easily to be found by the elect, but for ever hidden from the eyes of the vulgar. Our secrets cannot be sold for money, but we give them free to every one capable to receive them."

As to the external organization of that society, it will be necessary to give a glance at its history, which has been one and the same in all. Whenever that spiritual society manifested itself on the outward plane and appeared in the world, it consisted at its beginning of a few able and enlightened people, forming a nucleus around which others were {x} attracted. But invariably, the more such a society grew in numbers, the more became attracted to its elements, such as were not able to understand or follow its principles; people who joined it for the purpose of gratifying their own ambition or for making the society serve their own ends obtained the majority over those that were pure. Thereupon the healthy portion of it retired from the field and continued their benevolent work in secrecy, while the remaining portion became diseased and disrupted, and sooner or later died disgraced and profaned. For the Spirit had departed from them.

For this reason the external organization of which we speak has resolved not to reveal its name or place to the vulgar. Furthermore, for the same reason, the names of the teachers and members of this society shall remain unknown, except to such as are intimately associated with them in their common work. If it is said that in this way the society will gain only few members, it may be answered that our society has a spiritual head, and that those who are worthy of being admitted will be guided to it by means of their intuition; while those who have no intuition are not ripe for it and not needed. It is better to have only a comparatively small number of capable members than a great many useless ones.

From the above it will be clear that the first and most necessary acquirement of the new disciple is that he will keep silent in regard to all that concerns the society to which he is admitted. Not that there is anything in that Society which needs to be afraid of being known to the virtuous and good; but it is not necessary that things which are elevated and {xi} sacred should be exposed to the gaze of the vulgar, and be bespattered by them with mud. This would only impede the society in its work.

Another necessary requirement is mutual confidence between the teacher and the disciple; because a disciple who has no faith in his master cannot be taught or guided by him. There may be things which will appear strange, and for which no reasons can be given to the beginner; but when the disciple has attained to a certain state of development all will be clear to him or her. The confidence which is required will also be of little service if it is only of a short duration. The way of development of the soul, which

leads to the awakening of the inner senses, is slow, and without patience and fortitude nothing will be accomplished.

From all this it follows as a matter of course that the next requisite is obedience. The purpose of the disciple is to obtain the mastery over his own lower self, and for this reason he must not submit himself to the will of his lower nature, but follow the will of that higher nature, which he does not yet know, but which he desires to find. In obeying the will of the master, instead of following the one which he believes to be his own, but which is in reality only that of his lower nature, he obeys the will of his own higher nature with which his master is associated for the purpose of aiding the disciple in attaining the conquest over himself. The conquest of the higher self over the lower self means the victory of the divine consciousness in man over that which in him is earthly and animal. Its object is a realization of true manhood and womanhood, and the attainment of conscious immortality in the realization of the highest state of existence in perfection. {xii}

These few preliminary remarks may be sufficient for those who desire information concerning our order; to those who feel themselves capable to apply for admission, further instructions will be given.

Address all communications to The Registrar, M ∴ M ∴ M ∴, c/o THE EQUINOX, 3 Great James Street, Bedford Row, W.C.

THE FOLLOWING

DISCOURSE

"(Translated from the original French)"

"Was lately pronounced at Brunswick (Lower Saxony) where PRINCE is GRAND MASTER of M., by COUNT T., at the Initiation of his Son."

"I congratulate you on your admission into the most ancient, and perhaps the most respectable, society in the universe. To you the mysteries of M. are about to be revealed, and so bright a sun never shed lustre on your eyes. In this awful moment, when prostrate at this holy altar, do you not shudder at every crime, and have you not confidence in every virtue? May this reflection inspire you with noble sentiments; may you be penetrated with a religious abhorrence of every vice that degrades human nature; and may you feel the elevation of soul which scorns a dishonourable action, and ever invites to the practice of piety and virtue.

"These are the wishes of a father and a brother conjoined. Of you the greatest hopes are raised; let not our expectations be deceived. You are the son of a M. who glories {xiii} in the profession; and for your zeal and attachment, your silence and good conduct, your father has already pledged his honour.

"You are now, as a member of this illustrious order, introduced a subject of a new country, whose extent is boundless. Pictures are opened to your view, wherein true patriotism is exemplified in glowing colours, and a series of transactions recorded, which the rude hand of Time can never erase. The obligations which influenced the first Brutus and Manilus to sacrifice their children to the love of their country are not more sacred than those which bind me to support the honour and reputation of this venerable order.

"This moment, my son, you owe to me a second birth; should your conduct in life correspond with the principles of M., my remaining years will pass away with pleasure and satisfaction. Observe the great example of our ancient masters, peruse our history and our constitutions. The best, the most humane, the bravest, and most civilized of men have been our patrons. Though the vulgar are strangers to our works, the greatest geniuses have sprung from our order. The most illustrious characters on earth have laid the foundation of their most amiable qualities in M. The wisest of princes, SOLOMON, planned our institution by raising a temple to the Eternal and Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

"Swear, my son, that you will be a true and faithful M. Know, from this moment, that I centre the affection of a parent in the name of a brother and a friend. May your heart be susceptible of love and esteem, and may you burn with the same zeal your father possesses. Convince the world, by your new allegiance, you are deserving our favours, {xiv} and never forget the ties which bind you to honour and to justice.

"View not with indifference the extensive connections you have formed, but let universal benevolence regulate your conduct. Exert your abilities in the service of your king and your country, and deem the knowledge you have this day attained the happiest acquisition of your life.

"Recall to memory the ceremony of your initiation; learn to bridle your tongue and to govern your passions: and ere long you will have occasion to say: 'In becoming a M., I truly became the man; and while I breathe will never disgrace a jewel that kings may prize.'

"If I live, my son, to reap the fruits of this day's labour, my happiness will be complete. I will meet death without terror, close my eyes in peace, and expire without a groan, in the arms of a virtuous and worthy M."

{xv}

{In some copies, the following half page is tipped in. In red type:

"NOTE OUR NEW ADDRESS"

33 Avenue Studios

South Kensington

London, S.W.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no8/eqi08002.html>

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About this capture

EDITORIAL

LOVE! Dear Readers, have you ever thought what a wonderful thing love is? What would life be without love? A desert! There would be no true happiness without love.

And yet we must admit that love is in some ways a great danger. We must remember that many great teachers have forbidden it. What did the great Buddha say to Ananda? "Beware of women, Ananda!" "But, Lord, they are subtle of speech!" "Don't speak to them, Ananda!" "But, Lord, suppose they speak to us?" "Keep wide awake, Ananda!"

Think of Paul's contemptuous permission, "It is better to marry than to burn" --- it is easy to see that Paul had never been married! --- and of his Master's plain prohibition of anything of the sort.

If our own Beloved Lord and Teacher does not join the band, it is (may I suggest with all humility?) because He wants us to be strong enough to manage our own affairs without resorting to the extreme of prohibition.

But it is hard upon the weak. Think of A, who left the noblest and the most exalted pursuits for a baser love, a love in a boarding-house in Hoxton, a love with spectacles and elastic-sided boots; think of B, who married (on her holiday as a maid-of-all-work in Bayswater) a forty-pfenning fly-by-night from Hamburg, who cockolded him openly in {xxiii} in the streets of Venice, and nearly sobbed the station into the lagoon as she was torn shrieking from her favourite gondolier by the girls she was supposed to be chaperoning; think of C, who forgot the heavenly choir for the earthly, and of D, who was last seen in Naples being sick out of a window on the second floor; think of E, who married a girl named Ethel Maud, reaping in himself that recompense of his error which was meet; think of F, who might have performed the Operation of the Sacred Magic of

Abra-melin the Mage, and has taken up Goat Golf instead; think of G, who went ashore once too often, and was caught by a girl named Alphonsina Nectarine Stubbs; think of H, who had to shave off the loveliest red beard to show what a strong chin he really had; think of I --- no! that isn't grammar --- think of Me!

My catalogue need not stop there, but it shall. Against all this what have we to urge but the awful example of J, who wanted to store up Ojas, and went off his K --- nut?

No, dear readers, love is not all that it's cracked up to be. It's a good boy to have to answer the bell, but it's a bad packing-house when you're the pig!

Love is like champagne. You must drink it quickly; and if you keep it corked up too long, you find it has gone flat. It is a fine pick-me-up; but champagne all day is nastier than skilly.

FRATER PERDURABO is a wise man. He never says "Keep off the drink!" If you cannot drink soberly and decently you are not fit. If you can be your own master in the matter of love, you may perhaps master The Great Magician in the end. But if your Great Work means so little to you that the first frou-frou unsettles you, and the {xxiv}

Perfume and the Vision mean no more than a whiff of patchouli and a glimpse of an open-work silk stocking --- well, you're not the sort that was ever likely to do much good for the next few billion incarnations!

I could write on love for hours; but will conclude with only one other bit of advice --- Don't marry a nigger!<>

By inadvertence two of the Official A ∴ A ∴ publications in No. VII were called Liber Tau. The Book DCCCXXXI, formerly called Vesta, will therefore be called Liber Iod instead of Tau.

The lady who stole Mr. Crowley's Aldine Catullus is hereby warned that she is known, and had better return it before trouble arises. "Maecha putida, redde codicillos."

It is also hoped to secure at the mystic term in respect of known dedications sacramentally in fine a mystery-poem by our friend and co-disciple, restored and redeemed, Arthur Edward Waite. It is intituled, Eptot Istrarsis --- Part I, "St. Leger's Eve"; Part II, "Moral Certainty"; Part III, "The Great Oath"; Part IV, "First Paces on the Path"; Part V, "Three spheres of Gold"; Part VI, "The Initiate's Pledge"; Part VII, "Beneath the Seat"; Part VIII, "The Maker of the Book"; Part IX, "Some Sixty-fold"; Part X, "The Bier"; Part XI, "The Bier" ("continued"); Part XII, "The Bier" ("continued"); Part XIII, "Blue Robes"; Part XIV, "The Dark Night"; Part XV, "Before the Accusers"; Part XVI, "The Assessor"; Part XVII, "Forte bobor tendas"; Part XVIII, "Aum sweet Aum!" Part XIX, "Welcome! The Allocution of Maria." {xxv}

We must record our thanks to the noble generosity of many of our readers, which has enabled us to carry on the work of making known this clear description of The Path, given to us by the A ∴ A ∴, which has so helped us all to enter and pursue that Path.

At Christmas we shall move to new premises. Notice will be sent by post to subscribers in due course.

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About this capture

Theta-Epsilon-Lambda-Eta-Mu-Alpha

A TONE-TESTAMENT

BY

LEILA WADDELL

{xxvii} HOMAGE PRELIMINARY

LIFE that is lost in dullard

Dreams of the senses, go!

Life, by the soul fair-coloured,

Thy valiant trumpets blow!

Far from the world where love is lust,

And work is pain, and wealth is dust,

Rise on the wings of love, and soar

To the sun's self, the eternal shore
Where flaming streamers soar and roll,
Angels to guard its secret soul,
The Garden where my love and I
May walk to all eternity.
Who dares to force the fiery gate
May win our world inviolate.
Children whose hearts are passionate;
Maidens whose flesh is fair and fain,
And men whose souls no senses stain,
Come! These mad miles of flame of ours
Are cool as springs and fresh as flowers.

{xxix}

And thou, sole star in my black firmament!
Thou, night that wraps me close, thou, moon that
glimmers.
Chaste, yet embraced, serenest element
Lapping my life as the sea laps a swimmer's;
Thou, by whose strength and purity and love
I leave this land, attain to the above,

Come thou rose-red, break on my soul like dawn

And gild my peaks, and bid their fountains flow
For in thine absence all their life withdrawn
Congealed my being to a sterile snow,
Snow fallen from some accursed star to ban
All the high hope and heritage of man.

Come thou, a gleaming goddess of pure pearl,
Price of mine homage to the great glad god!
Come, saint and satyr praise alike the girl
Who to my whole life put the period
Of all fulfilment, whose prophetic breath
Girds me with life, and garlands me with death.

Come, be thy magic in the rime and rhythm,
Until the sea sways to the tender tune,
And the winds whisper, and the leaves wave with them,
The leaves wherethrough we look upon the moon,
So that men hear me of the world within
Secure from sorrow, sanctified from sin,

{xxx}

The world of stranger deities and loves
Than haunted Ida, or were hidden in

The Cretan bowers, the Elusinian goves,
A world that trembles on thy violin,
Eager to be --- and then the curtain drops
Just as thy music, with my heart's pulse, stops.

Nay! To this world of ours they shall not reach.
My rimes are shadows dancing in the breeze
By moonlight; there is no delight in speech
Such as the silence of our own heart's ease;
But even thy shadow is itself a sun
To the bleak universe of Everyone.

Then open sesame! The fairy cavern
Of gold and gems, strange land of misty truth,
As witches' eyes in a polluted tavern
Glow with the vampire vanity of youth
Stolen from maids, so let thine own eyes shine
In this fantastic mystery of thine!

Thine eyes are love and truth and loyalty;
Thine eyes are mystery unveiled to one.
Let them ray forth incarnate deity
Fit to assail the eclipse-attainted sun!

Let them point still my weather-beaten soul

Infallibly the pathway of the pole!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

{xxxi}

{Illustration facing page xxxiii described:

This is a dark gray-brown colotype of Leila Waddell, rectangular in shape and done on the left page, long top to the left edge of the book. The background is a uniform black. The image is apportioned with Leila's head and upper body occupying the left half of the picture, entire right profile. She gazes directly to the right, chin supported by left fist, back of hand to right and forearm vertically down. The left elbow is not visible, being behind the right elbow and forearm. The right forearm extends out along a low table occupying the foreground of the right half of the image, elbow on table and forearm slightly raised. The right hand is loosely closed against a round vertical dish just below center of the dish. This dish is vertical and resting on its lower rim on the table in the plane of the photo. It is ornamented in volute double spiral circular patterns reminiscent of a Yin-Yang symbol, an outer ring of about 24 inside the rim of the disk, then an inner annular rib, next inside slightly larger volutes in an open circle of 14, inside another open circle of six volutes (hand covers most of lower three) and a single volute in the center. Leila's forefinger has a ring of knobby and complex appearance.

She her hair is quite long and thick, covering all strategic points not obscured by the posture and arms. It is long, straight and hangs smoothly down from the head without evident styling. A cascade of it falls over the right shoulder toward the front, passing to front over the elbow and before the forearm. Another substantial lock falls directly down to the front. The hair appears to be all brushed to the right and front in part.

Her expression is fixed and melancholic, lips closed and eyes slightly sad.}

{Pages xxxiii to xxxiv contain music scored for violin.}

{xxxiii}

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About this capture
THREE POEMS
THREE POEMS
{xxxvii}

THE WAY

PALE yellow moon, and pale green grass,
Oh, have ye seen Diana pass?
And are ye pale for longing or love,
Palest green grass, pale moon above?

Pale yellow moon, before the dawn,
Palest green grass,
Ohm, have ye seen Diana pass
Over the lawn?

Soft-noted nightingales I love,
With the earth below, and the moon above,
And the rippling river singing slowly
Under the stars serene and holy.

Great staring moon before the dawn,
Shining young grass,

Oh, have ye heard Diana pass
Over the lawn?

Oh, dimpling river, murmuring slowly
Under the starlight pale, and holy,
Oh, little green grasshoppers chirring, chirring,
What have ye seen in the bright night stirring?

{xxxix}

Young moon chaste before the dawn,
Softest young grass,
Oh, have ye seen Diana pass
Over the lawn?

Oh, little green grasshoppers sleepily chirring,
Have ye seen aught in the bright night stirring?
Palest moon, and pale green grass,
Have ye heard, have ye heard Diana pass?

Bright moon, virgin before the dawn,
Listening grass,
Oh, have ye heard Diana pass
Over the lawn?

{xl}

A PICTURE

THE slim brown fingers kiss the viol-strings,
Dark, narrow eyes pierce to the soul within;
What slow enchanted joy reverie brings
To him, the lover of the violin;
Sorrow or joy: or saintliness or sin
To him are one, if only he may win
Unto the heart, the hidden heart that sings
What grave old histories, what mysterious things!

So there he squats to find the hidden flaw
In the dark doorway. God! I see him yet
With aweless face that yet reflects the awe
of something greater than the music's fret;
On the dark soul within his thoughts are set;
No hope, no fear, no anguish, no regret,
But only wonder at some secret Law
That holds the sounds; he squats upon the straw.

Under that grave, blue sky no thing he sees:
The swift chameleon market-place; the white

Stern pillars of the churches; murmuries

{1}

That float on the summer air; the hot delight,
Awaken no response; only the might
Of the shy poesie that enchants the night
He cares to love; the eerie palaces
Where the soul finds forbidden harmonies.

Oh! Now his eyes dance up to meet the sun;
Curious, he peers into the hurtling air:
Oh! all his spirit follows, slim and fair;
The spears of light attract him: it is done;
The flaw is found; he bends again, to shun
The summer-heat: see! the swift fingers run
Like spiders o'er the strings: Look! it is bare,
The flaw: and he has found what godhead there!

{2}

A VALLEY SONG

OVER the hills the shadows creep,
Like dreams across the sleep of lovers;
And through their golden, satiate sleep,

Singing, the skylark hovers.

His lyric gold the skylark spills

As over the bare, green hills he hovers;

The space betwixt love's breasts he fills

With songs from the hearts of lovers.

The shadows move across the green,

Slowly, over the grass and clover,

As gentle as the kiss between

Love's breasts from the lips of her lover.

The hills lie bare and green and steep,

And the skylark rises over,

Like the breath of love in the satiate sleep

Of the lover with her lover.

Oh, the hills of the scorching south,

Whereover the dim, poised skylark hovers!

Oh, why is the song of the skylark's mouth

Such pain to the weary lovers?

Over the hills the shadows creep
Like dreams across the sleep of lovers;
And through their satiate, golden sleep
The shrilling skylark hovers.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG

{4}

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About this capture

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON

THE KING

{5}

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE

KING

THE BABE

It was about a fortnight after the writing of "Liber Legis" that Fra. P. left Egypt for the grey skies of the Scottish Highlands, where, with the Seer, he began to put into practice the experiments suggested in the Book of the Law.

The astounding success of these experiments would have convinced any other man of the reality of his experiences, and induced him to devote his life absolutely to the work enjoined; but Fra. P. was not made of common clay. He issued a careless manifesto, calling upon the Universe to adore, and nothing particular coming of this, he lost interest. It is what he calls "The way of the Tao" to do everything by doing nothing. Take no trouble or care about a matter; it will come to pass. It seems to us a sort of happy fatalism; to him it is the highest of magical formulae.

The upshot of all was that on the birth of a child he had completely put everything aside. He played at Yoga for about a week during the summer, and he took some little trouble to disperse the wreckage of the "Rosicrucians," which constituted a danger to navigation, the wretch Mathers having by now abandoned all pretence at magic, and mingled stupid sorceries with his bouts of intoxication, ever more frequent {7} and prolonged. This service to humanity he successfully performed; the "Rump" of the London Temple was dispersed, and its chief, his occupation gone, left to the more diverting pastime of trying to dodge the Criminal Law Amendment Act.

With autumn we find Fra. P. still less occupied with magic; he spent the winter skating at St. Moritz, where his only occult exploit seems to have been parson-baiting, and though he returned to Scotland in the spring, it was only for a few days. For on April 27, 1905, one of the old comrades of his journeys in Central Asia sought him out, and proposed a new Expedition. Fra. P. gleefully accepted, and on May 6, having got together his kit, left his home, and sailed for India on the 12th.

His diary is henceforth barren of all interest to us. We learn only that the success of his plans was spoilt by a mutiny, which resulted in the death of four innocent people, and a good deal of damage to the mutineers, and that in consequence he went off to visit his old friend the Maharaja of Moharbhaj, and shoot big game. After spending a few days with this amiable despot, he went off alone into the jungle, and his thoughts immediately reverted to magic, to the performance of the Great Work, though not as yet to the Egyptian revelations. His antipathy to these, with their irrational instructions, grew and grew. It was only with the shattering of his reason that he could possibly accept them, and act on them.

Yet even in this month's wandering in the jungle we find little in the diary but the record of exercise of strange magic powers. we read three or four times that a certain adept {8} joined him by night in the magical body. And on one night ---

"Had long colloquy with Golden Hawk; invited ---- (the Adept) and learnt that the Great Work was to create a new Universe. Whence severe self-criticism."

This at the end of his journey. Yet during this journey we find that he had written down the secrets of the Mystic Path in a mysterious MS., which few indeed have been privileged to see.

in Calcutta he was very busy. He had been attacked by armed robbers, and, slaying two of them<>, was, in the then political condition of Bengal, likely to be offered up as a scapegoat. Further, his wife and child joined him, and it seemed most desirable that he should pursue his travels, which he did.

But of this week one illuminating sentence is preserved. Fra. P. was driving through Calcutta with Mr. E---- T----, and complaining to him that the analysis of impressions showed no connection between them. There was no coherence in the non-Ego, and so no sanity in the Universe.

His companion pointed out that the same criticism applied with equal force to the Ego.

This fell on Fra. P. with the force of a thunderbolt. He had always known this in an intellectual way; now it stabbed him to the heart. Through the rest of the drive he sat silent, and in the bustle of the succeeding days of "Bandobast" for his newly projected walk through China, this awakening stood behind his mind, alert and operative.

From Calcutta he proceeded to Rangoon (Nov. 3-6), where {9} he found his old comrade, I. A., now a member of the Buddhist Sangha, under the name of Bhikku Ananda Metteya.

It was from him that he received the instructions which were to help him to reach the great and terrible pinnacle of the mind whence the Adept must plunge into the Abyss, to emerge naked, a babe --- the Babe of the Abyss.

"Explore the River of the Soul," said Ananda Metteya, "whence and in what order you have come."

For three days --- the longest period allowed by the Buddhist law --- he remained in the Choung, meditating on this matter; but nothing seems to have come of it. He set his teeth and settled down doggedly to this consideration of the eternal why. Here is a being in Rangoon. Why? Because he wanted to see Bhikku A. M. Why? Because ... and so on to the half-forgotten past, dark seas that phosphoresced as the clean keel of his thought divided them.

But, as appears, he was even more absorbed in the question of the consecution of impressions. Is there any connection between any two things?

We hear that he left Rangoon for Bhamo by the Irrawaddy steamer "Java" on the 15th. We can almost see him --- lean, brown, stern and immobile, watching the wavelets of the great river, and the flying-fish, and the one thought: Why?

He shut off his reflective faculties, for he saw that there was nothing to reason about. Phenomena were consecutive, but not causally connected.<>

On the 18th he writes: "About now I may count my Speculative Criticism of the Reason as not only proved and understood, but realized"; and on the 19th: "The misery of this is simply sickening --- I can write no more."

There is, however, an entry of this date in his little MS. book of vellum: "I realize in

myself the perfect impossibility of reason; suffering great misery. I am as one who should have plumed himself for years upon the speed and strength of a favourite horse, only to find not only that its speed and strength were illusory, but that it was not a real horse at all, but a clothes-horse. There being no way --- no conceivable way --- out of this awful trouble gives that hideous despair which is only tolerable because in the past it has ever been the Darkness of the Threshold. But this is far worse than ever before; for it is not a despair of the Substance, but of the Form. I wish to go from A to B; and I am not only a cripple, but there is no such thing as space. I have to keep an appointment at midnight; and not only is my watch stopped, but there is no such thing as time. I wish to make a cannon; and not only have I no cue, but there is no such thing as causality.

"This I explain to my wife" (!!! --- Ed.), "and she, apparently inspired, says, 'Shoot it!' (I suppose she means the reason, but, of course, she did not understand a word of what I had been saying. I only told her for the sake of formulating my thought clearly in words.) I reply, 'If I only had a gun.' This makes me think of Siegfried and the Forging of the Sword. Can I heat my broken Meditation-Sword in the furnace of this despair? Is Discipline the Hammer? At present I am more like Mime than Siegfried; a gibbering {11} ape-like creature, though without his cunning and his purpose.

"Only, no water's left to feed its play."

"Up with it on the tripod! It's extinct."

But surely I am not a dead man at thirty!"

The entry is followed by an undated entry earlier than the 25th, suggesting a method of "discipline." But nothing else.

Indeed, there is absolute silence on all mystic matters until December 20, over a month later. On that day, jumping on to his Burmese pony, a few yards after fording the stream which marks the Chinese frontier, the animal backed before he was in the saddle, and fell with him over a cliff of some forty feet in height. "Neither hurt," he remarks. "Later, kicked on the thigh by a mule."

It is of no purpose here to deal with Fra. P.'s private affairs; but one must mention that all this time of interior insanity he was "playing the man" very vigorously. His moral force no doubt saved the Europeans of Tengyueh from a panic which might easily have resulted in massacre. After the death, perhaps by poison, of the Consul, the admirable and undervalued Litton, he was the only person who kept his head, and knew how to assert the authority of the white man.

So that we must understand that this "black insanity" of which Fra. P. speaks was a private little insanity of his own; it in no way interfered with the normal working of his magnificent and heroic brain.

Not to be turned aside from any purpose, however trivial, once he had formulated it, we find him leaving Tengyueh-Ting for the wildest mountains and deserts of Western China. {12}

But before this, the Light had begun to break into the ruins of his mind. On February 9 he writes: "About this full moon consciousness began to break through Ruach into Neschamah"; and two days later: "Pu Peng to Ying Wa Kuan. I 'shoot the Reason' by going back, though on a higher plane, to Augoeides ('i.e.' the Holy Guardian Angel). Resolve to accomplish a Great Retirement on lines closely resembling Abra-melin. The 'note-book and stop-watch method' is too much like criticism. Doubt whether I

should actually do Op. or confine myself to Augoeides. Latter easy to prepare, of course." And so on, making a plan.

Now, how did this come about? Not from the meditation on the Reason, which ended once for all in the Destruction of that Reason, but by the "Sammāsati" meditation on his Kamma. Baffled again and again, the fall with his horse supplied the one factor missing in his calculations. He had repeatedly escaped from death in manners almost miraculous. "Then I am some use after all!" was his conclusion. "I am indeed SENT to do something." For whom? For the Universe; no partial good could possibly satisfy his equation. "I am, then, the 'chosen Priest and Apostle of Infinite Space.' Very good: and what is the message? What shall I teach men?" And like the lightning from heaven fell upon him these words: "THE KNOWLEDGE AND CONVERSATION OF THE HOLY GUARDIAN ANGEL."

Just that. No metaphysical stuff about the "higher self"; a thing that the very villagers of Pu Peng could understand. Avoid refinements; leave dialectic to the slaves of reason.

His work must, then, be to preach that one method and {13} result. And first must he achieve that for himself; for if the blind lead the blind -----

So again we read (in the Diary, this time) on February 11. "Made many resolutions of G. R. (Great Retirement). In dream flew to me an Angel, bearing an Ankh, to comfort me."

We may now transcribe the Diary. We find the great mind, the complex man, purged through and through of thought, stripped of all things human and divine, centred upon one single Aspiration, as simple as the love of a child for its father.

Feb. 12. Continuing these Resolutions.

" 13. Continuing these Resolutions. Read through Goetia, etc., etc.

" 14. Thoughts of the Augoeides.

" 15. Again thoughts of Augoeides. Knowing the Invocation (Preliminary Invocation in the Goetia) by heart, will repeat same daily.

" 16. A.'. (This cipher means "Invoked Augoeides.")

" 17. A.'. though unwell.

" 18. A.'. though ill.

" 19. A.'. some vision with Invocation.

" 20. A.'. in a.m. disturbed.

A.'. in p.m. rather good.

(Henceforward he did it twice daily.)

" 21. A.'. in a.m. with M.'. C.'. good (Is M.'. C.'. Mystic Circumambulation or Magical Ceremony or ---- ?) in p.m. disturbed by drugs and diarrhoea. A weird effect.

" 22. A.'. in p.m. {sic. a.m.? --- WEH} poor (ill). {14}

Feb 22. A.'. in p.m. poor (sleepy).

" 23. A.'. in a.m. poor.

A.'. in p.m. rather good.

" 24. A.'. in a.m. pretty good.

A.'. in p.m. just on the point of being good.

- " 25. A.' in a.m. mediocre.
 Qy. Are all these troubles in Yunnan-Fu due to Abra-melin devils? I ask the Augoeides for "a sufficient measure of protection." Like an instant answer comes Wilkinson's letter setting up things.
- " 26. A.' sleepy (Baby ill). (He had been watching the child for two days and nights without sleep.)
- " 27. A.' in a.m. rather good.
 A.' in p.m. disturbed.
- " 28. A.' omitted in a.m. through forgetful folly.
 A.' in p.m. penitent by sleepy.

March 1. A.' penitent and fair.

Good, but should do new Pentagram ritual before and after to make a Magick Circle.

- " 2. New A.' very difficult (walking on cobbles).
- " 3. A.' difficult (walking).
- " 4. A.' difficult walking and very tired.
 (It should be explained that this powerful magical ceremony had usually to be done under the most awkward circumstances. He averaged about ten hours' walking daily, and had all the business of camp life to attend to when he got in. People who complain that they have to go to the City every day please note.) {15}

March 5. A.' better but not good.

- " 6. A.' better.
- " 7. A.' still better.
- " 8. A.' really very good.
 Ditto in p.m.
 (Smooth sandy road perhaps helped.)
- " 9. A.' very poor (horseback, slippery wet sand, and cobbles).
- " 10. A.' good considering (horseback).
- " 11. A.' poor (evil thoughts).
- " 12. A.' unconcentrated.
- " 13. A.' literally against my own will. Beneath contempt. Qy.
 Effect of ease, etc.
 (On the 10th he had arrived at Mengtzu, where the Collector of Customs kindly received him, and gave him the first meal and bed he had had since leaving Tengyueh.)
- " 14. A.' still very bad --- a shade better.
- " 15. A.' still poor. (Rain, wind, horse, mud, cobbles).
- " 16. A.' a shade better (in chair) ("i.e." his wife's Sedan chair).
- " 17. A.' slowly improving (boat). (By this time they had got to Manhao, and embarked on the dangerous rapids of the Red River. He was nearly drowned, the dug-out twice hitting rocks.)
- " 18. A.' Arrived at Ho K'ow.

A.'. at night nearly forgotten. Did it in the open late
at night. Rather good. {16}

March 19. A.'. mediocre (train).

- " 20. A.'. a bit better. (He arrived at Hai-Phong.)
- " 21. A.'. about the same.
- " 22. A.'. bad (sleepy --- sea-sick). He was now on a tramp steamer
packed three-deep with pigs.)
- " 23. A.'. better. (Magnificent Fata Morgana. Shipping, etc.,
upside down in air above itself. Qy. A sign for me?) (This
question suggests that he is getting through the Abyss to
that great obligation of a Master of the Temple, "I will
interpret every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God
with my soul.") (A night of shocking and terrible
nightmare.)
- " 24. A.'. again a shade better.
- " 25. A.'. good. Vision more convincing.
- " 26. A.'. still good.
- " 27. A {sic, s.b. "A'." ---? WEH Note} poor (heavy sea). (Off
Hoi-How.)
- " 28. A.'. again poor (heavy sea).
- " 29. (At Hongkong). A.'. poor (indigestion).
- " 30. A.'. good: very good.
- " 31. A.'. fairly good.

April 1. A.'. poor -- sleepy.

- " 2. A.'. again poor, in spite of two attempts.
- " 3. A.'. mediocre (left Hongkong per ss. "Nippon Maru"). (He had
sent his wife and child directly by steamer to England.)
- " 4. I foolishly and wickedly put off A.'. work all day; now it is
1 a.m. of the 5th. By foolish, I mean contrary to my
interest and hope in A'.
By wicked I mean contrary to my will. {17}
A'. goodish: lengthy and reverie-like. Yet my heart is
well. I spake it audibly.

April 5. A.'. vocalized: goodish. (Knocked sideways by malaria; a
sharp attack of shivering.)

- " 6. At Shanghai. A.'. very ethereal.
- " 7. Bowled clean over by fever; spent p.m. in bed drunk with
Dover's Powder. Quite sufficiently ill to excuse slackness:
"e.g." I could not even read a light novel.
- " 8. Feeble but convalescent.
A'. nevertheless pretty good for concentration and
sincerity; not notable for result.
I think I had better begin to renounce idle things, save
where politeness calls, and calls loud.
If I take life too easy, the Great Retirement will be
harder: on the other hand an asceticism to no instant

purpose may exhaust me for the struggle when it comes. One of those rare cases where a "golden mean" looks well.

" 9. A.'. at night good: considerable strain in ether.

(It is here fitting to mention Fra. P.'s idea of performing this "Preliminary Invocation" of the Goetia.)

The preamble he makes a general concentration of all his magical forces, and a declaration of his will.

The Ar Thiao section. He travels to the infinite East among the hosts of angels summoned by the words. A sort of "Rising on the Planes," but in a horizontal direction. {18}

The same remarks apply to the next three sections in the other quarters.

At the great invocation following he extends the Shivalingam to infinite height, each letter of each word representing an exaltation of it by geometrical progression. Having seen this satisfactorily, he prostrates himself in adoration.

When consciousness begins to return, he uses the final formula to raise that consciousness in the Shivalingam, springing to his feet at the moment of uniting himself with it, and lastly uttering that supreme song of the Initiate beginning: "I am He, the Borneless Spirit, having light in the feet; strong, and the Immortal Fire!"

(Thus performed, the Invocation means about half an hour of the most intense magical work imaginable --- a minute of it would represent the equivalent of about twelve hours of Asana.)

April 10. A.'. no good (rather tired, especially at night).

" 11. A.'. very bad indeed: worried.

" 12. A.'. better, but sleepy. Not by any means good, but more impersonal.

" 13. A.'. sleepy: in fact dropped off. (He had been doing a magic for a Soror of the Great Order, and exhausted himself.)

" 14. (Easter Eve). A.'. mediocre.

The Op. of Abramelin being due to commence on Easter Sunday, methinks it would be well to make a certain profound conjuration of A.'. on {19} that day with a view to acquiring a proper knowledge of the Method of the G.'. R.'. The A.'. should be definitely invoked for this purpose with all possible ceremony. Is it not written: "Unto whomsoever shall draw nigh unto Me will I draw nigh"? And, as I have proved, the help of A.'. is already given as if the Op. were successfully brought to an end. Only can this right be forfeited by slackness toward the obligation. From this, then, O Holy Exalted One, preserve me! (The invocation had to wait till to 20th.)

April 15. A.'. rather better.

" 16. A.'. above average; but little convincing.

" 17. A.'. about the same: very tired.

" 18. Studying "Liber Legis."

A.'. much better; will go to sleep in vision. (The result curious: I woke up several times, and though I cannot at all remember, I know it was thinking of A.'. in some way.)

" 19. A.'. fair. After-results again vaguely magnificent --- memory seems quite in vain.

" 20. A.'. in the presence of my Soror F.

(The results of this and the next invocation were most brilliant and important. They revealed the Brother of A.'. A.'. who communicated in Egypt as the Controller of all this work. Their importance belongs therefore rather to the history of those relations than of this simple invocation-method, and will be dealt with in {20} another place. P. was entirely sceptical of these results at the time.)

April 21. A.'. with Soror F. Left Shanghai.

" 22. Ill. No regular A.'. but much concentrated thought. Decided to reject results of 20th and 21st, and go on as if they had never happened.

" 23. Fair to good. Asked A.'. for sufficient health on voyage to perform invocations properly. (PS. This was granted.)

" 24. At Kobe. A.'. fair only; though I invoked all these powers of mine. Yet after, by a strong effort of will, I banished my sore throat and my surroundings, and went up in my Body of Light. Reached a room in which a cruciform table was spread, a naked man being nailed thereto. Many venerable men sat around, feasting on his living flesh and quaffing his hot Blood. These (I was told) were the Adepts, whom I might one day join. This I understood to mean that I should get the power of taking only spiritual nourishment --- but probably it means much more than this.

Next I came into an apparently empty hall, of white ivory worked in filigree. A square slim altar was in the midst. I was questioned as to what I would sacrifice on that altar. I offered all save my will to know A.'. which I would only change for its own realization. I now became conscious of god-forms of Egypt sitting, {21} so vast that I could only see to their knees. "Would not knowledge of the gods suffice?" "No!" said I. It was then pointed out to me that I was being critical, even rationalistic, and made to see that A.'. was not necessarily fashioned in my image. I asked pardon for my blindness, and knelt at the altar, placing my hands upon it, right over left. Then one, human, white, self-shining (my idea after all!), came forth and put

his hands over mine, saying: "I receive thee into the Order of the ----."

I sank back to earth in a cradle of flame.

April 15. Yesterday's vision a real illumination, since it showed me an obvious mistake which I had utterly failed to see. The word in my Kamma-work (in Burma) was "Augoeides," and the method "Invoking Often." Therefore a self-glittering One, whether my conscience approves or not, whether my desires fit or not, is to be my guide. I am to "invoke often," not to criticize. Am I to lose my grade of Babe of the Abyss? I cannot go wrong, for I am the chosen one; that is the very postulate of the whole work. This boat carries Caesar and his fortunes.

A.'. fair to good; but attention wandered toward close.

" 26. A.'. fair. Am convinced I did not go to sleep: yet the end is completely veiled from memory.

(Neighbourhood-concentration attained -- ED.) {22}

A.'. rather poor; yet a certain clarity of vision of a white one like him of the 25th.

April 28. A.'. poor; bodily health imperfect still, yet great clarity of vision in the matter of the four quarters.

" 29. A.'.

The same thing happens every time: the mechanical part is kept easily, but I fall instantly into a dull reverie or even slumber. This has nothing pleasant or alluring; is curiously impersonal and bewildering.

" 20. A.'. exactly the same as yesterday. Will repeat.

(It has struck me --- in connection with reading Blake --- that Aiwass, etc., "Force and Fire" is the very thing I lack. My "conscience" is really an obstacle and a delusion, being a survival of heredity and education.

Certainly to rely on it as an abiding principle in itself is wrong. The one really important thing is the fundamental hypothesis: I am the Chosen One. All methods will do, if I only "Invoke often" and stick to it.)

A.'. repeated. Very good and lucid.

(It will be noticed that Fra. P., during this period, seems to have been constantly struggling with his "conscience." He had completely destroyed his intellect; now he was up against the last bulwark of the Ego, the moral self, the tendencies. Notice that in speaking of destruction of the intellect, nothing more is meant than recognition of the vanity of the intellect in {23} relation to the absolute; so also for conscience. Twice two still make four, and killing is still murder: but all this is relative, and relates to the individual in his limitations,

not to the absolute).

This very simple truth, that the planes are separate, is the greatest of all the discoveries of Fra. P. It is a complete key to life.

- May 1. A.'. fair. No tendency to sleep.
(The O .'. (operation) is a great test of faith and will; not at all of wit. Just what I have always lacked!)
Yesterday's attribution of the hexagram given in vision clearly right. The descending triangle is the divine drawing down to man, the wedge of blue splitting matter; the upright triangle is the human flame aspiring.
(Compare the doctrine of the two arrows in "Liber" 418.)
- " 2. Worked hard at day at Comment on "Liber Legis:" lamentably little result.
A.'. good, considering excessive fatigue.
- " 2"bis." (the extra day gained on crossing the 180 Degree.)
A.'. good --- vision like the Milky Way in texture.
- " 3. A.'. mediocre.
- " 4. A.'. very energetic on my part, intently so, better perhaps than ever before.
However (or perhaps because) there was little vision.
Indeed, this work of A.'. requires the Adept to {24} assume the woman's part: to long for the bridegroom, maybe, and to be ever ready to receive his kiss; but not to pursue openly and to use force.
Yet "the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." May it not be, though, that such violence should be used against oneself in order to attain that passive state? And, of course, to shut out out {sic} all rivals? Help me, thou Holy One, even in this; for all my strength is weak as water, and I am but a dog. Help me, O self-glittering one! draw nigh to me in sleep and in waking, and let me ever be as a wise virgin, and expect thy coming with a lamp of oil of holiness and beauty! Hail, beautiful and strong one! I desire thy kisses more than life or death.
- May 5. A.'. medium.
- " 6. A.'. tired and excited, yet with great resolution.
Vision good. Aimed at passive attitude.
- " 7. A.'. good; starry effect concentrating into a brilliant moonlight in my body.
- " 8. A.'. same effect as yesterday.
- " 9. A.'. poor. (This begins the railway journey from Vancouver.)
- " 10. A.'. poor. Am really worn out.
- " 11. A.'. better --- much reverie; vision not acute.
- " 12. A.'. not bad.

- " 13. A.'. purposely done more rapidly than usual. But restful.
{25}
- May 14. A.'. sleepy. Am by no means recovered from the fatigues of this journey.
- " 15. A.'. mediocre and unwilling.
- " 16. (Arrived New York) A.'. better but sleepy. I must really buck up.
- " 17. A.'. better, but "business" is a nuisance, and prevents the mind concentrating.
- " 18. A.'. The usual thing. I forget about it till late, or at least put it off. A man cannot serve two masters.
I began A.'; then deliberately stopped, as it was a farce. I appoint Sunday from waking to sleeping as a day of fast and penance.
Unable, or unwilling, to sleep, recommenced A.'.
Elaborate and really not bad.
- " 19. A.'. most oppressive day --- 96 Degrees --- heat-exhaustion, nearly prostration. A.'. gabbled. My throat "ached," and I was just out of a sodden sleep.
- " 20. A.'. a shade better; am still pretty ill.
- " 21. A.'. very tired, very determined, not altogether bad subjectively, but no voice or vision.
- " 22. A.'. at first disturbed --- with resolution, better vision somewhat, but confused and distorted.
(Imagination had been excited by reading Ludlow's "Hasheesh-Eater.")
- " 23. A.'. in afternoon tired and sleepy.
- " 24. A.'. not so bad, though most frightfully tired.
- " 25. A.'. poor in vision. There has been no good work for a long while. Why? {26}
- May 26. A.'. same as yesterday. Must meditate on cause. (Sailed for Liverpool.)
- " 27. A.'. Go through after incredible struggle of 1 1/2 hours.
- " 28. A.'. just a shade better. But my cabin is a little Hell.
- " 29. A.'. shade better; but still very poor.
- " 30. A.'. very good indeed. Renewed the terrible vows of this initiation, and was rewarded by the Divine Kiss. O self-glittering one, be ever with me! Amen.
- " 31. A.'. better than ever yet. Vision quite perfect; I tasted the sweet kiss and gazed in the clear eyes of that Radiant One. My own face became luminous.
- June 1. A.'. good but interfered with by fatigue. Used much resolution.
(And now Fra. P. was to be struck down by an overwhelming blow. It seems almost as if the experiences of May 30 and 31 were to prepare him to meet it.)

- " 2. A.'. Arrived Liverpool. Heard of Baby's death by letter from ----- and ----- . Arrived London, perfectly stunned.
(He travelled to London with the friends he had made on the voyage, refusing to allow them to suspect that anything was wrong.)
A.'. appropriate in tone, though of course mechanical. I solemnly reaffirmed the oath of mine obligation to perform the operation, {27} offering under these terrible circumstances all that yet remains.
Fortunately I am quite unable to think of the thing in detail or as a reality.
(He adds a note to this on December 31. "Not 'fortunately' at all. One never gets able to do so. Stupor and pangs get to the limit, and that limit is easily reached by very partial conceptions of one's loss.")
- June. 3. ... I have lived through the day.
A.'. a sad mechanic exercise.
- " 4. A.'. no good.
- " 5. Practically broke down playing billiards. Have drugged myself. (He was playing with a surgical friend, who insisted on his taking Veronal.) Will do A.'. and sleep.
- " 6. Went to "Tristan und Isolde." Slept right through from overture to Act II; my neighbour then ejected me for snoring.
Did A.'. feebly, in streets.
- " 7. Went to Plymouth to meet wife. Did A.'. in train. A shade better, and more acquiescence or survival or transcendence --- whichever name you prefer.
- " 8. Really too ill to do a regular A.'. but struggled through, and repeated vows.
- " 9. Still breaking down at intervals and staggering from nervous weakness. Dropping off to sleep at odd times and places.
A.'. practically nil. {28}
- June 10. Vain attempts, interrupted by invincible sleep, to do A'.
- " 11. Still frightfully ill --- sleep and nightmares. A.'. again conquered by these, though I did my very utmost.
- " 12. A shade better. A.'. in Turkish bath not bad considering.
- " 13. A.'. futile.
- " 14. A.'. a shade better.
- " 15. A.'. and a further renewal of the Vow.
- " 16. Went to sleep doing A' . Am still very ill with throat.
- " 17. A.'. better. Throat better.
- " 18. A.'. mediocre.
- " 19. A.'. I went to sleep, I fancy.
- " 20. A.'. a shade better.
- " 21. A.'. poor again. There seems little intention; perhaps owing to my bad health and the general uncertainty of things.

- " 22. A.'. sleepy but a shade better.
- " 23. Saw Fra. D.D.S. A.'. much better.
- " 24. A.'. fair.
- " 25. Went to sleep trying to do A'.
- " 26. A.'. -----?
- " 27. Still very bad --- my head aches all over, and my throat.
- " 28. Still very bad.

(There is no further entry till July 4. Fra. P. was evidently utterly broken down. Yet the A'., though not recorded, was not interrupted.) {29}

- July 4. Doctors insist on immediate operation.
- " 6. My throat and head still utterly bad --- no work for these days --- only the pretence of it. Before I had got to the end of the preamble I was almost delirious every time.
- " 7. Had a Turker and did A' in it, though with great discomfort.
- " 8. To Nursing Home.
 Unto thee, Adon-ai, do I commit my way.
 Unto thee, the Augoeides, unto thee the Self-Glittering One!
 I put my trust in the power that hath devised me as I am for the achieving of a purpose, the Next Step.
 A'. rather bad, but done. Being in bed has cured the eternal headache, and the throat is much better.
 (The doctors were not sure whether Fra. P. was suffering from cancer or tubercle --- pleasing alternative! Probably the real trouble was due to the fall with his horse months before. The microscope failed to reveal its real nature; but it was evidently nothing serious.)
- " 9. Operation performed with little pain. My display of cowardice (he asked for a drink of water during the operation, which was done with only local anaesthetics. But he had made up his mind not to speak during the operation, unless to make a joke) may partly excused by my general nervous break-down, I hope. {30}
 A'. at night, a shade better. Some slight vision.
- July 10. A'. at night fair only.
- " 11. A'. rather reversesque.
- " 12. Throat very bad. A'. futile.
- " 13. A'. better (in A. M.)
 (Twenty-second week of A'. ends. There ought to be a new current to-morrow.) (The idea was 22 weeks for the 22 letters of the Hebrew Alphabet. So he seeks a new method.)
- " 14. Avoided invoking A'. that He might instruct me in Vision. I am in serious trouble. Place, Method, Means, Time, etc. A wakeful night, followed by profound and dreamless sleep (Had spend much thought on A'.).

- " 15. Thought a deal of A.'.
- " 16. Will think, again, not do the formal invocation.
- " 17. This thinking seems little or no good: but the fault is that the real P. is actually not thinking of A.'. When he is, the invocation is unnecessary; when he isn't it's feeble. What "am" I to do?
(Should suggest sticking to it. D.D.S., whom I consulted agrees.)
- " 18. The new method appears to be a mere dumb aspiration --- a Prayer of Silence continued throughout the twenty-four hours.
- " 19. Worried all day, but aspired.
- " 20. Stitches out. Aspiration to A.'. very strong.
- " 21. Some thought of A.'. {31}
- July 22. Thoughts of A.'.
- " 23. Turning to A.'. was turning to sleep, as too often happens.
- " 24. A day off, apparently. (This means that there is no entry in the original diary. It does not imply that nothing was done, only that nothing was worthy record {sic}, or that such record was omitted. Note the "apparently," as of surprise.
- " 25. A bad day. (Going out of Nursing Home.)
- " 26. Went down to stay with D.D.S.
- " 27. Here we have a most extraordinary entry, which needs explanation and illustration.
Fra. P. was crucified by Fra. D.D.S., and on that cross was made to repeat this oath: "I, P----, a member of the Body of Christ, do hereby solemnly obligate myself, etc., to lead a pure and unselfish life, and will entirely devote myself so to raise, etc., myself to the Knowledge of my higher and Divine Genius that I shall be He.
"In witness of which I invoke the great Angel Hua to give me a proof of his existence."
P. transcribes this, and continues: "Complete and perfect visualization of ..." here are hieroglyphics which may mean "Christ as P---- on cross." He goes on: "'The low dark hill, the storm, the star.' But the Pylon of the Camel ('i.e.' the path of Gimel) open, and a ray therein: withal a certain vision of A.'. remembered only as a glory now attainable. {32}

{Illustration facing page 32 described:

This is a drawing, printed in half-tone and captioned beneath "THE CRUCIFIXION OF FRA. P." The basic outline is a rectangle, narrow horizontally and long vertically. The image is complex, with two main features. There is a figure to the right with the

Crown of Amon, standing in a cloud that extends slightly beyond and to the left behind and greatly to the fore, mainly to the right and then low to the left, rising again a bit at the extreme left. This figure is frontal, eyes staring and with a full beard and long mustache. The beard is pointed, mustache strongly curved downward and outward like cattle horns. The face is fearsome of aspect. This figure has a loose robe, hanging over a tight band at the waist. A dagger passes beneath the band with hilt over navel and blade to the right of the picture, ending about hip height. The left arm is straight down, holding a large dark Ankh. The Right hand is extended to the left of the picture, upper arm nearly horizontal but a little below, Forearm is sharply upward and to the front, with hand grasping a phoenix wand near top of shaft, back of hand to the left of picture and fingers curled horizontally over shaft. The Phoenix wand itself faces to the left of the picture, its C-fork base just touching the cloud pattern rising behind the figure. The feet are not visible, owing to the clouds.

The other principal figure is a column of light over a hill. This column is narrower at the top and widens to encompass just over half the width of the picture (top width is about one fourth of picture). This column terminates in the hill and in the cloud already described to left and right. On the left side of the picture, outside the column of light and vertical are these characters marked, top to bottom: A shape like a Hebrew letter Bet or Mem with the left riser removed. A shape like "U". A Shape like a capitol "L", but reversed left to right". Lastly, another "U" shape, with a slight line coming from near the top of the right upright and undulating almost to touch the left upright. To the right of the column of light there is a similar array of four letter shapes, apparently the same as those on the left, but with the column and letters simply inverted, top to bottom. These may be from the grid of the "Qabalah of Nine Chambers," in which case they would be LBGK; but the symmetry suggests YHVH.

The Column of Light itself contains several features: There is a white circle at the top, truncated by the upper limit of the picture. In it are arrayed the Greek letters Iota, Alpha, Omega. The "I" and "O" are smaller and just below center to left and right. The "A" has its point about center and extends much larger than the others nearly to the lower arc of the circle. This "A" also has dots standing out from its apex and its two leg ends, three in all. This white circle is surrounded by a diffuse ring and rays of light extend from it. There is a strong ray vertically downward, two to either side of it intercepting the column of light at about mid-height, two more short ones above those, then two very short ones above those in turn, and there seem to be from two to three others passing the median of the circle but indistinct. There are letters on either side of the vertical ray, about mid height of the picture: "Or (ray) dO" and below that: "A.'. (ray) A.'. ". This central ray illuminates and encompasses the upright of a crucifixion in the lower third of the picture, rising from the top of the hill. There is a generalized human form as corpus, facing forward on Latin cross. The figure is suggestive of Crowley, but only with a considerable weight loss. In curved wedges of shadow to the left and right of the hill top, within the widening of the column of light, are two canted elongate Latin Crosses with crescent moons horns to top about the intersection of arm and upright. That to the left cants to left and has a black crescent, between and below the horns, on the arm "FUR". That to the right cants to right, white crescent, "FUR" written again as before. The slope of the hill on the left has these words arching just above and along it "Milites Judaei"; to the right "Mater. Johannes. There are off vertical striations in the

column to right and left of the vertical ray, beneath A ∴ A ∴ and above the crucifixion. The hill below the crucifixions has five Hebrew letters in black, forming a the word "Golgotha", GLGThA.}

"Humility, Purity, Confidence.

"INRI Instar Noli Revelare Ineffabile."

But Fra. P. made also a sketch of the vision, which we here copy and reproduce.<>

July 28. Twenty-fifth week of A.'. begins.

" 29. (A'. continued evidently, for P. writes.)

Perfect the lightning-conductor and the flash will come.

" 30. (The diary of P. from this date is now full of hieroglyphics, which are and must ever remain indecipherable. We may gather a certain amount from those passages which are intelligible. He apparently tried repeating the new formula given by D.D.S., conceived perhaps as a mental operation on the lines of that given in "Equinox IV" concerning an egg between pillars.)

Aug. 4. About to try the experiment of daily Aspiration in the Sign of Osiris Slain.

Did this twenty-two minutes, with Invocation as of old.

Cut cross on breast an circle on head.

(SCIRE) The vow of Poverty is to esteem noting save A'.

(AUDERE) The vow of Chastity is to use the Magical Force only to invoke A'.

(VELLE) The vow of Obedience is to concentrate the Will on A'. alone.

(TACERE) The vow of Silence: so to regulate the whole organism that so vast a miracle as the Completion of the Great Work excites therein no commotion. {33}

N.B. --- To look expectantly always, as if He would instantly appear.

Aug. 10. In Sign of Osiris Slain; cut cross and circle as before, renewing vows. Twenty-eight mins.

Got the Threshold --- the awful doubt whether one shouldn't walk away and throw up the whole thing --- presented first as a temptation, than as a doubt. Wherefore the cry, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani." But got no further --- save from a sense of dew distilling from the Eye in the Triangle by the Ray.

" 14. Am still very much below par. Not that I feel bad; but I sleep absurdly after message.

(As a matter of fact, he suffered intensely from neuralgia and eye trouble all this summer, with hardly any intermission.)

" 18. Reobligated, though ill.

(Through the obstruction of a duct in the eye several

- extremely painful operations were needed, and he was in practically unintermittent pain.)
- " 25. Reobligated, though ill.
- Sept. 1. Reobligated, though ill.
- " 8. Pain too great to record vows, even if I made any.
(His practice was evidently to take the vows afresh every week: he seems to have recorded no practices, though he evidently did them daily. The diary is all this time blank of any records of any sort.)
- " 16. Renewed vows as usual.
- " 17. Went to A --- P --- H ---, C. {34}
(The change of air cured his neuralgia instantly. Henceforth he may be considered well again. He speaks of himself on the 20th as "an absurd but athletic ass," after a night spent wandering about London talking to policemen and night watchmen.)
- Sept. 21. Did a little Invocation. Inquiring how to invoke A.'. got the instant reply "Often!" --- and only saw later that this was the same old order as before. Which confirms it: discard methods, rituals, etc. (and their contradictions), but do it Often!
- " 22. D.D.S. visits me. Celebration of the Autumnal Equinox.
- " 23. Celebration of the Autumnal Equinox.
- 24-30. (During this period Fra. P. was preparing, under the guidance of D.D.S., a certain ritual of initiation. This was to combine the Eastern and the Western methods.
The mind, exalted, fortified, initiated by the Holy Magick, was then in that very state of divine tension to concentrate itself on that Self-glittering One.)

It is time to break off for a moment from the Diary to ask the reader to remark how extraordinarily full is this passage of P.'s life. The scene opens on the slopes of Kangchenjanga with the death of five men. It continues with a jungle inhabited by savages, naked, armed with bows and arrows, ignorant even of any language containing so many as three {35} hundred words, and by wild beasts. The next scene is of attempted robbery and murder, and P.'s successful defence. Then comes one of the wildest journeys possible to take on this planet, packed with every kind of adventure and privation. After this, practically continuous ill- health, only interrupted by the most shocking domestic tragedies.

Through all this, Fra. P. remains in perfect literal simplicity with his devotion to the Augoeides and his "invoking often."

He never flags, never falters, never faints, never fails. Impassive and inexorable as that Nature whom he had defied, he went steadily on with his work. Wealth and health had been torn from him; he was like Job, but even worse tormented; greater than Job, he resisted all without a murmur, and conquered all without a glimmer of self-satisfaction.<>

When the Books are opened and the deeds of men are known, who dare say that there shall be found aught to surpass these marvellous months which Fra. P. set to the Operation of the Sacred Magic, to obtaining of the Knowledge and Conversation of the holy Guardian Angel?

We return to the Diary ---

Oct. 2. (Fra. P. has now retired into the Adytum of God-nourished Silence to some purpose! We transcribe this day's entry; it is probably most important to us. The rest of the year's entries are nearly all of the same kind.)

The Stooping Dragon --- the Floor of the ... vide "Alexandra."

The Critical Converse. {36}

Before this is merely the Concealed At Home with its distinction of gift and graft, and very vagueness, where Apollo and Diana took the place of Mercury.

Scortillum, ut mihi tum repente visumst,
Non sane inlepidum neque invenustum.
Huc ut venimus incidere nobis.
Sermones varii.

(This means something! For example, the Stooping Dragon was painted on the Floor of the "Vault." In "Alexandra" occur the words "vault on Vera." Hence in the diary the letters S.D. (for Stooping Dragon) will refer to somebody named Vera, or possibly "the true woman," or "true things."

As I am ninety-four years old come Martinmas, and have much more of this "Temple" anyhow, I feel justified in leaving the rest of this ingenious cipher to any lunatics who get tired of the Bacon-Shakespeare folly.

Anybody who understands this entry of October 6 ---
Brassies and Billiards.
Council of War.

The King's letter to the Queen:

"Pussy" the Prince is ill"

Paedicabo ego vos et unrumabo
XVI.

Called on Rev. J. A. Hervey --- is welcome to a copy of the diary.) {37}

Oct. 9. Tested new ritual and behold it was very good!

Thanked gods and sacrificed for -----

In the "thanksgiving and sacrifice for ..." I "did" get rid of everything but the Holy Exalted One, and must have held Him for a minute or two. I did. I am sure I did.

Such is the fragmentary account of what was then the greatest event in Fra. P.'s career. Yet this is an account of the highest of the trances --- of Shivadashana itself,

as we know from other sources. The "vision," to use still the name become totally inadequate, appears to have had three main points in its Atmadarshana stage ---

1. The Universal Peacock.

2. The Universe as Ego. "I who am all and made it all abide its separate Lord," "i.e." the Universe becomes a single and simple being, without quantity, quality, or conditions. In this the "I" is immanent, yet the "I" made it, and the "I" is entirely apart from it. (This is the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, or something very like it.)

3. This Trinity is transcended by an impersonal Unity.

This is then annihilated by the Opening of the Eye of Shiva. It is absolutely futile to discuss this: it has been tried and failed again and again. Even those with experience of the earlier part of the "vision" in its fullness must find it totally impossible to imagine anything so subversive of the whole base, not only of the Ego, but of the Absolute behind the Ego.

There are, however, many suggestive poetical descriptions which we advise our readers to study. Notable are "Aha!" (passage quoted below) and many portions of Liber LXV, {38} Liber VII, and Liber CCXX. It must be clearly understood that the Bhagavad-Gita, Anna Kingsford, St. John, and all other writers with the possible exception of Lao Tze, describe nothing higher than Atmadarshana. For the first time in the known history of the world there had arisen the combination of the utmost attainment with the intelligence and literary ability to make it comparatively articulate. It is no wonder, then, that we hail Fra. P. as the greatest of all Teachers.

This entire experience from the Passing of the Abyss to the Shivadarshana has been so wonder fully described in "Aha!" by Mr. Aleister Crowley, who was privileged to get his material first-hand from Fra. P. himself, that we make no apology for quoting the passage in full.

MARSYAS. Ay! Hear the Ordeal of the Veil,
The Second Veil! ... O spare me this
Magical memory! I pale
To show the Veil of the Abyss.
Nay, let confession be complete!

OLYMPAS. Master, I bend me at thy feet ---
Why do they sweat with blood and dew?

MARSYAS. Blind horror catches at my breath.
The path of the abyss runs through
Things darker, dissmaller than death!
Courage and will! What boots their force?
The mind rears like a frightened horse.
There is no memory possible
Of that unfathomable hell.
Even the shadows that arise
Are things to dreadful to recount! {39}
There's no such doom in Destiny's
Harvest of horror. The white fount
Of speech is stifled at its source.
Know, the sane spirit keeps its course

By this, that everything it thinks
Hath causal or contingent links.
Destroy them, and destroy the mind!
O bestial, bottomless, and blind
Black pit of all insanity!
The adept must make his way to thee!
This is the end of all our pain,
The dissolution of the brain!
For lo! in this no mortar sticks;
Down comes the house --- a hail of bricks!
The sense of all I hear is drowned;
Tap, tap, isolated sound,
Patters, clatters, batters, chatters,
Tap, tap, tap, and nothing matters!
Senseless hallucinations roll
Across the curtain of the soul.
Each ripple on the river seems
The madness of a maniac's dreams!
So in the self no memory-chain
Or causal wisp to bind the straws!
The Self disrupted! Blank, insane,
Both of existence and of laws,
The Ego and the Universe
Fall to one black chaotic curse.

OLYMPAS. So ends philosophy's inquiry:

"Summa scientia nihil scire." {40}

MARSYAS. Ay, but that reasoned thesis lacks

The impact of reality.

This vision is a battle axe

Splitting the skull. O pardon me!

But my soul faints, my stomach sinks.

Let me pass on!

OLYMPAS. My being drinks

The nectar-poison of the Sphinx.

This is a bitter medicine!

MARSYAS. Black snare that I was taken in!

How one may pass I hardly know.

Maybe time never blots the track.

Black, black, intolerably black!

Go, spectre of the ages, go!

Suffice it that I passed beyond.

I found the secret of the bond

Of thought to thought through countless years

Through many lives, in many spheres,

Brought to a point the dark design

Of this existence that is mine.

I knew my secret. "All I was"
I brought into the burning-glass,
And all its focussed light and heat
Charred "all I am." The rune's complete
When "all I shall be" flashes by
Like a shadow on the sky.

Then I dropped my reasoning.
Vacant and accursed thing! {41}
By my Will I swept away
The web of metaphysic, smiled
At the blind labyrinth, where the grey
Old snake of madness wove his wild
Curse! As I trod the trackless way
Through sunless gorges of Cathay,
I became a little child.
By nameless rivers, swirling through
Chasms, a fantastic blue,
Month by month, on barren hills,
In burning heat, in bitter chills,
Tropic forest, Tartar snow,
Smaragdine archipelago,
See me --- led by some wise hand
That I did not understand.
Morn and noon and eve and night
I, the forlorn eremite,
Called on Him with mild devotion,
As the dew-drop woos the ocean.

In my wanderings I came
To an ancient park aflame
With fairies' feet. Still wrapped in love,
I was caught up, beyond, above
The tides of being. The great sight
Of the intolerable light
Of the whole universe that wove
The labyrinth of life and love,
Blazed in me. Then some giant will,
Mine or another's thrust a thrill {42}
Through the great vision. All the light
Went out in an immortal night,
The world annihilated by
The opening of the Master's Eye.
How can I tell it?

OLYMPAS. Master, master!
A sense of some divine disaster

Abases me.
MARSYAS. Indeed, the shrine
 Is desolate of the divine!
 But all the illusion gone, behold
 The one that is!
OLYMPAS. Royally rolled,
 I hear strange music in the air!
MARSYAS. It is the angelic choir, aware
 Of the great Ordeal dared and done
 By one more Brother of the Sun!
OLYMPAS. Master, the shriek of a great bird
 Blends with the torrent of the thunder.
MARSYAS. It is the echo of the word
 That tore the universe asunder.
OLYMPAS. Master, thy stature spans the sky.
MARSYAS. Verily; but it is not I.
 The adept dissolves --- pale phantom form
 Blown from the black mouth of the storm.
 It is another that arises!

The result of this upon Fra. P. seems to have been tremendous.
On the very next day the last sacrifice was made. {43}

Oct. 10. I am still drunk with Samadhi all day.

Discovered ...

(We need not write his words. Enough it we say that the one person left for him to love was lost, stricken by hereditary vice, a beastliness taught her at the age of 16 by here mother, a clergyman's wife, which, after having lain dormant all these years, was now become rampant and incurable. He had nothing to look forward to but life with one who was in all essential ways a maniac, with no hope of any termination but the asylum or the grave.)<>

- " 11. To bed with thoughts of A.'. Persistent vision.
 ... But oh! the constant rapture. ...
- " 12. ... But oh! ... as before. Did some prayer and fasting, but not enough.
- " 13. ... Things have "really" lost their value --- I get what Blavatsky describes in the Voice of the Silence as "not quite disgust."
- " 14. ... certain Samadhic effects linger --- the unreality of things and one's own sense of success, etc.
- " 16. Samadhi not yet worn off.
- " 17. But ho! etc., only more so.
- " 18. Ditto. Note lack of impatience, perfect satisfaction with existing state. ...

" 21. I am still "polarized" a good deal; my "indifference" is pronounced. {44}

Oct. 31. This account is almost unintelligible as it stands; so I edit it. He appears to have made the old "Preliminary Invocation." Result rather like Yoga; he gets at once into Pratyahara and then makes Samyama on the Augoeides. "Invoked twice --- terrible agony." And then this note. "Barbarous names. Supreme test ("i.e." to use words which he does not understand), for a man who is "really" praying cannot bring himself to say a ridiculous thing to his God, even on the latter's mandate."

(From this it appears as if the Augoeides had told Fra. P. the real meaning of Zoroaster's injunction: "Change not barbarous names of evocation; for they are names divine, having in the sacred rites a power ineffable.")<>

"I shall go," continues Fra. P., "and recite 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains' (the most ridiculous thing that occurred to his mind) --- if with faith, Samadhi! ...

"No faith, I suppose. Time after time I feel the sickening pangs of dissolution; physically I nearly faint; but I don't get over the bar. ... I am sick, sick!

"I retire in disorder pursued by dog-faced demons of all kinds.

"Once again I nearly got there --- all went brilliance --- but not quite."

Again, "There is nothing but dog-faced demons after I get to bed; but there is always {45} the consciousness behind thoughts. Thus, when the consciousness realizes that 'I am apart from my thoughts,' that thought itself is pictorially shown as a thought." This seems to mean that he again got Atmadarshana; his complaint was the inability to pass beyond.

He adds "to this consciousness all thoughts are alike; it would never trouble to command them." "Id est," it is the Peace of the Universe, the Impersonal Absolute. He was That.

Note that he got this without any Ritual to speak of; an enormous advance in power of meditation.

Nov. 4. Descent into Hell. In the power of the Dweller --- obsession by a devil left by F----- and J----- called "?" (This devil is described in "Sir Palamede the Saracen," Sections XXXVI and XXXVIII. It asks "Is there any Path at all?" and "Are not you a fraud?") Return with great difficulty --- awful pangs --- Eli! Eli! lama sabachthani!

N.B. --- I got back to very near Samadhi in the end.

(This appears to have been a "natural" meditation arising out of the conversation of F----- the Buzite and J----- the Shuhite!)

- " 14. Again got into the Samadhi-proximity-state; as it were, without trouble.

(Now follows a period of two more months of ill-health of the severest kind, and apparently {46} no work is done. There was, however, much question of his position in the mystic hierarchy. He had the highest attainment known --- and what did it amount to? In the meantime Fra. D.D.S. himself must have attained Samadhi --- presumably Atmadarshana --- for we find this entry.)

Dec. 7. D.D.S. writes from Samadhi-Dhatu.

(Dhatu --- literally "element" --- is a word chosen to avoid such implications as would be conveyed by "place," "state," and such words.)

- " 8. D.D.S. still in Samadhi.

- " 10. D.D.S. dined with me. He thinks my attainment makes me a Master of the Temple. He goes even further and says that I am "the" Master --- the Logos --- the next Buddha.

... This (apparently some ceremony of Rose Croix) purifies and consecrates me, so that I feel "I am the Master" quite genuinely --- without scruple or diffidence. No personality.

- " 11. Back to B_____. D.D.S.'s amazing third letter.

(This letter is too long and personal to publish in full; but it contains these words: "How long have you been in the Great Order, and why did I not know? Is the invisibility of the A ∴ A ∴ to lower grades so complete?")

In spite of his illness he managed to do some most formidable work during this December. There is, however, nothing further in the diary of interest to our present purpose. {47}

But it is most important to remark that although acclaimed as a Master of the Temple, as one who has passed utterly through the Abyss, as a Brother of the A ∴ A ∴ itself, he steadfastly refused to accept the hard-won grade for three years more.

("To be continued")

{48}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no8/eqi08006.html>

48 captures

20 Apr 2002 - 30 Apr 2025

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About this capture

HIS SECRET

SIN

INSCRIBED ADMIRINGLY
TO ALEXANDER COOTE

HIS SECRET SIN

"Inscribed admiringly to Alexander Coote."

THEODORE BUGG had made England what she is. The last forty-two years had elevated him from errand-boy to biggest retail grocer in the Midlands. Twenty-eight years of wedded happiness had left him with a clear conscience, a five-year old grave to keep in order "To the memory of my beloved relict," as he had written until the clerk suggested a trifling alteration, and a strapping daughter just turned twenty.

I wish I could stop here. But there is a rough side to every canvas, and Theodore Bugg had forgotten all about England, and what she is, and how he had made her. Or if the good work was going on, it was subconscious. He was standing by the gilded statue of Jeanne d'Arc, his mouth wide open, his Baedeker limp in his perspiring hand. "She's riding astride!" The molten madness throbbed in his brain. "She's got man's clothes on!"

The shocking truth must out: Theodore Bugg had come to Paris for Pleasure!

He had only been able to spare two days, the Sunday and Monday of Whitsuntide. He had travelled by the night boat on Saturday, arriving in Paris on Sunday morning --- the first step downward! The air of Paris intoxicated him; the Grands Boulevards ate into his moral fibre like a dragon chewing butter; and though he had not actually 'been in' anywhere, he felt the atmosphere of the music-halls as Ulysses {51} heard the Sirens. He was fortunately tied to the mast of his ignorance of French and his fear of asking anybody such a very peculiar question, or he would certainly have discovered

and visited the Moulin Roughe.

As it was, Joan of Arc was very much more than was good for him. He stared, fascinated as by a basilisk, his eyes starting further and further from his head as his moral sense dragged his body backwards along the Rue de Rivoli. By this means he cannoned into a worthy Frenchman (who refused to take him seriously) and so was shocked into himself.

He pulled out his watch. Only an hour and a half to catch his train. Just as he was beginning to enjoy himself, too. What a shame! He couldn't even send a telegram without letting somebody know where he was --- and at home they supposed him to be visiting a business acquaintance in Shropshire.

I'll have a mementum, thought he, if I die for it. I'll --- I don't care. I may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb --- I'll go the whole hog. I know there's shops about here.

So, turning, in his excitement and determination, he saw --- when you invoke the devil he is usually half-way to you --- a shop window full of photographs of the pictures and sculptures of the Louvre. He looked up and down the street --- the sight of a top hat might have saved him even at the eleventh hour. But no! nothing that looked in the least like an Englishman, even to his overheated fear of discovery. He peered and dodged about for a little like a man stalking dangerous game, {52} and then, with sudden stealth, his back to the door, pushed down the lever and slid into the shop.

"Avvy-voo photographiay?" he said hurriedly, with averted face.

"Certainly, sir," replied the shopkeeper in perfect English. "What does Monsieur require? Photographs of Paris, of Fontainebleau, of the Louvre, of Versailles?"

But English would not serve the turn of Theodore Bugg. He nearly bolted from the shop. An English voice --- it was almost Discovery!

"Kerker shows," he muttered doggedly enough, though his head hung lower than ever. "Kelker shows tray sho. Voo savvy? --- tray tray sho --- par propre!"

The shopman, not yet old enough to master his disgust at the familiar incident, brought forward several books of photographs.

"Perhaps Monsieur will find there what he requires," he said coldly.

Furtively and hurriedly, his glance divided between the forbidden book and the shop-door, his only safeguard from intrusion the thought that nobody who entered would be in a position to throw stones at a fellow-culprit, Theodore Bugg turned over the pages.

The book began mildly enough with the winged Victory and only entered the rapids with La Gioconda. Thence, Niagra-like, one plunge to the abyss --- the Venus de Milo. The blood flame to his face; his breath came hot and quick. {53}

With fumbling fingers that trembled with excitement he withdrew the photograph from its leaf and half showed it to the proprietor with a whispered "Comby-ang?"

"Trente sous," said the shopman in his most rapid French. And in English, "We take English money here, sir; ten shillings, if you please. May I wrap it up for you?" But Bugg had thrust it into his inner pocket, and, pressing a sovereign into the man's hand, dashed without looking behind him from the shop, eager to put time and space between himself and his compromising position.

He hurried to his hotel, not without many a suspicious glance over his shoulder, and packed his bag. He had ten minutes to spare. He locked the door carefully, sat down with his back to the light, and pulling the photograph from his pocket, indulged in a long

voluptuous gloat.

Then the boots knocked with the news of his cab, and Bugg, nobler than Lord Howard of Effingham, thrust his treasure into his pocket, unlocked the door and cried "Venny!"

II.

Theodore Bugg, a year later, was paying the price of his fall. He had allowed Gertrude to attend Art Classes, although he knew it to be wrong. But he had grown to fear his daughter, and --- on such a point especially --- he was incapable of fighting her.

For there were times when he tried to persuade himself that there was "nothing wrong in it." A brother churchwarden had looked a little askance when the news of Gertrude's "advanced ideas" had come; but Theodore had {54} stoutly and even a little sternly rebuked him with the original remark: "To the pure all things are pure." It was knowing when to be bold that had made Theodore the fine business man he was.

And very bold it was, for conscience makes cowards of us all. The secret shame of his orgies! Every week-night --- once even on a Sunday! --- after everyone had gone to bed, he opened the little safe in the wall at the head of his bed, and drew forth the obscene picture from its envelope marked "In case of my death or disability THIS PACKET is to be DESTROYED UNOPENED. T. Bugg." Then he would sit, and hold it in his hot hands, and gloat upon the evil thing, lifting it now and again to his mouth to cover it with greedy, slobbering kisses. And afterwards, when it was safely locked up again, he would undress with a certain unction. Once even he attempted --- with the aid of a bath towel --- to take the pose before the mirror. And he saw nothing ridiculous in that, just as he saw nothing beautiful in the photograph. Nakedness is lust: so ran his simple gospel of aesthetics.

Shame quickened him, too, to measures of expiation or precaution. He read family prayers twice a day instead of once, and he took the chair at the Annual Meeting of a Society for Sending Out Trousers to Converted Hindoos.

As everybody in the Midlands knows, "Hindoos" are Naked Savages.

And he discharged a groom for whistling on Sunday.

But if these expedients salved his conscience, they did nothing to quell Gertrude's incipient tendency to independence {55} of thought and action. There had been a very unpleasant scene when he threw into the fire a book from Mudie's (I thought one could have trusted Mudie's!) called 'The Stolen Bacillus,' which he understood to be of a grossly immoral tendency. (Nasty filth about free love or something, isn't it?)

Theodore Bugg was not a sensitive man; excess of intuitive sympathy had not made his life a hell; but he felt that his domestic relations were strained. Especially since "that Mrs. Grahame" had evinced a liking for Gertrude. Her husband's colonelcy was the gilding of the pill; but the pill was a bitter one, for Mrs. Grahame went motoring and even golfing on Sunday instead of going to Church, and once or twice had taken Gertrude with her, to the scandal of the neighbourhood. Colonel Grahame, too, rather got on Bugg's nerves, in spite of the "honour of his acquaintance."

Such thoughts went dully through his mind as he waited in the garden for his daughter to come in to tea from the "Art Class." But when she arrived, portfolio in hand, her beauty and the splendour of her long easy swing determined him to be

gracious.

Under such circumstances conversation is apt to be artificial; but Gertrude was gay and garrulous, and the tea went very pleasantly until her father's eye unluckily fell on the portfolio. "And what has my little fairy been doing lately?" he asked with elephantine lightness.

"Oh, sketches mostly, father. This week we're copying from old Greek masterpieces, though. Let me show you, father, dear." She opened the portfolio and turned over the {56} leaves. "I'm getting on splendidly. Mr., Davis thinks I ought to go to Paris and study properly. Do let me."

"How can you think of such a thing, Gertrude? A daughter of mine! Study properly!!! No indeed! A little sketching is a nice accomplishment for a young lady, but ---"

His jaw dropped. A thin, graceful pencil sketch it was that he clutched in frenzied fingers; but he could not mistake the subject.

"Wretched girl," he shouted, "where did you get the --- the --- the --- Damn it all, what d'ye call it? --- the --- ay! that's it! --- the model for this vile, filthy, lewd, obscene, lustful thing? Damn it! you're as bad as Cousin Jenny! (Cousin Jenny was a blot on the 'scutcheon of the Buggs). You're a harlot, miss!" And then, with an awful change as the truth came home to him: "O my God! O my God! Damn it!" he screamed, "how did you get the keys of my little safe?"

The girl had frozen colder than the stone, but there was a new light in her eye, and if the curl of a lip could tread a worm into the dust, that lip was hers and that worm the author of her being. She had withdrawn as one who comes suddenly upon a toad, and the first flaming of her face had died instantly to deadlier ice.

Bugg saw his mistake, his masses of mistakes. There being but one more to make, he made it; and, finding himself in the frying-pan of discovery, leapt into the fire of things irrevocable and not to be forgotten. His fat, heavy-jowled, coarse face all twitching, he fell on his knees and clasped his hands together. "So you found me out? Don't, don't give away your poor old father, Gertie! My little Gertie!" {57}

There was a silence. "Excuse me, father," said the girl at last, "but I've just had a glimpse of you for the first time in my life, and it's a bit of a shock. I must think."

And she stood motionless until her hapless father attracted her attention by backing into his wicker chair. "Don't touch holy things," she snapped suddenly, taking the sketch from his nerveless hand, and replacing it reverently in the portfolio.

The action seemed to decide her.

"I'll give you an address to send my things to," she said, and walked out of the garden.

Theodore Bugg sat stunned. "Holy things," she had said. She called that lustful French photograph holy! Was this Original Sin; or was it that strange new thing people were talking about --- what was it? Ah! heredity. Heredity? His secret sin become her open infamy? Truly the sins of the fathers were visited on the children!

By this time he was upstairs and in his bedroom. He must destroy the accursed thing; he must destroy --- Ah! yes. He had contaminated Gertrude by having such a thing in his house. He must be the Roman father, and --- what would a Roman father do?

He had the match alight, but he could not put it to the edge of the packet. Then the

silence of the house hit him; he knew that his daughter would never return, and in a fit of rage he trampled on the envelope like a wild beast mauling a corpse. {58}

He thrust it into the empty grate, lit the paper frills, watched all blaze up. Then, gulping down a sob, he went to the drawer of a cabinet and pulled out the revolver which he had bought (and loaded, under the shopman's guidance) against burglars.

Yes, he must kill himself. He drew back the hammer. Cold sweat beaded his flabby face. He could not; and anyhow, how did one? He thought of many stories of people who had shot themselves ineffectively. He felt for his heart and failed to find it, wondered if it had stopped and he were dying, had a fit of fear paralysing all his will. He thought of himself lying dead.

"No, by God! I can't do it!" he cried, and flung the pistol back into the drawer. As luck would have it, the weapon exploded. The bullet broke his jaw, tore away four molars, smashed the cheek-bone, pulped the right eye, and, glancing from the frontal bone, found its billet in the ceiling. He lost consciousness and fell. His head struck the grate where yet smouldered the ashes of the photograph.

It was three months before he recovered, and then with only half a face to face the world with. He still thinks that Gertrude gave him away, for the street-boys have taken to calling him "old Venus." But he is wrong; the boys have their aesthetic reasons for the name.

Gertrude in any case is much too busy to bother her head about him; for, after a year in the Latin Quarter, if she has failed to surpass Degas and Manet and O'Connor, she has at least conquered the great pianist Wlodywewsky, and it {59} takes her all her time to manage him and keep the baby out of mischief.

Theodore Bugg needs no help of hers in his moral sculpture of the destinies of England.

ALEISTER CROWLEY

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no8/eqi08007.html>

34 captures

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About this capture

LONG ODDS

How many million galaxies there are

Who knows? and each has countless stars in it,

And each rolls through eternities afar

Beneath the threshold of the Infinite.

How is it that will all that space to roam

I should have found this mote that spins and leaps

In what unutterable sunlight, foam

Of what unfathomable starry deeps

Who knows!? And how this thousand million souls

And half a thousand million souls of earth

That swarm, all bound for unimagined goals,

All pioneers of death enrolled at birth,

How were they swept away before my sight,

That I might stand upon the single prick

Of infinite space and time as infinite,

Who knows? Yet here I stand, climacteric,

Having found you. Was it by fall of chance?

Then what a stake against what odds I have won!

Was it determined in God's ordinance?

Then wondrous love and pity for His son!

Or was it part of an eternal law?

Then how ineffably beneficent!

Each thought excites an ecstasy of awe,

A rapture rending the mind's firmament. {61}

Infinity --- yet you and I have met.

Eternity --- yet hand in hand we run.

All odds that I should lose you or forget,

But, soul and spirit and body, we are one.

Is this the child of Chance, or Law, or Will?

Is None or All or One to thank for this?

It will not matter if thanksgiving fill

The endless empyrean with a kiss.

ALEISTER CROWLEY

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no8/eqi08008.html>

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About this capture
DOCTOR BOB
A SKETCH
BY
MARY D'ESTE and ALEISTER CROWLEY
PERSONS OF THE SKETCH
DOCTOR ROBERTS ("Doctor Bob")
MRS. ROBERTS, "His wife"
DOCTOR FIELDING
JANE SKIRING .
WILL STANLEY . : "Patients"
TWO GENTLEMEN
A MANSERVANT
DOCTOR BOB

A SKETCH

BY

MARY D'ESTE and ALEISTER CROWLEY

[The Scene represents the waiting-room of DR. ROBERTS' house. Doors L., R., and C. Door L. leads to dining-room; door R. to entrance-hall; door C. to consulting-room. This is a wide double door, which when open shows the doctor's bureau, chairs, and other usual furniture." "Curtain may be used instead of door if more convenient."]

The waiting-room has a large table, with illustrated journals, &c. There are easy chairs, but no other furniture. On the table lie the hat and stick of a patient who is closeted with DR. BOB.

Time 2.30 p.m. A bright winter afternoon.

Enter the SERVANT, preceding DR. FIELDING, who is wearing his motor coat and cap.

The SERVANT goes through to Door L., and returns with" MRS. BOB, who goes to greet DR. FIELDING warmly, while the SERVANT goes out R. and closes door."]

MRS. B. How good of you to come so promptly!

Dr. F. I could never respond quickly enough to a call from you. I should have been here ten minutes earlier, but the Daimler doesn't like so much snow in the streets. {65}

MRS. B. How perfectly sweet of you!

Dr. F. I hope this is not professional; at least, I'm sure there's nothing the matter with you.

MRS. B. Heavens, no! I have health enough for six.

Dr. F. And there's nothing wrong with Dr. Bob?

MRS. B. Nothing serious; he has had a bit of a cough this month back.

Dr. F. Heaven help him if he has to make his own diagnosis --- you know we call him Doctor Doom'em!

MRS. B. It's just that I want to talk to you about.

Dr. F. You don't mean to say you mind?

MRS. B. Mind! It's driving me mad.

Dr. F. But he's the greatest consultant we have; nobody ever comes to him while there's a chance anywhere else.

MRS. B. Yes; but whatever other drug he gives them, he never gives them hope.

Dr. F. But they come for his opinion.

MRS. B. And don't want to know it.

Dr. F. Perhaps it would be better if they didn't.

MRS. B. That's it; that's what's driving me mad. I see them come there one after another, some cheerful, others desperate; some looking healthy, some looking half dead already; some hoping, some doubting; all fearing. But one and all go away hopeless, utterly hopeless. I could bear it better if his were not so great a name. But he's right --- he's always right. That's what's so terrible --- he's always right!

Dr. F. Come, come! Don't break down, Mrs. Bob!

MRS. B. Wouldn't it be better to let them go on blindly to the end?

Think of them watching and waiting! Think of the drawn faces, and the ghastly stare into the eyes of Death! Think of their ears strained if perhaps they may hear his stealthy tread! Their tongues licking their parched lips --- oh, is there no hope? Then, at least, is there no mercy?

Dr. F. I should be inclined to deceive them nearly always. I'm sending him a girl this afternoon. Hang it! I must have his opinion, and yet I hesitated --- long --- over the wisdom of the course I was taking. She hasn't any idea of how seriously ill she is; the shock might kill her. I begged him in my note to spare her the full knowledge.

MRS. B. Poor child!

Dr. F. Well, if he says there's no hope..... You know her, I think --- Jane Skiring?

MRS. B. The little school teacher. Oh! I'd no idea she was so ill. I "am" sorry.

[The consulting-room door opens, and an elderly man, whose hat and stick are on the table, comes out. His face is drawn and his eyes haggard. He takes no notice of the people present, or of his hat and stick, but goes straight out, R. The banging of a door is heard. Enter the" Servant, running; picks up the hat and stick, and runs out after him. Dr. Fielding and Mrs. Bob "exchange glances significant of shocked pain.

The consulting-room doors being now wide open, the audience can see" Dr. Bob "sitting at his bureau. He rises, and comes down stage, heartily, cheerfully, masterfully.]

Dr. B. Hullo, Fielding! Glad to see you. Just got your note before lunch; I'll find out for sure what's up. Pretty girl --- pity! See that old boy just went out? A typical Brightic; fellow who devilled his own kidneys. Ha! ha! ha {67} I wonder if he'll see that Christmas turkey --- ha! ha! ha! Hullo, dear! Didn't see you, little white mouse! Let's have coffee, dear, and the brown brandy. No more patients for a bit. Come along, Fielding, eh?

[He leads FIELDING to the consulting-room, while MRS. BOB goes out L.]

Dr. F. This is an exceptional case, old man. I do hope you won't frighten her.

Dr. B. Great God! always the same old story. They never come to me until the rest of you have finished them, and then it's my candid opinion you want. Then you get it, by Heaven! and instead of blaming yourselves, or the patient, or the disease, you blame me. Why don't you give me a chance? Why don't you bring them while there is hope? You all look upon me as the undertaker --- Doctor Doom'em, isn't it? --- because you are afraid to tell the patient what nine times out of ten you know as well as I do. Doctor Doom'em!

Dr. F. Now, old man, don't get excited.

Dr. B. Excited! Why my life would be one long hell if I hadn't chosen a very simple method. Tell the truth. I'm not a lawyer, paid to tell lies. Tell the truth. Then I've done my part; my conscience is clear; I eat hearty and sleep sound.

Dr. F. But is it always best to tell the truth? May you not sometimes overlook a grain of hope, and kill it by your diagnosis?

[Enter MRS. BOB with coffee.

MRS. B. I can't believe it is right to send away people smashed.

Dr. F. Yes; you're a hanging judge. {68}

Dr. B. I only record the effect of the verdict of the jury --- twelve good symptoms and true.

MRS. B. I can never forget seeing young Joe Whitney when he came from you. He had the face of a lost soul. And the next day the papers had the news that he had shot himself.

Dr. B. Well, what of that? He saved himself about four months of the most persistent and horrible torture that the mind of a devil could imagine.....People wonder why doctors are nearly always Atheists!

MRS. B. Oh, Bob!

Dr. B. In his place I should have done as he did.

Dr. F. No, you wouldn't. You'd sit in a corner with your teeth clenched, waiting and watching and recording, killing each hope as it was born, yet wishing to God that you dared hope --- even though you knew it to be vain.

Dr. B. There's where you are wrong. What's the use of lying and cheating? I never saw any good come of it. You tell a man he may get well this year --- next year --- sometime --- never --- like a silly girl blowing a puff-ball. Pah!

MRS. B. If you only had sympathy, Bob dear, if you only had imagination! If you only could realize what these people really feel when you condemn them!

Dr. F. And hope is the best medicine; at least it helps the man to live out the little life that remains to him. An artist might finish his creation.

Dr. B. Oh, artists! Another set of liars!

Dr. F. A doctor will go on with his work better if his brain is not clouded with his own mortal fear.

Dr. B. Rot! if he's finished, he'd better finish. And besides, despair can often do more than hope. Put the {69} biggest coward in the world in a tight enough corner, and he'll show his teeth, and very likely win out. (He coughs.) By the way, have a look at this throat, will you? There's a little chronic irritation somewhere.

Dr. F. Why, of course. [The bell rings.

Dr. B. A patient, hang it all! I must leave you to talk to Nan. Send 'em along!

[He goes into consulting-room and closes the door.

MRS. B. He's set on this telling the truth.

Dr. F. Oh, it's wrong: I know it's wrong. There's always a chance in the most hopeless cases.

MRS. B. Can't we --- can't we make him see it?

Dr. F. But how?

[Enter SERVANT, showing in WILL STANLEY.

W.S. (surprised) How do you do, Dr. Fielding?

Dr. F. I didn't expect to see you here; I thought you were better months ago.

W.S. So I was --- in fact I am --- on the mother insisted on my seeing Dr. Bob. I guess he won't find much wrong with me!

MRS. B. Oh, you mustn't mind even if he does. Doctors live on people's fears.

Dr. F. (laughing) Oh, Mrs. Bob, come now!

W.S. They can't frighten me; but they do mother. She wants to coddle me all the time.

Dr. F. You're a No. 1 size pet.

W.S. Rather; I'm the strongest man in college. If this silly old heart hadn't started to play the goat.

[DR. BOB's bell rings. SERVANT enters, shows WILL STANLEY into consulting-room, closes doors, returns, and goes out.] {70}

Dr. F. Poor devil! I've known for months that it was all over with him.

MRS. B. Oh, how dreadful! He's not twenty yet.

Dr. F. He never will be.

MRS. B. In my mind I can see him coming out; I can feel and understand. Oh, why won't Bob let him take hope to his mother?

Dr. F. It's a shame. It's silly, useless cruelty. I'd like to punch Bob's head.....oh! I beg your pardon, Mrs. Bob --- if he breaks down that fine boy's courage.

MRS. B. Oh, I quite agree with you.

Dr. F. Then I say that he'd be all the better for a dose of his own medicine.

[Silence. Then MRS BOB clasps her hands, gives a little laugh, and cries out.]

MRS. B. Oh, I've got such a good idea.

[The bell rings. Enter JANE, ushered by SERVANT.

Dr. F. Well, here you are, Jane. How splendid you're looking to-day. Fit as fit, eh?

JANE. It's this weather. I do love the snow. I'm as happy as happy; every fibre of my being quivers with joy. How do you do, Mrs. Roberts?

MRS. B. I'm so glad to see you. I'm so sorry to see you.

JANE. Oh, it's nothing. Dr. Fielding tells me it's sure to be all right. Dr. Bob --- oh, I mean Dr. Roberts --- will say the very worst he can, and then we've got to hope for the best.

Dr. F. Yes. I always get his opinion; and then we're sure to err on the safe side. Eh?

MRS. B. Yes; but he's so anxious to make people take proper care, and follow his instructions absolutely. {71}

JANE. Yes, of course. I know I've been careless.

Dr. F. Yes, yes. A bit of a fight is the very thing to do one good.

[Enter Will Stanley, his hair dishevelled, a wild look in his eyes. He does not see Mrs. Bob and Jane, who are up L. at back of stage, but addresses Dr. Fielding, who is at table.]

W.S. I say, doc., it's all up.

Dr. F. Nonsense. Cheer up, old son. It's never as bad as Dr. Bob makes out.

W.S. Yes; I'm finished. God! but this will break up the mother.

Dr. F. Then you mustn't tell her.

W.S. I'm not going to. But she'll guess. Mothers seem to feel things. Look here, doc., I'm on for a night with the Indians. I'll have forgotten about it myself by to-morrow. That's the best way.

Dr. F. I'm with you. And in the meantime, remember we doctors know very little.

MRS. B. (coming forward) I wouldn't believe the whole lot of them if they said I had to die to-morrow.

Dr. F. Quite right.

[DR. BOB's bell. SERVANT enters and shows JANE into consulting-room.]

Dr. F. I'll be with you in a moment, Jane (Jane nods and smiles and goes in.) Take my word for it, Will, there's always hope. I'll see you at the Club at 8 o'clock.

W.S. Right you are! (Seriously and pathetically) And thank you so much for --- lying to me! {72}

[He bows to MRS BOB, shakes hands with DR. FIELDING, and goes out R.]

MRS. B. Another victim!

Dr. F. It's a shame!

MRS. B. Will you stand by me?

Dr. F. You know I will. What is it?

MRS. B. Let's teach him a lesson. I've got a splendid idea. It isn't hardness of heart; but he doesn't see clearly. I want to make him feel and understand what it is that he's doing.

Dr. F. And how do you propose to do it?

MRS. B. Well, you know he asked you to look at his throat. Tell him it's something terrible, that he's got to die! Can you think of anything?

Dr. F. Why, of course, cancer!

MRS. B. (shocked) Oh!

Dr. F. Cancer of the throat has just such slight symptoms. Nobody can tell without examination.

MRS. B. Oh, you don't think it really might be that?

Dr. F. Not one chance in a thousand. But he'll believe me if I tell him that that is what it is.....Do you really wish me to do it?

[MRS. BOB and DR. FIELDING look at each other steadily. From within the

consulting-room comes the sound of a cry, a fall, and overturned furniture.]

MRS. B. Yes, I do.

[The consulting-room door bursts open.

Dr. B. (in doorway) Here, Fielding!

[FIELDING goes in. JANE is lying on floor in utter collapse. Both doctors work hard on her with heart massage and {73} injections, at last recovering her sufficiently to bring her out.] Dr. B. Here, Nan, tell them to light the fire in the spare bedroom!

[MRS. BOB goes out. DR. BOB'S telephone on bureau rings. DR. BOB goes to it.]

Dr. B. Half a minute, Fielding. Look after her.

[JANE gasps and opens her eyes.

JANE. You've been lying to me. Father of Heaven! I don't want to die. I cannot be so ill as he says!

Dr. F. No, dear child, no. The fact is --- er --- er --- well, we've just discovered he's a bit mad, do you see? Listen to me, Jane.

Jane. Oh, I'm trying to.

Dr. F. He says the same thing to everybody --- it's his mania. Don't believe a word of it.

Jane. No, no.

{She collapses again. DR. BOB replaces telephone receiver, and comes forward. He and DR. FIELDING carry JANE out L. Outer bell. SERVANT ushers in a patient. Enter L. MRS. BOB in a state of violent excitement.]

Mrs. B. Go! go! Why will you stay in this house of death? (The Patient manifests surprise.) Go! go! I say. My husband can see no more patients to-day.

[She shows him out, returns to centre of stage, breaks out crying, and goes off L. as DR BOB and DR. FIELDING return. Their loud voices are heard arguing without.]

Dr. F. It might have killed her; and it very nearly did.

Dr. B. Look here, Fielding, this is too bad. Hang it, if you'd brought me the girl a year ago I might have cured her. {74}

Dr. F. And now you've killed her.

Dr. B. I killed her? Well, let me tell you, you killed her yourself. You let her think that she was not as bad as she was; that led her to neglect herself, and now you bring her to me with about a cubic inch of lung left to breathe with, and expect me to tell her that she'll live to be ninety. It's this infernal system of lying that's at the bottom of all the trouble.

Dr. F. Well, she'll die now, for sure. (They are now in the consulting-room). By the way, shall I look at that throat of yours?

Dr. B. Yes, I wish you would. It's very slight, but it's been hanging about for a month.

[He sits and throws his head back for the examination, which DR. FIELDING begins. MRS. BOB comes in L., sees the two men, and draws back, facing audience, with a pleased expectant smile].

DR. F. Whew!.....My God!

"He draws himself up with a gesture of utter agony. This is genuine. Dr. Bob has really cancer; this is the tragedy of the joke. Dr. F. must indicate this by his manner. But he daren't break it to Mrs. Bob, who thinks throughout that he is acting.

Dr. B. What's the matter?

Dr. F. My God! Pull yourself together, old man. I've bad news for you.

Dr. B. (gone white) It's you that need to pull yourself together. Come, out with it! It isn't.....it isn't.....

Dr. F. Yes, it is.

Dr. B. Cancer?

Dr. F. Cancer. Oesophagus involved, too; it's no use operating even. You haven't a month. {75}

MRS. B. (aside) What splendid acting!

Dr. B. Oh, my God! (He falls back in his chair, sick and limp.)

Dr. F. I'm sorry --- I'm awfully sorry --- but it's true.

Dr. B. Oh, my poor wife. Here! Think! Think! How shall we ever break it to her? (He rises and staggers out of the consulting-room. Seeing MRS. BOB he stops.

Mrs. B. (pretending not to notice his agitation) Well, dear, and what does Dr. Fielding say?

Dr. B. (hoarsely) Nan, I hardly like to tell you. Oh, Nan, it's the very worst. It's the most malignant form of cancer. I haven't a month to live. (Wildly) Ha! ha! ha! Dr. Doom'em doomed at last! (Breaking down) Oh, Nan, Nan, what am I to say to you? And what am I to do about my work?

Mrs. B. You've been working too much, dear. I dare-say it's not really very bad; and the rest will do you good.

Dr. B. A pretty long rest. From now to the Day of Judgment. And you have nothing better to tell me than the same old lies! Lies! Lies! Here, I've work to do. Good God! --- I've work to do.

[He rushes into the consulting-room and bangs the door. MRS. BOB, hiding her face in her hands to cover her laughter, rushes off L., followed by FIELDING, his face white and sad. He hesitates a moment, stops, and says (aside) I can't tell her --- I daren't tell her. I must keep up the farce.]

[The door banged by DR. BOB swings open on the rebound, and he is seen at his bureau arranging papers. He completes this work methodically; then goes to a drawer, picks out a hypodermic syringe, and fills it, injects his arm. He {76} then comes to the table, opens a box of cigars, and selects one, then puts it back with a little laugh and takes and lights a cigarette.]

Dr. B. Ten minutes!

[He seats himself comfortably, and puffs at the cigarette. A long pause. MRS. BOB and DR. FIELDING return.]

Mrs. B. I must tell him --- I must tell him! He's suffering too much. (Runs in.) Bob!..... What is it?

Dr. B. I have about seven minutes of life left, Nan. I could not bear to let you see me suffer for a month.

Mrs. B. What do you mean? Oh, don't you see it was all a joke? We wanted you to understand how the people felt when you condemned them. There's nothing the matter with you.

Dr. B. More of your lies. You've killed me with your lies now. I've injected cobra venom, and nothing can save me. Good-bye, Nan! [She is dazed, staggers, and falls into his arms, fainting.] A pleasant joke, Fielding. Well, you never had much sense.

[He falls. FIELDING, distracted, walks about, waving his arms in despair. DR. BOB dies. MRS. BOB recovers, and kisses and embraces the corpse, sobbing.]

Mrs. B. I've killed my husband! I've killed my husband!

Dr. F. Mrs. Bob, I can spare you one sorrow. It was no joke. Your husband really had cancer.

Mrs. B. Oh, you can't lie to me!

CURTAIN.

{77}

IN LIMINE
(IGNOTLUM PER IGNOTIUS)

O Rose of Death, open thy petals wide!
Aching with infinite sweetnesses within
To crush the wavering insect, and to win
From the deep crimson heart of thee a tide
Of wondrous Life; as when the Crucified,
Hanging in shame to expiate all sin.
Found in the dying thief a soul akin
To His own soul. Is not all Truth allied?

O miracle of miracles sublime,
That all created things should sink to climb!
O mystery incarnate of the soul,
That dies but to be born anew! The whole
One monstrous effigy of Life, that Time
Scrawls with fantastic hands from pole to pole.

ETHEL ARCHER.

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About this capture

{79}

THE WOODCUTTER

PLACIDE GERVEZ was a woodcutter, like his father and grandfather before him. It is to be supposed that Nature was weary of the procession, for Placide had never married, but lived alone in his hut in the forest of Fontainebleau, just too far from the borders for it ever to be worth his while to go into a village for a drink except on very special occasions. He had even been overlooked for military service; and the Prussians had come and gone without interfering with his chopping. He could not read or write, and his language had many less than half a thousand words.

In such conditions he deserved his Christian name. In the forest even an hour calms the most turbulent spirit; a day will cure most worries; and a week with an axe may be recommended to neurasthenics as more than the equivalent of the most expensive Weir-Mitchell treatment and rest-cures. If fashionable doctors could afford to be honest, they would order work-cures for nine-tenths of their patients.

Forty-eight years with an axe in the forest had turned Placide Gervez into a mixture of Stoic, Cynic, and Epicurean; he boasted the simplicity and fortitude of each in respect of pain, propriety, and pleasure.

The droning hum of the forest, broken rarely by the birds --- magpie, crow, cuckoo, and nightingale --- meant nothing to him in the summer; nor did the monotonous drip depress him in the winter. The ringing thud of his axe and the crash of the {81} murdered tree were neither history nor tragedy to him; the comic and the pastoral were equally sealed books, for the forest has neither satyrs nor shepherds. He had no sport, since in his boyhood his father had thrashed him for throwing his axe at a stag; and no society, for the nearest forester thought him a boor. He chopped to live, and lived to chop.

It was the philosopher of the Rue de Chevreuse who cast the grain of sand into the wheels of this approximation to the solution of the problem of perpetual motion. The

philosopher was really a painter, but so bad a painter that he was only known as a theorist in the cafe which supplied his creme de menthe. There he would hold forth interminably on God and man.

Blessed with such means as a mediocre father's devotion to cutlery and an only son had supplied, it was his habit on occasion to descend into the country. Picture him, if you please, as very short and moderately fat, middle-aged at thirty-two, clad in a bourgeois suit and an artist's tie, a red handkerchief under a black felt hat upon a bushy head garnished with a little beard and moustache, perspiring in a sandy and interminable bridle-path leading from the Long Rocher to nowhere in particular.

These walks he would undertake (a) for his health, (b) to absorb the beauties of nature --- as he would often demonstrate. Yet the greatest of philosophers are not always logical, and he would have been compelled to discover other reasons for his choice of company. This consisted of a lady whose age was rendered only more uncertain by her efforts to nail conjecture to the number 25. Her hair paled visibly from {82} the scalp, and her neck darkened visibly from the chin. She had made the fortune of India in rice powder, and of China in vermillion. The extravagance of her person and attire, exaggerated even for the Cafe d'Harcourt, the fortress whence her sallies, was in Fontainebleau a thing to make earth's guardian angels throw up the sponge.

This was a summer's afternoon; and the strange pair, encountering Placide Gervez as he chopped, accosted him. The philosopher, whose irrelevant name was Theophraste Goulet, drew out a cigarette and offered it to his intended victim. It is impossible in a polite nation to leave a man until you have finished the cigarette he gives you --- a man, if he was a man, once gave me an Irish cigarette, but that story is a separate cheque --- and Placide could not have cut that knot save with his axe. However, in the first pause of the voluble ass for breath, he pointed to his work, uttered the adjective "Hard," and continued to chop.

However, the purport of the discourse --- in a highly condensed form --- was as follows.

God is good, was the First Postulate of Theophrastus. Hence, all God does is good. Hence, since God made man, He meant man to do good. Hence, man should do good. Agreed. Then, what is good? The necessities of life are good, for otherwise no other good were possible without them. Food is good, shelter is good, all that tends to the health of the individual and the reproduction of the species is good. For if not, let food be bad, let art be good. Then, since artists need food, good is based on bad, which is absurd. Agreed, then, that necessary things are good. Yes; but are {83} these the only good? No; for these benefits absorb only part of the time and energy of man. Is it good to chop wood? Yes, undoubtedly; but it is also good to render woodcutting in art. Then why should not the woodcutter be an artist? Why should he not chop miracles of carving? The Michael Angelo of Fontainebleau? Why not? What does Browning say? "I want to know the butcher paints, the baker rhymes for his pursuit," and so on. Very well; then what do you do that is truly good? That is, unnecessarily, supererogatively, and therefore superlatively good? You, my friend! You chop wood. Good. You cherish a fair

wife; you have strong children to defend the fatherland. Good again. You eat, you drink, you make merry: all good. But do you achieve fame? No. Glory? No. Are you a great saint? No. A great artist? No. A great sinner? No. Nothing great? No. Very well, then: not good. Rise up, man! (the peroration) Be not slothful, be ambitious! Be statesman, artist, divine, strategist, inventor; nay, thief or murderer, if you will! But do not be content to chop wood!

During this quarter of an hour of eloquence his was not the only discourse. The fair friend of the philosopher, eager to impress men in her way as he in his, and equally omnivorous, was busy with Placide Gervez. First a sidelong glance struck armour quite impenetrable to such assault, quickly followed by smiles first secret and then open, gestures at first subtle and at last unmistakable, finally by the unspeakable grimace of the tongue which she had learnt in her time at the red-shuttered convent in the Rue des Quatre Vents. Her triumph was that once the woodcutter struck aslant, and swore. {84}

Theophraste ended his discourse, and, pleasantly parting, sauntered off with his mistress, arm-in-arm. Neither of them gave their victim another thought. Out of the wood they went, and (thank God!) out of the story.

But Placide leant upon his axe and stared after them. In his brain one thought only remained, which Theophraste might have formulated logically as "Some men do not chop wood." And in his heart and eye was a dull animal lust. Two strangers had come to his soul's Inn. There being only one room, he put them to bed together, in this form of something like it: "Chop --- chop --- chop --- chop; I'm sick of it. Even if I had a fine girl from Paris like that, what could I do but chop --- chop --- chop --- chop?"

For the first time in his life he went home half an hour earlier than his custom, to the accompaniment of a terrific thunderstorm that rolled up from the valley of the Loing and fell like night upon the forest, like a dark winter's night that afternoon of May.

He was wet to the skin before he reached his hut. Opening the door, he glowered with dull surprise. Equally wet, standing in one corner and wringing out a blouse, was a girl of about twenty years old, an Amazon maid. He could see that she was a lady --- that is, that she was not a villager; but he had no means of knowing that she was the Honourable Diana Villiers-Jernyngham-Ketteringham.

Placide spoke a patois that a Parisian might have surmised to be Cherokee, and Diana's boarding-school French would have been given up by that Parisian as no earthly language at all. {85}

She told him that she was staying at the Savoy Hotel at Fontainebleau, and had gone for a walk and lost her way in the forest; and she asked him how far was it to the nearest village, and would he please take her there, and she would give him money.

All this while Placide lit his fire, and proceeded to cook beans. He did not understand her, or try to understand her. There was a strange animal in his hut, possibly a human

animal; it might like beans; he would offer it beans. It was not his affair; his affair was to chop --- chop --- chop --- chop.

Diana was a little afraid of this silent beast at first. But the offer of food seemed kindly, and she ate some beans lest he should take offence, found them surprisingly good, nodded satisfaction, and even asked for more.

This part concluded, she went to the door. The rain poured unceasingly; the forest stood in pools; and it was too dark to tell one tree from another. The woodcutter joined her, shook his head, said "far" and "to-morrow," and pointed to a heap of straw.

This strong-minded young lady knew when to bow to the inevitable; she took an armful of the straw, and retiring with it to the other end of the hut, made the sleep sign which every savage understands, and lay down.

Placide Gervez grunted assent, and lying down with a surly "Bon soir" dropped instantly to sleep. How was he to know what dreams would echo his quarter of an hour with the two philosophers of Paris?

About eleven o'clock the next morning some the well-horsed search-party from Fontainebleau reached the hut. {86}

At the door, as carefully stacked as the rest, they found the severed limbs of the Honourable Diana. And in the forest the cheery, ringing thud of his axe led them to Placide Gervez, quietly, manfully chopping.

They told him of a Widow Lady in Paris who could beat him at his own game.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no8/eqi08010.html>

37 captures

20 Apr 2002 - 30 Apr 2025

Sep FEB Apr

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture
LA FOIRE. I.

La Geante.

Ah! je suis fou d'amour pour la grasse geante,
Du rire sardonique et des regards hautains,
Demangeaisons de l'ame et cancre des reins!
Les nichons sanglantes, la crevasse beante
M'attirent, me collent a la noire et la puante
Peau qui sent d'Afrique tout le velours malsain,
De cruante, de mort, d'eunuque, de putain,
La nuit tragique, affreuse --- et oh! mais enivrante!

Sale et sale, ton corps! Ton ame crapuleuse
Vaut bien l'amphisboene des mares veneneuses: ---
Que je m'y noye, sucer de tes impurs crachats
L'immondice d'enfer, d'ou demon, tu sortis
Y perdre les enfants d'un Dieu aneanti
Par sortilege noir de tes poilus sabbats!

II.

La Naine.

Monstre effrayant, plus vil que tout autre animal,

Corps comique --- ecrase d'un ventre de catin! ---

Chef d'oeuvre de blaspheme, enfante du Malin,

Insecte infecte, honteux et quand meme banal,

J'ajoute ton portrait au cortege infernal

De mes amours pourris. Ton glabre et libertin

Caresse vaut l'ivresse --- oh! verse-moi le vin!

Un tel careme fait oublier le carnaval.

C'est l'amour? le degout? le luxure? la haine?

Je n'en sais rien: le Dieu qui t'a difforme, naine,

Me jette dans ton lit, me soumet, corps et ame,

A tes pieds, a l'amour brutal et hysterique.

Ce baiser a la fois ridicule et lubrique

Evoque de Satan l'image --- et le dictame!

BARBEY DE ROCHECHOUART.

{90}

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no8/eqi08011.html>

36 captures

4 Feb 2002 - 30 Apr 2025

Sep FEB Apr

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

PROFESSOR ZIRCON

MURIEL MADDOX was a blonde frail piquant thing, a fluffy baby of nineteen easy summers. But she was a hard-working orphan, too, with no relations but a semi-mythical brother on the Yukon who had not found enough gold to send her any; and she earned her living --- two pounds a week --- as violinist to the splendid tea-parties of the Hotel Escoffier. Her liking for Professor Zircon was little more than a child's, though the shaggy-headed old analyst told another story to his brother experts at the War Office. And indeed, though her nature was incapable of great passion, what she had she gave, and to the innocence of a child added a dog's fidelity and trust. Professor Zircon was a happy old man; he called her his Chloride of Gold. Muriel means salt, you know, he would explain to the fellows at the club, and salt is a compound of hydrochloric or muriatic acid --- I wonder if we shall produce a little Zirconium Chloride! At this jest thus elaborated he was wont to laugh seven time a week; and trot happily back to his house in Kensington for dinner. Seven times a week he would let himself in through the laboratory and pretend surprise when he found Muriel reading a novelette in his own armchair.

"What, what! and how the deuce did you get in?" or "Tut! tut! my dear madam, to what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?" or "I beg a thousand pardons, madam, I really thought this was my house," and Muriel, genuinely pleased and amused, would enter into the little comedy, {91} always ending up with kisses in the old armchair, and a dainty dinner.

This had continued for nearly three years with no interruption but once when the Professor's wife, from whom he had long been separated, succeeded in getting into the house on some pretence, and creating a very considerable uproar before the professor and his butler could master her rage. She was a big muscular woman from Australia with the body of a tiger and the temper of a snake. She would have made a winning fight of it but for Zircon's adroit sortie to the laboratory and timely return with a bottle of chloroform.

The professor dined alone that night; at the very outset of the battle Muriel had fled in tears to the little room in Walham Green where she lived under the alleged guardianship of a most paunchy ex-dresser.

No other incident disturbed the ripples of their harmless, petty liaison. Even the earlier

rumours of the brother in Alaska had died down to folk-lore. The Professor had never got away from his work in time to hear her play the fiddle; anyhow, he hated music. Nor had Muriel ever stayed too late to alarm her landlady, who thought she played at supper as well as at tea. The illness of the Secretary of War alarmed only the German Ambassador, who could not be positive that in case of his death an accident might not happen and a capable person be appointed to the post. The annoyance of his death --- telephoned to the Office at three o'clock one afternoon --- was concentrated on Professor Zircon, torn away from a compound with half the Greek Alphabet dotted about its name by a white-haired little Colonel who {92} assured him that it really wasn't decent. "We won't go to the Club, dear man. We'll just drop in at the Escoffier for tea." The Professor grunted an assent; but he was more than half pleased. He wondered what his fairy looked like in her butterfly wings.

The lounge of the Escoffier was full of people; but right across the room Professor Zircon could see Muriel with cornflowers in her yellow-ashen hair and her simple muslin dress. But she wore the diamonds he had given her, a string of starlight at her neck. How well he remembered that evening! He had taken her into the laboratory and heated up some sugar with sulphuric acid, loving her amazement as it swelled and blackened. "That is carbon now," he had said, "if we could only crystalize it, what splendid diamonds we could have! But we can't --- not to any effect. Diamonds are always found in a kind of blue mud --- I suppose there can't be any here?" leading her to a box full of modelling clay which he used in some of his experiments. And he made her dive and dirty her dear little fingers ever so, before she ran against the necklace. And when they retrieved it quite, and washed it, and he put it round her neck for her very own!

She played in her demure, modest way; not very good, but pleasing enough to people who only wanted an excuse for not having to think sufficiently to talk while they wolfed foie gras and watercress, muffins and eclairs, cheesecakes and hot buttered toast. And she seemed to care as little for them as they for her.

The Professor and the Colonel had risen to go. {93}

"That's my little Muriel --- I call her the Spirit of Salt --- ha! ha! ho!" "A damn nice little bit of fluff --- damn lucky boy!" growled the Colonel, winking at a chorus girl (in two thousand pounds worth of furs) whose salary was thirty shillings a week.

Suddenly the Professor paled. A last glance over his shoulder showed him that a bearded man had risen and was handing a flower to Muriel. And Muriel was blushing and trembling with some emotion too profound to estimate, but clear enough to the analyst.

When a man has detected a thousandth of a grain of atropine in the carcass of a barmaid, he does not hesitate to read the heart of a girl. And as a Government expert he was clothed with official infallibility --- a triple buckler.

He went on casually talking to the Colonel for a few minutes before politeness allowed

him to throw himself into a moving taxicab and roar his address at the astonished driver. It was the first time he had come home to an empty house since he had picked up Muriel on an omnibus and carried her off to a discreet Italian restaurant near Sloane Square where a flask of Chianti emptied to the bottom had left not a dreg of discretion.

The arm-chair shocked him. This was the last time that she would sit in it, the false little harlot! The eternal emptiness of things, the unbreakable solitude of life, struck a chill to his marrow. How was he to know that only by uttermost surrender of the self to the Beloved can that curse be broken? {94}

Then a gleam of sanity crossed the bigoted scientific mind of the man. She might be able to explain. But he brushed away the idea. How can a fact ever be upset?

Credulity itself is reason compared to the mind of the logician who has once allowed emotion to infect his brain, who has missed the factor of the personal equation.

The idea returned. So long she had sat there in her childish purity that the conservatism of his hard old brain reacted. It could not be. Things could not change. Yet? In the upshot he was English enough to try her before condemning her, German enough to lay a trap for her in the very nature of that trial.

His consideration passed from judgment to execution, and his face set like a mask. Ultimately he went to a small safe in the wall, took out a half-hoop diamond ring, and dropped it into the coal-scuttle. Reward or punishment! Either the old trick --- or a new one! He turned on his heel and went softly into the laboratory.

Meanwhile Muriel Madox tripped along from the Escoffier in the bright February air. Her heart was very light and very anxious. The incident of the afternoon --- should she tell the Professor? Concealment was foreign to her nature; for the first time in her life she hesitated. How would it affect their relations?

It would be better to think it over, to sleep on it. It never occurred to her for a moment that the Professor might already know. In the end she decided to say nothing; but so absorbed had been her tiny brain in its little problem that {95} she forgot the obvious corollary of removing the flower from her dress.

She was nestled in the arm-chair when the old analyst tiptoed into the room and clapped his hands over her eyes. "Who is it?" said he gaily.

"Why, you're Jack from Alaska, of course," she answered, laughing. "Guess again?" And the child guessed the German Emperor, and Lewis Waller, and everyone else she could think of. "Wrong." "Wrong." "Wrong." "Why," she cried, jumping up and facing him, "it's Professor Zircon! The last person in the world I should have expected to find here!"

She threw her arms round his neck and called him a "dear silly."

"Well, what's the news, child?"

"No news. I'm so sorry the chief's dead."

"Doesn't matter to me. What a pretty flower in your dress!"

She had an instinct of sudden and terrible danger; and lied instantly. "I bought it for your buttonhole." And she fastened it there.

Professor Zircon called her a sweet, thoughtful fairy, and gave her a kiss. Such a shudder ran through him as rarely stirred his veins. He had some flash of memory, of Judas, perhaps, signalled across the forty years since he had heard the legend of the Gospels at his mother's knee.

"But there is news!" he added gaily. "I'm going to show you my great discovery. I've found out how to make {96} diamonds. Just crystallizing coal, you see; so simple when you know how to do it. Wait a minute! And he fetched a small electric machine from the laboratory and solemnly made it spark in the coal-scuttle. There! he announced triumphantly. Now we'll see if we've managed to crystallize any coal"

So the child began to hunt in the scuttle, and in a few minutes found the ring glittering in its dusty setting, like the eyes of a snake in the jungle.

"Oh, you darling!" she cried. "Oh, you old fraud! You said nothing about making gold!"

"Ah! that's a little accident," replied the Professor. "Discoveries never come singly."

"And is it really for me? All my very own?"

"Who else should it be for, darling?"

"You're a darling sweet boy."

"Run away and wash your hands! I've warmed up your own element for you, you dear little Spirit of Salt!"

She ran gleefully into the laboratory. On the bench stood the basin she had used so often, with the soap and towels neatly at its side. She seized the soap, and plunged both hands into the nearly boiling hydrochloric acid. Then she turned her head to him, her mouth a tragic square, incapable even of uttering even a shriek.

"How will you play the fiddle," screamed Zircon, "with no fingers? How will you play the harlot? I saw you and your lover. There's his flower!" He flung it at her. "But I'm even with you --- Oh! I'm even with you!" And he foamed into a spate of the filthiest abuse.

It broke the spell. Scream after scream broke from her {97} mouth until, choking with

their very volume, her voice broke to a strangled yell, and the agony of the acid bit into her soul. She fell on the floor fainting.

"Vile thing!" screamed Zircon, spurning her with his foot. He choked: his brain fell suddenly clear with the lucidity of intellect. He walked into the dining-room, and whistled as he walked. There he sat down. The next move in his infernal revenge was the waking of Muriel, and that might be soon or late. He had not calculated the effect of waiting; his nerves cried out. For the first time he had a glimpse of the doctrine of eternal punishment --- perceived that the resurrection of the body was no necessary condition. Tortured, he gazed upon the second hand of his watch. He could have sworn it stopped, when it shook and staggered on with the importance of Big Ben, and he realized that his own time-sense was radically upset. He wondered if it was the same with her --- the devil in him gloated.

"A gentleman to see you, sir!" said the butler, opening the door. "He wouldn't give his name!"

"I'll see him," said Zircon, as blithe as a lark. "Show him in!"

In strode the bearded stranger of the afternoon.

"You damned scoundrel!" he addressed the smiling Professor. "So this is where my sister spends her evenings! Be good enough to explain ----" He broke off, for the Professor had thrust both hands deep into his trouser pockets and leant back against the bookcase, laughing, laughing, laughing.

ALEISTER CROWLEY {98}

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no8/eqi08012.html>

42 captures

4 Feb 2002 - 30 Apr 2025

Nov APR Aug

15

2023 2024 2025

About this capture

A BRIEF ABSTRACT OF THE

SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION

OF THE

UNIVERSE

DERIVED BY DOCTOR JOHN DEE

THROUGH THE SKRYING OF

SIR EDWARD KELLY

PART II

THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS

A ∴ A ∴

Publication in Class B.

Imprimatur:

N. Fra A ∴ A ∴

THE FORTY-EIGHT CALLS OR KEYS

"These are Most Solemn Invocations." Use these only after other invocations. Key tablet hath 6 calls, 1 above other 5.

1: Governs generally as a whole the tablet of Union. Use it "first" in all invocations of Angels of that tablet, but not at all with other 4 tablets.

2: Used as an invocation of Angels e h n b representing governance of Spirit in the

tablet of Union: also precedes, "in the second place," all invocations of the Key tablet Angels. Not used in invocations of 4 other tablets.

3, 4, 5, 6: Used in invocations of Angels of Tablet of Union, "also" of angels of 4 terrestrial tablets, thus ---

3: Used to invoke Angels of the letters of the line e x a r p.

For those of Tablet ORO as a whole and for the lesser angle of this tablet, which is that of the element itself, viz. i d o i g o. So for others ---

The remaining 12 Keys refer to the remaining lesser angles of the tablets, the order of the elements being Air, Water, Earth, Fire.

Pronounce Elemental language (also called Angelic or Enochian) by inserting the next following Hebrew vowel between consonants, "e.g." e after b (bEth), i after g (glmel), a after d, etc. {101}

THE OPENING OF THE PORTAL OF THE VAULT OF THE ADEPTS.

HB:P.R.K.Th. PAROKETH, the Veil of the Sanctuary.

The Sign of the Rending of the Veil.

The Sign of the Closing of the Veil.

[Give these.]

Make the Invoking Pentagrams of Spirit.

In the number 21, in the grand word HB:AHYH;

In the Name HB:YHShVH, in the Pass Word I.N.R.I.,

O Spirits of the Tablet of Spirit,

Ye, ye, I invoke!

The sign of Osiris slain!

The sign of the mourning of Isis!

The sign of Apophis and Typhon!

The sign of Osiris Risen!

L. V. X., Lux. The Light of the Cross.

[Give these.]

In the name of I H V H A L V H V D O Th, I declare that the Spirits of Spirit have been duly invoked.

The Knock 1 --- 4444.

THE FIRST KEY<>

OL sonuf vaoresaji, gohu IAD Balata, elanusaha caelazod: sobrazod-ol Roray i ta nazodapesad, Giraa ta maelpereji, das hoel-qo qaa notahoa zodimezod, od comemahe ta nobeloha zodien; soba tahl ginonupe pereje aladi, das vaurebes obolehe giresam. Casarem ohorela caba Pire: das zodonurenusagi cab: erem ladanah. Pilahe farezodem zodenurezoda adana gono ladapiel das home-tohe: soba ipame lu ipamis: das sobolo vepe zodomeda poamal, od bogira aai ta piape Piamoel od Vaoan<>! Zodacare, eca, od zodameranu! odo cicale Qaa; zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, Hoathahe I A I D A!

86 words in this Enochian Call.

[Invokes the whole Tablet of Spirit.]

THE FIRST KEY

I REIGN over ye, saith the God of Justice, in power exalted above the Firmament of Wrath, in whose hands the Sun is as a sword, and the Moon as a through thrusting Fire: who measureth your Garments in the midst of my Vestures, and trussed you together as the palms of my hands. Whose seats I garnished with the Fire of Gathering, and beautified your garments with admiration. To whom I made a law to govern the Holy Ones, and delivered ye a Rod, with the Ark of Knowledge. Moreover you lifted up your voices and swore obedience and faith to him that liveth and triumpheth: {103} whose beginning is not, nor end cannot be: which shineth as a flame in the midst of your palaces, and reigneth amongst you as the balance of righteousness and truth!

Move therefore, and shew yourselves! Open the mysteries of your creation! Be friendly unto me, for I am the Servant of the same your God: the true worshipper of the

Highest!

169 words in this English Call.

THE SECOND KEY

ADAGITA vau-pa-ahe zodonugonu fa-a-ipe salada! Vi-i-vau el! Sobame ial-pereji i-zoda-zodazod pi-adapehe casarema aberameji ta ta-labo paracaleda qo-to lores-el-qo turebesa ooge balatohe! Giui cahisa lusada oreri od micalapape cahisa bia ozodonugonu! lape noanu tarofe coresa tage o-quo maninu IA-I-DON. Torezodu! gohe-el, zodacare eca ca-no-quoda! zodameranu micalazodo od ozadazodame vaurelar; lape zodir IOIAD!

THE SECOND KEY

CAN the Wings of the Winds understand your voices of Wonder? O you! the second of the First! whom the burning flames have framed in the depth of my Jaws! Whom I have prepared as cups for a wedding, or as the flowers in their beauty for the chamber of Righteousness! Stronger are your feet than the barren stone: and mightier are your voices than the manifold winds! For you are become a building such as is not, save in the Mind of the All-Powerful. {104}

Arise, saith the First: Move therefore unto his servants! Shew yourselves in power, and make me a strong Seer-of-things: for I am of Him that liveth for ever!

[Invokes: The File of Spirit in the Tablet of Spirit.

E --- the Root of the Powers of Air.

H --- the Root of the Powers of Water.

N --- the Root of the Powers of Earth.

B --- the Root of the Powers of Fire.

The Four Aces.]

THE OPENING OF THE TEMPLE IN THE

GRADE OF 2 Degree = 9 Square

GIVE the Sign of Shu.

[Knock.] Let us adore the Lord and King of Air!

Shaddai El Chai! Almighty and ever-living One, be Thy Name ever magnified in the Life of All. (Sign of Shu.) Amen!

[Make the Invoking Penta- . AHIH.

gram of Spirit Active : AGLA.

in these names: . EXARP.

[Make the Invoking Penta- .

gram of Air in these : IHVH.

names: . ShDI AL ChI.]

And Elohim said Let us make Adam in our own image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fowls of the air.

In the Names of IHVH and of ShDI AL ChI, Spirits of Air, adore your Creator! {105}

[With air-dagger (or other suitable weapon) make the sign of Aquarius.] In the name of RPAL and in the Sign of the Man, Spirits of Air, adore your Creator!

[Make the Cross.] In the Names and Letters of the Great Eastern Quadrangle, Spirits of Air, adore your Creator!

[Hold dagger aloft.] In the Three great Secret Names of God, ORO IBAH AOZPI that are borne upon the Banners of the East, Spirits of Air, adore your Creator!

[Again elevate dagger.] In the Name of BATAIVAH, great King of the East, Spirits of Air, adore your Creator!

In the Name of Shaddai AL Chai, I declare that the Spirits of Air have been duly invoked.

The Knock 333 --- 333 --- 333.

THE THIRD KEY

MICAMA! goho Pe-IAD! zodir com-selahe azodien biabe os-lon-dohe. Norezodacahisa otahila Gigipahe; vaunud-el-cahisa ta-pu-ime qo-mos-pelehe telocahe; qui-i-inu toltoregi cahisa i cahisaji em ozodien; dasata beregida od torezodul! Ili e-OI balazodareji, od aala tahilanu-os netaabe: daluga vaomesareji elonusa cape-mi-ali vaoresa "cala" homila; cocasabe fafenu izodizodope, od miinoagi de ginetaabe: vaunu na-na-e-el: panupire malapireji caosaji. Pilada noanu vaunalahe balata od-vaoan. Do-o-i-ape mada: goholore, gohus, amiranu! Micama! Yehusozod ca-ca-com, od do-o-a-inu noari mica-olazoda a-ai-om. Casarameji gohia: Zodacare! Vaunigilaji! od im-ua-mar pugo gelapeli Ananael Qo-a-an.

80 words in this Enochian Call. {106}

THE THIRD KEY

BEHOLD! saith your God! I am a circle on whose hands stand Twelve Kingdoms. Six are the seats of living breath: the rest are as sharp Sickles, or the Horns of Death. Wherein the creatures of Earth are and are not, except (in) mine own hands; which sleep and shall rise!

In the First I made ye stewards, and placed ye in twelve seats of government: giving unto every one of you power successively over the 456 true ages of time: to the intent that from the highest vessels and the corners of your governments you might work my Power, pouring down the fires of Life and increase continually on the earth. Thus you are become the skirts of Justice and Truth.

In the name of the same your God, lift up, I say, yourselves!

Behold! His mercies flourish, and (His) Name is become mighty among us. In whom we say: Move! Descend! and apply yourselves unto us as unto the partakers of His Secret Wisdom in your Creation.

167 words in this English Call.

[Invokes: Exarp; the whole Tablet of Air.

The angle of Air of Air.

The Prince of the Chariot of the Winds. {107}

THE OPENING OF THE TEMPLE IN THE

GRADE OF 3 Degree = 8 Square

GIVE the Sign of Auramoth.

[Knock.] Let us adore the Lord and King of Water!

Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim of Hosts!

Glory be to the Ruach Elohim which moved upon the Face of the Waters of Creation!

AMEN!

[Make the Invoking . AHIH.

Pentagram of Spirit: AGLA.

Passive and pro- :

nounce these names:. HCOMA.]

[Make the Invoking .

Pentagram of Water : AL.

and pronounce: . ALHIM TzBAVTh.]

And Elohim said: Let us make Adam in Our image; and let them have dominion over the Fish of the Sea! In the Name of A L, Strong and Powerful, and in the name of ALHIM TzBAVTh, Spirits of Water, adore your Creator!

[Make Sigil of Eagle with cup.] In the name of GBRIAL and in the sign of the Eagle, Spirits of Water, adore your Creator!

[Make cross with cup.] In all the Names and Letters of the Great Quadrangle of the West, Spirits of Water, adore your Creator!

[Elevate cup.] In the three great Secret Names of God MPH ARSL GAIOL that are borne upon the Banners of the West, Spirits of Water, adore your Creator! {108}

[Elevate cup.] In the Name of RAAGIOSEL, great King of the West, Spirits of Water, adore your Creator!

In the name of Elohim Tzabaoth, I declare that the Spirits of Water have been duly invoked.

The Knock. 1 --- 333 --- 1 --- 333.

THE FOURTH KEY

OTAHIL elasadi babaje, od dorepaha gohol: gi-cahisaje auauago coremepe "peda," dasonuf vi-vau-di-vau? Casaremi oeli "meapeme" sobame agi coremepo carep-el: casaremeji caro-o-dazodi cahisa od vaugeji; dasata ca-pi-mali cahisa ca-pi-ma-on: od elonusahinu cahisa ta el-o "calaa." Torezodu nor-quasahi od fe-caosaga: Bagile zodir e-na-IAD: das iod apila! Do-o-a-ipe quo-A-AL, zodacare! Zodameranu obelisonugi resat-el aaf nor-mo-lapi!

THE FOURTH KEY

I HAVE set my feet in the South, and have looked about me, saying: are not the thunders of increase numbered 33, which reign in the second Angle?

Under whom I have placed 9639: whom none hath yet numbered, but One; in whom the Second Beginnings of Things are and wax strong, which also successively are the Numbers of Time: and their powers are as the first 456.

Arise! you sons of Pleasure! and visit the earth: for I am the Lord your God; which is and liveth (for ever)! In the name of the Creator, move! and shew yourselves as {109} pleasant deliverers, that you may praise him among the sons of men!

[Invokes: hcoma; the whole tablet of Water.

The Angle of Water of Water.

The Queen of the Thrones of Water.]

THE OPENING OF THE TEMPLE IN THE

GRADE OF 1 Degree = 10 Square

GIVE the Sign of the God SET fighting.

Purify with Fire and Water, and announce "The Temple is cleansed."

[Knock.] Let us adore the Lord and King of Earth!

Adonai ha Aretz, Adonai Melekh, unto Thee be the Kingdom, the Sceptre, and the Splendour: Malkuth, Geburah, Gedulah, The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, Amen!

[Sprinkle Salt before Earth tablet.] Let the Earth adore Adonai!

[Make the Invoking Hexagram of Saturn.]

[Make the Invoking Pentagram of . AHIH.

Spirit Passive, and pronounce: AGLA.

the Names: . NANTA.]

[Make the Invoking Pentagram of .

Earth, and pronounce this : ADNI MLK.].

Name: .

And Elohim said: Let us make Man in Our own image; and let them have dominion over the Fish of the Sea and over the Fowl of the Air; and over every creeping thing that {110} creepeth upon the Earth. and the Elohim created ATh-h-ADAM: in the image of the Elohim created They them; male and female created They them. In the Name of

ADNI MLK, and of the Bride and Queen of the Kingdom; Spirits of Earth, adore your Creator!

[Make the Sign of Taurus.] In the Name of AVRIAL, great archangel of Earth, Spirits of Earth, adore your Creator!

[Make the Cross.] In the Names and Letters of the Great Northern Quadrangle, Spirits of Earth, adore your Creator!

[Sprinkle water before Earth Tablet.] In the three great secret Names of God, MOR, DIAL, HCTGA, that are borne upon the Banners of the North, Spirits of Earth, adore your Creator!

[Cense the Tablet.] In the name of IC-ZOD-HEH-CA, great king of the North, Spirits of Earth, adore your Creator!

In the Name of Adonai Ha-Aretz, I declare that the Spirits of Earth have been duly invoked.

The Knock. 4444 --- 333 --- 22 --- 1.

THE FIFTH KEY

SAPAHE zodimii du-i-be, od noasa ta qu-a-nis, adarocahe dorepehal caosagi od faonutas peripesol ta-be-liore. Casareme A-me-ipezodi na-zodaretahe "afa;" od dalugare zodizodope zode-lida caosaji tol-toregi; od zod-cahisa esiasache El ta-vi-vau; od iao-d tahlada das hubare "pe-o-al;" soba coremeffa cahisa ta Ela Vaulasa od Quo-Co-Casabe. Eca niisa od darebesa quo-a-asa: fetahe-ar-ezodi od beliora; ia-ial eda-nasa cicalesa; bagile Ge-iad I-el! {111}

THE FIFTH KEY

The mighty sounds have entered into the third angle, and are become as olives in the Olive Mount; looking with gladness upon the earth, and dwelling in the brightness of

the Heavens as continual Comforters.

Unto whom I fastened 19 Pillars of Gladness, and gave them vessels to water the earth with her creatures; and they are the brothers of the First and Second, and the beginning of their own seats, which are garnished with 69,636 ever-burning lamps: whose numbers are as the First, the Ends, and the Contents of Time.

Therefore come ye and obey your creation: visit us in peace and comfort: conclude us receivers of your mysteries: for why? Our Lord and Master is the All-One!

[Invokes: Nanta; the whole tablet of Earth.

The angle of Earth of Earth.

The Princess of the Echoing Hills, the Rose
of the Palace of Earth.]

THE OPENING OF THE TEMPLE IN THE
GRADE OF 4 Degree = 7 Square

GIVE the Sign of Thoum-aesh-neith.

[Knock.] Let us adore the Lord and King of Fire!

Tetragrammaton Tzabaoth! Blessed be Thou! The Leader of Armies is Thy Name!
AMEN! {112}

[Make the Invoking Pentagram of. AHIH.

Spirit Active, and pronounce: AGLA.

the Names: . BITOM.]

[Make the Invoking Pentagram of . ALHIM

Fire, and pronounce: : IHVH TzBAVTh.

.

[Make the sign of Leo with censer (or other suitable weapon).] In the name of MIKAL, archangel of Fire, Spirits of Fire, adore your Creator!

[Make the Cross.] In the Names and Letters of the Great Southern Quadrangle, Spirits of Fire, adore your Creator!

[Elevate censer.] In the three Secret names of God, OIP TEAA PDOCE, that are born upon the banners of the South, Spirits of Fire, adore your Creator!

[Lower and lift censer.] In the Name of EDELPERNA, great King of the South, Spirits of Fire, adore your Creator!

In the Name of IHVH TzBAVTh, I declare that the Spirits of Fire have been duly invoked.

The Knock. 333 --- 1 --- 333.

THE SIXTH KEY

GAHE sa-div cahisa "em," micalazoda Pil-zodinu, sobam El haraji mir babalonu od obeloce samevelaji, dalagare malapereji ar-caosaji od "acame" canale, sobola zodare fa-beliareda caosaji od cahisa aneta-na miame ta Viv od Da. Daresare Solpetahe-bienu. Be-ri-ta od zodacame ji-mi-calazodo: sob-ha-atahe tarianu luia-he od ecarinu MADA Qu-a-a-on! {113}

THE SIXTH KEY

THE Spirits of the fourth angle are Nine, Mighty in the Firmament of Waters: whom the First hath planted, a torment to the wicked and a garland to the righteous: giving unto them fiery darts to vanne the earth, and 7699 continual workmen, whose courses visit with comfort the earth; and are in government and continuance as the Second and the Third ---

Therefore hearken unto my voice! I have talked of you, and I move you in power and presence, whose works shall be a song of honour, and the praise of your God in your Creation!

[Invokes: bitom; the whole tablet of Fire.

The Angle of Fire of Fire

The Lord of the Flame and the Lightning,

the King of the Spirits of Fire.]

THE SEVENTH KEY

RA-ASA isalamanu para-di-zoda oe-cari-mi aao iala-pire-gahe Qui-inu. Enai butamonu od inoasa "ni" pa-ra-diala. Casaremeji ujeare cahirelanu, od zodonace lucifatianu, caresa ta vavale-zodirenu tol-hami. Soba lonudohe od nuame cahisa to Da o Desa vo-ma-dea od pi-beliare itahila rita od miame ca-ni-quola rita! Zodacare! Zodameranu! Iecarimi Quo-a-dahe od I-mica-ol-zododa aaiome. Bajirele papenore idalu-gama elonusahi-od umapelifa vau-ge-ji Bijil-IAD! {114}

THE SEVENTH KEY

THE East is a house of Virgins singing praises among the flames of the first glory wherein the Lord hath opened his mouth; and they are become 28 living dwellings in whom the strength of man rejoiceth; and they are apparelled with ornaments of brightness, such as work wonders on all creatures. Whose kingdoms and continuance are as the Third and Fourth, strong towers and places of comfort, the Seats of Mercy and Continuance. O ye Servants of Mercy, Move! Appear! Sing praises unto the Creator; and be mighty amongst us. For that to this remembrance is given power, and our strength waxeth strong in our Comforter!

[Invokes the Angle of Water of Air in the tablet of Air

The Queen of the Thrones of Air.]

THE EIGHTH KEY

BAZODEMELO i ta pi-ripesonu olanu Na-zodavabebe "ox." Casaremeji varanu cahisa vaugeji asa berameji balatoha: goho IAD. Soba miame tarianu ta lolacis Abaivoninu od azodiajiere riore. Irejila cahisa da das pa-aox busada Caosago, das cahisa od ipuranu telocahe cacureji o-isalamahe lonucaho od Vovina carebafé? NIISO! bagile avavago gohon. NIISO! bagile momao siaionu, od mabezoda IAD oi asa-momare poilape. NIIASA! Zodameranu ciaoisi caosago od belioresa od coresi ta a beramiji. {115}

THE EIGHTH KEY

THE Midday, the first is as the third Heaven made of 26 Hyacinthine Pillars, in whom the Elders are become strong, which I have prepared for mine own Righteousness, saith the Lord: whose long continuance shall be as bucklers to the Stooping Dragon, and like unto the harvest of a Widow. How many are there which remain in the Glory of the Earth, which are, and shall not see Death until the House fall and the Dragon sink? Come away! for the Thunders (of increase) have spoken. Come away! for the Crowns

of the Temple and the Robe of Him that is, was, and shall be, crowned, are divided!
Come forth! Appear! to the terror of the Earth, and to our comfort, and to the comfort of
such as are prepared.

The Angle of Earth of Air in the tablet of Air.

The Princess of the Rushing Winds, the Lotus of the
Palace of Air.

THE NINTH KEY

MICAOLI beranusaji perejela napeta ialapore, das barinu efafaje "Pe" vaunupeho
olani od obezoda, soba-ca upaahe cahisa tatanu od tarananu balie, alare busada
so-bolunu od cahisa hoel-qo ca-no-quodi "cial." Vaunesa aladonu mom caosago ta
insa olalore ginai limelala. Amema cahisa sopra madarida zod cahisa! Ooa moanu
cahisa avini darilapi caosajinu: od butamoni pareme zodumebi canilu. Dazodisa
etahamezoda cahisa dao, od mireka ozodola cahisa pidiai Colalala. Ul ci {116} ninu a
sobame ucime. Bajile? IAD BALATOHE cahirelanu pare! NIISO! od upe ofafafe;
bajile a-cocasahe icoresaka a uniji beliore.

THE NINTH KEY

A MIGHTY guard of Fire with two-edged swords flaming (which have eight Vials of
wrath for two times and a half, whose wings are of wormwood and of the marrow of
salt), have set their feet in the West, and are measured with their 9996 ministers.
These gather up the moss of the Earth as the rich man doth his Treasure. Cursed are
they whose iniquities they are! In their eyes are mill-stones greater than the earth, and
from their mouths run seas of blood. Their heads are covered with diamonds, and
upon their heads are marble stones.<> Happy is he on whom they frown not. For
why? The Lord of Righteousness rejoiceth in them! Come away, and not your Vials:
for that the time is such as requireth Comfort.

The Angle of Fire of Air in the tablet of Air,
The Lord of the Winds and Breezes; the King of the
Spirits of Air.

THE TENTH KEY

CORAXO cahisa coremepe, od belanusa Lucala azodiazodore paebe Soba iisononu cahisa uirequo "ope" copehanu od racalire maasi bajile caosagi; das yalaponu dosiji od basajime; od ox {117} ex dazodisa siatarisa od salaberoxa cynuxire faboanu. Vaunala cahisa conusata das "daox" cacasa ol Oanio yore vohima ol jizodyazoda od eoresa cocasaji pelosi molui das pajeipe, laraji same darolanu matorebe cocasaji emena. El pataralaxa yolaci matabe nomiji mononusa olora jinayo anujelareda. Ohyo! ohyo! ohyo! ohyo! ohyo! noibe Ohyo! caosagonu! Bajile madarida i zodiropo cahiso darisapa! NIISO! caripe ipe nidali!

THE TENTH KEY

THE Thunders of Judgment and Wrath are numbered and are harboured in the North, in the likeness of an Oak whose branches are 22 nests of lamentation and weeping laid up for the earth: which burn night and day, and vomit out the heads of scorpions and live Sulphur mingled with poison. These be the thunders that, 5678 times in the twenty-fourth part of a moment, roar with a hundred mighty earthquakes and a thousand times as many surges, which rest not, neither know any<> time here. One rock bringeth forth a thousand, even as the heart of man doth his thoughts. Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! Yea, Woe be to the Earth, for her iniquity is, was, and shall be great. Come away! but not your mighty sounds!

The Angle of Air of Water in the tablet of Water.

The Prince of the Chariot of the Waters. {118}

THE ELEVENTH KEY

OXIAYALA holado, od zodirome "O" coraxo das zodiladare raasyo. Od vabezodire cameliaxa od bahala: NIISO! sala-manu telocahe! Casaremanu hoel-qo, od ti ta zod cahisa soba coremeffa i ga. NIISA! bagile aberameji nonusape. Zoda-care eca od Zodameranu! odo cicale Qaa! Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe IAIDA!

THE ELEVENTH KEY

THE mighty Seat groaned, and there were five Thunders that flew into the East. And the Eagle spake and cried aloud: Come away from the House of Death! And they gathered themselves together and became (those) of whom it is measured, and it is as They are, whose number is 31. Come away! For I have prepared (a place) for you. Move therefore, and shew yourselves! Unveil the mysteries of your Creation. Be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your God: the true worshipper of the Highest.

The Angle of Earth of Water, in the tablet of Water.

The Princess of the Waters, the Lotus of the Palace of
the Floods.

THE TWELFTH KEY

NONUCI dasonuf Babaje od cahisa "ob" hubaio tibibipe: alalare ataraahe od ef!
Darix fafenu "mianu" ar Enayo ovof! Soba dooainu aai i VONUPEHE. Zodacare,
gohusa, od Zodameranu. Odo cicale Qaa! Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada,
hoathahe IAIDA! {119}

THE TWELFTH KEY

O YE that range in the South and are the 28 Lanterns of Sorrow, bind up your girdles
and visit us! bring down your train 3663 (servitors), that the Lord may be magnified,
whose name amongst ye is Wrath. Move! I say, and shew yourselves! Unveil the
mysteries of your Creation. Be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your
God, the true worshipper of the Highest.

The Angle of Fire of Water, in the tablet of Water

The Lord of the Waves and the Waters, the King of the

Hosts of the Sea.

THE THIRTEENTH KEY

NAPEAI Babajehe das berinu "vax" ooaona larinuji vonupehe doalime: conisa olalogi
oresaha das cahisa afefa. Micama isaro Mada od Lonu-sahi-toxa, das invaumeda aai
Jirosabe. Zodacare od Zodameranu. Odo cicale Qaa! Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco
Mada, hoathahe IAIDA.

THE THIRTEENTH KEY

O YE Swords of the South, which have 42 eyes to stir up the wrath of Sin: making men drunken which are empty: Behold the Promise of God, and His Power, which is called amongst ye a bitter sting! Move and Appear! unveil the mysteries of your Creation, for I am the servant of the same your God, the true worshipper of the Highest.

The Angle of Air of Earth, in the tablet of Earth.

The Prince of the Chariot of Earth. {120}

THE FOURTEENTH KEY

NORONI bajihie pasahasa Oiada! das tarinuta mireca "ol" tahila dodasa tolahame caosago "h"omida: das berinu orocahe "quare:" Micama! Bial' Oiad; aisaro toxa das ivame aai Bala-tima. Zodacara od Zodameranu! Odo cicale Qaa! Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe IAIDA.

THE FOURTEENTH KEY

O YE Sons of fury, the Daughters of the Just One! that sit upon 24 seats, vexing all creatures of the Earth with age, that have 1636 under ye. Behold! The voice of God; the promise of Him who is called amongst ye Fury or Extreme Justice. Move and shew yourselves! Unveil the mysteries of your Creation; be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your God: the true worshipper of the Highest!

The Angle of Water of Earth, in the tablet of Earth.

The Queen of the Thrones of Earth.

THE FIFTEENTH KEY

ILASA! tabaanu li-El pereta, casaremanu upaahi cahisa "dareji;" das oado caosaji
oresacore: das omaxa monasasi Baeouiibe od emetajisa laiadix. Zodacare od
Zodameranu! Odo cicale Qaa. Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe IAIDA.
{121}

THE FIFTEENTH KEY

O THOU, the Governor of the first Flame, under whose wings are 6739; that weave
the Earth with dryness: that knowest the Great Name "Righteousness," and the Seal of
Honour. Move and Appear! Unveil the mysteries of your creation; be friendly unto
me, for I am the servant of the same your God: the true worshipper of the Highest!

The Angle of Fire of Earth, in the tablet of Earth.

The Lord of the Wide and Fertile Land, the King of the
Spirits of Earth.

THE SIXTEENTH KEY

ILASA viviala pereta! Salamanu balata, das acaró odazodi busada, od belioraxa

balita: das inusi caosaji lusadanu "emoda:" das ome od taliobe: darilapa iehe ilasa
Mada Zodilodarepe. Zodacare od Zodameranu. Odo cicale Qaa: zodoreje, lape
zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe IAIDA.

THE SIXTEENTH KEY

O THOU second flame, the House of Justice, which hast thy beginning in glory and
shalt comfort the Just: which walkest upon the Earth with 8763 feet, which understand
and separate creatures! Great art thou in the God of Stretch forth and Conquer.
Move and appear! Unveil the mysteries {122} of your Creation; be friendly unto me, for
I am the servant of the same your God, the true worshipper of the Highest.

The Angle of Air of Fire, in the tablet of Fire.

The Prince of the Chariot of Fire.

THE SEVENTHEENTH KEY

ILASA dial pereta! soba vaupaahe cahisa nanuba zodixalayo dodasihe od berinuta
"faxisa" hubaro tasataxa yolasa: soba lad "i" Vonupehe o Uonupehe: aladonu dax ila od
toatare! Zoda-care od Zodameranu! Odo cicale Qaa! Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco
Mada, hoathahe IAIDA.

THE SEVENTHEENTH KEY

O THOU third Flame! whose wings are thorns to stir up vexation, and who hast 7336

living lamps going before Thee: whose God is "Wrath in Anger": Gird up thy loins and hearken! Move and Appear! Unveil the mysteries of your Creation; be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your God, the true worshipper of the Highest.

The Angle of Water of Fire, in the tablet of Fire.

The Queen of the Thrones of Flame.

THE EIGHTEENTH KEY

ILASA micalazoda olapireta ialpereji beliore: das odo Busadire Oiad ouoaresa caosago: casaremeji Laiada "eranu" {123} berinutasa cafafame das invemeda aqoso adoho Moz, od maof-fasa. Bolape como belioreta pamebeta. Zodacare od Zoda-meranu! Odo cicale Qaa. Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe IAIDA.

THE EIGHTEENTH KEY

O THOU mighty Light and burning Flame of Comfort! that unveilest the Glory of God to the centre of the Earth, in whom the 6332 secrets of Truth have their abiding, that is called in thy kingdom "Joy" and not to be measured. Be thou a window of comfort unto me! Move and Appear! Unveil the mysteries of your Creation, be friendly unto me, for I am the servant of the same your God, the true worshipper of the highest.

The Angle of Earth of Fire, in the tablet of Fire.

The Princess of the Shining Flame, the Rose of the
Palace of Fire.

MARK WELL!

THESE first 18 calls are in reality 19; that is, 19 in the Celestial Orders; but with us the first hath no call, and can have no call, seeing that it is of the Godhead. Thus, then, with us hath it the number of 0, though with them that of 1. (Even as the first key of the ROTA hath the number 0.)

After this follow the calls or keys of the Thirty Aires or AEthyr: which are in substance similar, though, in the name of the AEthyr, diversified. {124}

The titles of the Thirty AEthyr whose dominion extendedth in
ever-widening circles without and beyond the Watch

Towers of the Universe

["The first is Outermost"]

1	LIL	16	LEA
2	ARN	17	TAN
3	ZOM	18	ZEN
4	PAZ	19	POP
5	LIT	20	KHR
6	MAZ	21	ASP
7	DEO	22	LIN
8	ZID	23	TOR
9	ZIP	24	NIA

10	ZAX	25	VTI
11	ICH	26	DES
12	LOE	27	ZAA
13	ZIM	28	BAG
14	UTA	29	RII
15	OXO	30	TEX

THE CALL OR KEY OF THE THIRTY AETHYRS

MADARIATZA das perifa LIL<> cahisa macaolazoda saanire caosago od fifisa balzodizodarasa laida. Nonusa gohulime: Micama adoianu MADA faoda beliorebe, soba ooaona cahisa luciftias peripesol, das aberaasasa nonusafe netaaibe caosaji od tilabe adapehaheta damepelozoda, tooata nonusafe jimicalazodoma larasada tofejilo marebe yareryo IDOIGO<>; od {125} torezodulape yaodafe gohola, Caosaga, tabaoreda saanire, od caharisateosa yorepoila tiobela busadire, tilabe noalanu paida oresaba, od dodaremeni zodayolana. Elazodape tilaba pare-meji peripesatza, od ta qurelesata booapis. Lanibame oucaho sayomepe, od caharisateosa ajitoltorenu, mireca qo tiobela lela. Tonu paomebeda dizodalamo asa pianu, od caha-risateosa aji-la-tore-torenu paracahe a sayomepe. Coreda-zodizoda dodapala od fifalazoda, lasa manada, od faregita bamesa omaoasa. Conisabera od auauotza tonuji oresa; catabela noasami tabejesa leuitahemonuji. Vanucahi ome-petilabe oresa! Bagile? Mooabe OL corenazodizoda. El capimao itzomatzi, od cacocasabe gosaa. Bajilenu pii tianuta a babalanuda, od faoregita teloca uo uime.

Madariiatza, torezodu!!! Oadariatza orocaha aboaperi! Tabaori periazoda aretabasa! Adarepanu coresata dobitza! Yolacame periazodi arecoazodiore, od quasabe qotinuji! Ripire paaotzata sagacore! Umela od peredazodare cacareji Aoiveae coremepeta! Torezodu! Zodacare od Zodameranu, asapeta sibesi butamona das surezodasa Tia balatanu. Odo cicale Qaa, od Ozodazodama pelapeli IADANAMADA!

THE CALL OR KEY OF THE THIRTY AETHYRS

O YE Heavens which dwell in the first Air, yea are mighty in the parts of the Earth, and execute the Judgment of the Highest! Unto you it is said: Behold the Face of your God, the beginning of Comfort, whose eyes are the brightness of the Heavens, which provided you for the Government of the Earth, and her unspeakable variety, furnishing you with a power of understanding to dispose all things according to {126} the Providence of Him that sitteth on the Holy Throne, and rose up in the Beginning, saying: The Earth, let her be governed by her parts, and let there be Division in her, that the glory of her may be always drunken, and vexed in itself. Her course, let it run with the Heavens; and as an handmaid let her serve them. One season, let it confound another, and let there be no creature upon or within her the same. All her members, let them differ in their qualities, and let there be no one Creature equal with another. The reasonable Creatures of the Earth, and Men, let them vex and weed out one another; and their dwelling-places, let them forget their Names. The work of man and his pomp, let them be defaced. His buildings, let them become Caves for the beasts of the Field! Confound her understanding with darkness! For why? it repenteth me that I have made Man. One while let her be known, and another while a stranger: because she is the bed of an Harlot, and the dwelling-place of him that is fallen.

O ye Heavens, arise! The lower heavens beneath you, let them serve you! Govern those that govern! Cast down such as fall. Bring forth with those that increase, and destroy the rotten. No place let it remain in one number. Add and diminish until the stars be numbered. Arise! Move! and appear before the Covenant of His mouth, which He hath sworn unto us in His Justice. Open the Mysteries of your Creation, and make us partakers of THE UNDEFINED KNOWLEDGE.

Finished are the Calls or Keys.

{127}

The Three Mighty Names of God

Almighty coming forth from

The Thirty Aethyrs

THE First Name ---

L A Z o d a P e L a M e D a Z o d a Z O D a Z o d I L a -
Z o d U O L a T a Z o d a P e K A L a T a N u V a D a Z -
o d a B e R e T a.

The Second Name ---

I R O A I A E I I A K O I T a X E A E O H e S I O I -
I T E A A I E.

The Third Name ---

L a N u N u Z o d a T a Z o d O D a P e X a H E M -
A O A N u N u P e R e P e N u R A I S A G I X a.

Ended are the Forty-eight Calls or Keys.

{128}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no8/eqi08013.html>

35 captures

22 Dec 2001 - 30 Apr 2025

Sep FEB Apr

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

STEPNEY

"(Audi alteram partem)"

LEONIDAS had hundreds to hold Thermopylae; So had good Sir Richard Grenville, the tiger of the sea Horatius had two comrades, and Rome and all its gods. We are worth the three together, if you come to talk of odds! For a day we held up London, and the cursed robber crew, Though they were fifteen hundred, and we were only two. All day we fought the cowards, that dared not break the door. They had soldiers and policemen, all the tools of modern war, With their field-gun and their Maxim and the rifle and the shell; But they skulked with Winston Churchill, or we'd sent a few to hell! They hid themselves and volleyed, did the braves of Waterloo, They were only fifteen hundred, and Fritz and I were two. All day we fought the cowards, the Saxon and the Scot; We gave them Hell and Tommy, as we answered shot for shot, Till a bullet found its billet, and poor Fritz lay dead at last. Then I lit the pile of shavings, nailed our colours to the mast. Ay! we left the red flag flying, the red flag of fire that flew, Though they were fifteen hundred, and we were only two. {129} And beneath that glorious banner, in its folds of gold and red, I fought on (the lonely battle!) by the body of my dead. And the cowards still hung trembling, and the smoke poured hot and high, The brave black flag of Anarchy, a portent in the sky! Ay! we left the black flag flying, as behoves a man to do, For they were fifteen hundred, and we were only two. And the banner of destruction wraps me round with glory and awe --- Here's a last clip of brave bullets for the bastard hounds of law! And here's a health to Freedom, and may man defend the right! And the red flag golds me closer --- I have fought the last good fight. We died, we died unconquered --- 'tis the triumph of the true: Though they were fifteen hundred, and we were only two. {130}

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no8/eqi08014.html>

37 captures

1 Dec 2001 - 30 Apr 2025

Sep FEB Apr

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

THE TELL-TALE HEART

ADAPTED FROM THE STORY OF E. A. POE

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY {131}

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

JACK ADAMS, a youth (of some 30 years)

MARTIN MEYER, an old man (of some 60 years)

CLARK, a neighbour (of some 45 years)

A POLICE SERGEANT and TWO CONSTABLES

COSTUMES: Twenty years ago --- the persons being just above working men in social condition

PROPERTIES REQUIRED

Old-fashioned safe

Coppers for Jack

Bags of treasure, objects d'art, etc., for safe and cache

Shutters and bars for windows

Glasses, etc., and drinks (in Cupboard)

Lantern, practicable dark

Grocers' Calendars and other suitable decorations

THE TELL-TALE HEART

The SCENE represents the interior of a cottage of some pretensions, though poorly furnished.

[The CURTAIN rises --- MARTIN knocks the ashes from his long churchwarden pipe on table J. --- JACK sitting on table.]

MARTIN. I think I'll go round to the Blue Cow, Jack, for my night-cap. [Going, turns: hand on JACK'S shoulder.] I've been thinking, lad, we must all die, and them as is old thinks a mort about it, Jack! --- never fear. I've been thinking, lad, Jack Adams has been a son to me, and more than a son.

JACK. Why, no! Father, it's me that is glad you bid me call you so.

MARTIN. More than a son, and a kind, kind son, lad! Thinks I, I'll see Lawyer Brown to-morrow, and tie up my little bit so that no one shall touch it after me but my dear lad, Jack Adams.

JACK. No, no, Father! we'll talk o' that this twenty years hence. Will you take the lantern, Father? the nights are main dark.

MARTIN. Ay, lad, I will; [turns away: JACK'S whole manner changes, and HE follows MARTIN with a furtive look of hate. MARTIN gets and lights lantern; when HE turns, JACK is again all smiles] --- and do you see to the shutters. I hear a-many {133} tales o' robbers; 'twere not so when I were young, lad. The world gets worse as we get older, Jack.

JACK. Nonsense, Father, they won't attack us. Don't the village know how I half-choked the life [HE makes a murderous gesture, so violent that the OLD MAN shrinks] out of Bagstock, that was torturing the stray dog?

MARTIN. Ay, lad, and well it served the brute. I'm off now, Jack, you're a strong lad and a brave, but these nasty robbers have weapons, we must be careful, main careful.

JACK. Only one night-cap, Father!

MARTIN. Ay, lad --- I'm thinking a drop 'ud do ye good now, Jack. A week and more ye've not been yourself altogether --- though this I will say, never a kinder lad breathed than my dear lad, Jack Adams, this last week. Affliction purifies, ay, it purifies; if ye're out o' sorts yourself, why, you're kinder to others, makes ye lean on them, like --- there's a blessing to everything, lad, depend on it, a blessing hidden in every mortal thing.

JACK. Never fear, Daddy Martin. I've slept ill lately, but I know I'll sleep sound to-night.

MARTIN. Ay, Jack. [Exits L.

JACK. [Makes quite sure that the door is shut, then comes to footlights. Sits on floor and laughs silently --- then listens intently as if HE heard something --- his surprise grows almost into fear --- then he starts laughing again --- HE produces furtively a razor and runs his thumb cautiously along the edge --- looks at the door and gnashes his teeth --- then his manner changes and he laughs openly and struts proudly about.] What do I want with his money? I'm rich, rich, incalculably rich. Why, I've only to say the word and all the {134} people would bow down to me. The richest man in the world! Think of it! I'll do wonderful things. I'll buy the Tower of London for poor old Martin, dear old boy. On my soul, I love him like a father. [A pause.] What was it now? I've forgotten --- I knew a minute ago. However did the idea strike me? Such a beautiful idea. Aha! Aha! [Manner again changes to intensely furtive hate inspired by horror.] It is his eye --- that pale blue filmy eye. It is like the eye of a vulture. My blood runs cold. I will cut it out; the blood will run warm all over me. I shall bathe in it. I shall never shiver again. Oh no! the blood of the old is bitter chill. But it shall not look at me, glazing over till it almost dies --- I hate you, hate you, hate you! [HE walks about.] Seven nights --- seven long nights! have I waited for my chance to 'stinguish its glare --- in his blood --- in his blood --- in his blood! [Stumbling over a shutter, HE recovers normal manner.] Ah! the robbers, we must keep out the robbers. [HE bars and shutters the windows, quite normally.] Dear old Daddy, to rob him they'd have to walk across me. [Feels his muscle --- business.] And now I'll get to bed.

[Exits R.

[Re-enter MARTIN., L., who locks and bolts the door most carefully after him.]

MARTIN. Is it all right, lad? Are you gone to bed?

JACK. [Off.] Ay, ay, Father, all's well. Call if you need me.

MARTIN. Good-night, lad; God bless ye, Jack!

JACK. [Off.] Good-night, Father! and pleasant dreams.

[MARTIN goes and tests all the fastenings of the shutters, bars and so on. Then goes to safe and brings out {135} various precious pieces of silver and gold, china and the like --- HE fondles and admires these, puts them back, locks up, crosses to cache with utmost furtiveness, opens same, pulls out sacks of gold coin, plays with them.]

MARTIN. They'll never discover old Martin Meyer's cache, I warrant. Oh, the beautiful gold! When I was a young man I was fond of the kisses of beautiful women; did ever a pair of lips touch me as softly as the soft bright gold? [Laughs softly and gladly.] How it trickles over my hands! Sweetest caresses ever I knew, and not a pennyweight rubbed off the beautiful minted money for it all. Ah! [HE listens.] Nothing! Nothing! But I mustn't be caught like this: old Martin Meyer must be very careful. [HE replaces the sacks, and closes the cache. Then goes to bed, undresses, gets in, adjusts a large night-cap, and puts out the lights.] [Loudly.] Good-night, Jack! the door's always open: if you hear robbers, run in, my lad, and serve 'em as you serve that brute of a Bagstock.

JACK. [Off --- very sleepy.] Good-night. All right, Father, never fear.

MARTIN. Good-night.

JACK. [Off --- fainter.] Goo'-nigh'!

[MARTIN composes himself to sleep. A pause. Then the door slowly, slowly opens. Audience can see JACK crouching behind and pushing in with infinite caution HE carries a dark lantern. This goes on for a long while; at last he warily puts his head in, withdraws it, and again puts it in slightly advanced, with {136} lantern forward. He is seen to be smiling grimly to himself. HE is half round the corner of the half-open door, and very warily puts out his right hand to open the ray of the lantern. HE stops repeatedly to listen during all this time. His thumb slips on the fastening of the lantern, and the latter swings against the door, making a startling clatter. MARTIN springs up in bed, crying loudly] ---

MARTIN. Who's there?

[A long pause; presently MARTIN gives a slight groan of abject terror. BOTH remain absolutely still. Another long pause. Then JACK again tries to open the lantern with infinite stealth; at last a single tiny dim ray shoots out and throws Martin's eye into startling brilliance. Another long pause, but JACK should endeavour without the slightest movement to let the audience guess that he hears something. At length, with a wild yell, he throws open the lantern" --- full light on stage --- and darts into the room. MARTIN shrieks once only and very loudly. JACK drags MARTIN to the floor, and pulls the heavy mattress over him, pressing it down with hideous laughter, though all the time he listens, as if to hear the beating of MARTIN'S heart. HE puts his ear to the mattress. At last, with a laugh of satisfaction, he removes the mattress and examines the corpse, ear to heart.]

JACK. Dead. Stone dead. Stone dead. Stone dead.

[HE looks around --- in France, MARTIN will have disappeared from under the bedding by a trap door and left {137} a dummy. JACK will cut out the eyes of this dummy with his razor; they will bleed horribly. HE will make appropriate remarks --- but in England he simply looks round, then] ---

JACK. Now to conceal the body; aha! I have it. [With a chisel HE lifts up the three planks and puts the body under the floor, replacing the planks. He smooths over the place, looks for and collects dust, and sprinkles it evenly over; re-makes bed, etc.] Safe! safe for ever from that vulture eye of blue. Safe! [A distant church clock strikes eleven.] To bed! No more long watches to distract me. No more waiting to catch that evil, filmy eye, casting its vulture curses on me. How I shall sleep! shall sleep! [A loud knocking outside, L. --- JACK startled --- then with a look of infinite cunning HE smiles] --- Safe! safe! [Goes to door, L.]

A VOICE: [Off --- muffled --- several half audible words ending "Meyer."]

JACK. Old Meyer's gone into the country. [With sudden alarm.] Isn't he at the Blue Cow? VOICE. [Angrily and loudly.] Open the door at once, or we must break it down. I don't wish to disturb you, Mr. Adams, but I think it's only right to say ---- [Confused voices interrupt. JACK undoes the bolts.

JACK. Certainly, certainly, neighbour, glad to see you. I was half asleep when you knocked, and woke up main cross, as the saying is. [THEY file in.] Why, sergeant, come in! What's happened now? Robbery? Not here, while I'm guardian. Remember Bagstock, sergeant? Ha! Ha! Ha! {138} Come in, Warren; come in, Anderson; a cold night; we'll have a drop of something to warm us by and by. [More and more at his ease.

SERGEANT. Why, the fact is, Mr. Adams, neighbour Clark here heard a dreadful cry in the cottage, and ----

JACK. Ha! Ha! Clark, you're a funny fellow. It's no joke to me, though, for the fact is I had the most awful dream ----

SERGEANT. And so you shrieked, of course. Strikes me, neighbour Clark, you've found a pretty mare's nest.

CLARK. But where's old Meyer? I swear I saw him come in less than half an hour ago.

JACK. I tell you he's not here. Why don't you look for him, you dear old muddlehead?

SERGEANT. Why, yes, Mr. Adams, that seems the simplest way.

JACK. Just take a note first of all of what the burglars have done, Sergeant. Three large patent safes carried bodily away --- shutters broken --- [Goes and rattles them] --- Room in disorder --- [Pulls the bedclothes on to the floor] --- Part of the swag lying on the floor

--- shows the burglars were disturbed in their nefarious occupation. [HE scatters some coppers about.] Murdered body of Meyer up the chimney --- go and look, Clark, don't be scared, they did the job thoroughly --- he won't bite you! My murdered body --- where shall I hide my murdered body, eh? [The POLICE roar with laughter, louder and louder, and CLARK looks more and more sheepish.] Oh! you'll find that in my room, I should think: run along. [HE pushes THEM through door, R.] Sorry I can't help you look for it --- I must get that ale. {139} [Goes to cupboard and brings ale and glasses. Seeing himself alone, he whispers, Safe! Safe! dropping into the furtive, gleeful manner. Then suddenly HE seems to listen intently. All this time the others are heard off, talking and laughing. HE goes R, shuts door, goes to place where corpse is, listens with ear to floor. With great terror, rising to his knees.] JACK. It is --- it is --- low, slow, and solemn, but it is --- again --- again! God! Great God! they will hear! [Voices louder, returning. JACK resumes his jolly manner and shuffles about, pouring out the ale.] [Re-enter OTHERS. JACK. Well, did you find it all as I said?

SERGEANT. Neighbour Clark, you'll not hear the last o' this for many a long year. [Goes to table. Drinking bus.]

1ST CONSTABLE. Burglars! ho! ho! ho!

2ND CONSTABLE. Murder! ha! ha! ha

SERGEANT. Here's to your health, Mr. Adams!

JACK. Yours, neighbour Clark; no offence, man, no offence. [Aside] Louder, louder! they will hear it.

CLARK. Well, I'm sure ----

SERGEANT. Never be sure! The first great rule of a good officer.

JACK. What? What? I say no --- [louder] --- I say no! Know your own mind and stick to it. Let's have a song --- ha, what do you say? A policeman's life is not a happy one?

SERGEANT. Why, it's no trouble; it's well worth coming across to talk to such a good fellow, and drink a glass of ale like this.

JACK. Have some more! Sing, somebody --- Clark, you sing. {140}

CLARK. Why, it's main late.

SERGEANT. Cheer up, neighbour Clark, we all make our mistakes.

JACK. [Louder.] I say no! I never make a mistake. I never --- sing, I say!

SERGEANT. You sing, Mr. Adams, a lovely voice you've got. Give us the Harvest Song.

JACK. [Still louder.] There isn't a song. There isn't a harvest. It rained --- rained --- rained --- tap --- tap --- [shouts.] You're a liar. The sun shone, there wasn't a sound, not a sound. [THEY begin to look surprised.

CLARK. [Aside to Sergeant.] He's been a bit excited-like these last few days --- and the ale's main good. Don't seem to notice him!

SERGEANT. [Aside to CLARK.] Right, very right, neighbour Clark.

[JACK starts to sing, cannot remember the words, sings anything --- very loud --- shuffles the chair about, knocks it at last on floor with ever-increasing din. The OTHERS go on chatting and laughing. JACK at last exhausts himself. HE assumes his furtive suspicious manner --- they take no notice, but laugh even louder. JACK observes them keenly --- throws up his arms, rushes to SERGEANT and grips his shoulder, dragging him to G. --- shrieks.]

JACK. Villains! dissemble no more! I admit the deed! tear up the planks! here! here! [By G.] It is the beating of his hideous heart!

CURTAIN.
{141}

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no8/eqi08015.html>

33 captures

22 Dec 2001 - 30 Apr 2025

Sep FEB Apr

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture
SORITES

MY finger-nails grow on my fingers, and

My fingers are fixed firmly to my hand.

It is my hand that terminates my arm,

And that sticks to my shoulder like a charm.

My shoulder is a portion of my trunk.

I hope no prostitute, however drunk,
Would end the shocking sequence. Yet we find,
Even in England, men of evil mind,
Pornographers who love obscene details,
Shameless enough to mention finger-nails.

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Equinox Vol 1. Master Table of Contents
<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no8/eqi08016.html>
85 captures
31 Oct 2001 - 30 Apr 2025
Feb APR Jan
14
2021 2024 2025

About this capture
A DESCRIPTION OF
THE CARDS OF THE TAROT
WITH THEIR ATTRIBUTIONS; INCLUDING A
METHOD OF DIVINATION BY THEIR USE
"All divination resembles an attempt by a man born blind to obtain sight by getting blind
drunk." FRA. P.

{143} eqi08i03.gif (10870 bytes)

{Illustration facing page 145 described:

This is a figure in the shape of an Ankh, with symbols about and upon the form. The loop is a series of four concentric bands like the Rose cross, about a central circle. The central circle is quartered by a vertical Greek cross. This cross has a dot in the center and is marked "Red on white." The ring just about this circle is divided by radial segments into three chambers, with one centered at top; clockwise from top, the chambers are marked: "Bright pale yellow", "Glowing orange scarlet", "Deep blue". The next ring outward is divided into seven chambers, one to bottom, and marked clockwise from 1 o'clock: "Violet", "Indigo", "Blue", "Emerald Green", "Yellow", "Orange", "Red". The next ring outward is divided into twelve chambers, division at top and bottom with six to either side; clockwise from 1 o'clock: "Crimson", "Violet", "Indigo", "Blue", "Green blue", "Emerald Green", "Green Yellowish", "Yellow Greenish", "Amber", "Orange", "Red

Orange", "Scarlet". The outer ring is interrupted at the bottom by a segment to match the continuation of the sloping lower sides of the lower upright, the base of this segment is defined not by the ring but by the upper portion of two diagonals drawn from the inner angles of the cross. This five-sided semi-regular figure is further divided within by two crossed lines emanating from the upper corners and extending across the center to the midpoints of the lower sides. In the four chambers resulting are these color abbreviations, clockwise from top: "Blk" (for black), "Russ" (for russet), "Cit'n" (for citrine), "Olive". To either side of this section, on the band itself, is written "white merging into grey". In the top of this outermost ring are these letters in the "Theban Alphabet": u r h --- signifying the "Angel" or "God of Tarot", HRU.

The left arm of the Ankh has from left to right: the symbol of Scorpio (the "M" style, not the Eagle as noted in text), a cup, the words "Deep Blue; Symbols in yellow". The right arm of the Ankh has from left to right: "the words "Red; symbols in Green", a lotus wand, the symbol of Leo.

The basal upright of the Ankh has these in the lower half only, from bottom upward: the symbol of Aquarius, an upright sword in style of the Solomonic Key, the words "Yellow; symbols in Violet.

There are markings and symbols outside the shape of the Ankh: Upper left corner: "L-I-F-E-" above a large "T". Upper right corner: "V-I-T-A-" above a large "A". To left of base: large "O". To right of base: large "P". Below base: "B-I-O-S-" just above the caption "THE COMPLETE SYMBOL OF THE TAROT". The large letters spell "TARO" in Greek capitals (GR: Tau-Alpha-Rho-Omicron).

In the wedges defined by the lower sides of the cross-arms and the base upright sides: to left an upright pentagram with the dot-in-circle Sun symbol in its pentagonal center. To right the same, but with a crescent moon, horns to right.

There is a very small semi-italic note at the lower right, below all else: "[To face p." 145" }

A DESCRIPTION OF

THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

H R U

THE GREAT ANGEL

is set over the operations of the Secret Wisdom

GR:Alpha chi-alpha-iota Omega

The First and the Last

"WHAT thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the Seven Abodes which be in Aushiah."

"And I saw in the Right Hand of Him that Sate upon the Throne a Book, sealed with Seven Seals."

"Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the Seals thereof?"

S.Y.M.B.O.L.A. Ankh

THE FRONTISPIECE

CONSISTS of a Crux Ansata, which is a form of the Rosy Cross. One arm is scarlet, with the symbols of Leo and the Wand in emerald green.

Another is blue with Eagle and Cup in orange. {145}

A third is yellow, with Aquarius and Dagger in violet.

The last is in the four colours of Malkuth, with Pentacle and Taurus in black.<>

Ring is white, having at the top the Name of the Great Angel P Scorpio h{Theban}<> H U A; below cross-bar are Pentagrams, one enclosing Sol and the other enclosing Luna.

The whole space in the ring contains the Rose of 22 Petals bearing the Names of the 22 Keys<>. In the centre a white circle, and a red cross of four equal arms.

About the whole symbol are the words ---

L.I.F.E. B.I.O.S. V.I.T.A.,

and the letters ---

T. A. P. O., Tarot.

{146}

THE TITLES OF THE SYMBOLS

1. The Ace of Wands is called the Root of the Powers of Fire.
2. The Ace of Cups is called the Root of the Powers of Water.
3. The Ace of Swords is called the Root of the Powers of Air.
4. The Ace of Pentacles is called the Root of the Powers of Earth.

5. The Knight of Wands is "The Lord of the Flame and Lighting: the King of the Spirits of Fire."

6. The Queen of Wands is "The Queen of the Thrones of Flame."

7. The King of Wands is "The Prince of the Chariot of Fire."

8. The Knave of Wands is "The Princess of the Shining Flame: the Rose of the Palace of Fire."

9. The Knight of Cups is "The Lord of the Waves and the Waters: the King of the Hosts of the Sea."

10. The Queen of Cups is "The Queen of the Thrones of the Waters."

11. The King of Cups is "The Prince of the Chariot of the Waters."

12. The Knave of Cups is "The Princess of the Waters: the Lotus of the Palace of the Floods." {147}

13. The Knight of Swords is "The Lord of the Wind and the Breezes: the King of the Spirits of Air."

14. The Queen of Swords is "The Queen of the Thrones of Air."

15. The King of Swords is "The Prince of the Chariot of the Winds."

16. The Knave of Swords is "The Princess of the Rushing Winds: the Lotus of the Palace of Air."

17. The Knight of Pentacles is "The Lord of the Wide and Fertile Land: the King of the Spirits of Earth."

18. The Queen of Pentacles is "The Queen of the Thrones of Earth."

19. The King of Pentacles is "The Prince of the Chariot of Earth."

20. The Knave of Pentacles is "The Princess of the Echoing Hills: the Rose of the Palace of Earth."

NO.	CARD	LORD OF	DECAN	IN
21	5 of Wands	Strife	Saturn	Leo
22	6 of Wands	Victory	Jupiter	Leo
23	7 of Wands	Valour	Mars	Leo
24	8 of Pentacles	Prudence	Sun	Virgo

25	9 of Pentacles	Material Gain	Venus	Virgo	
26	10 of Pentacles	Wealth	Mercury	Virgo	
27	2 of Swords	Peace restored	Moon	Libra	
28	3 of Swords	Sorrow	Saturn	Libra	
29	4 of Swords	Rest from Strife	Jupiter	Libra	
30	5 of Cups	Loss in Pleasure	Mars	Scorpio	{148}
31	6 of Cups	Pleasure	Sun	Scorpio	
32	7 of Cups	Illusionary Success	Venus	Scorpio	
33	8 of Wands	Swiftness	Mercury	Sagittarius	
34	9 of Wands	Great Strength	Moon	Sagittarius	
35	10 of Wands	Oppresion	Saturn	Sagittarius	
36	2 of Pentacles	Harmonious Change	Jupiter	Capricorn	
37	3 of Pentacles	Material Works	Mars	Capricorn	
38	4 of Pentacles	Earthly Power	Sun	Capricorn	
39	5 of Swords	Defeat	Venus	Aquarius	
40	6 of Swords	Earned Success	Mercury	Aquarius	
41	7 of Swords	Unstable Effor	Moon	Aquarius	
42	8 of Cups	Abandoned Success	Saturn	Pisces	
43.	9 of Cups	Material Happiness	Jupiter	Pisces	
44	10 of Cups	Perfected Success	Mars	Pisces	
45	2 of Wands	Dominion	Mars	Aries	
46	3 of Wands	Established Strength	Sun	Aries	
47	4 of Wands	Perfected Work	Venus	Aries	
48	5 of Pentacles	Material Trouble	Mercury	Taurus	
49	6 of Pentacles	Material Success	Moon	Taurus	
50	7 of Pentacles	Success unfulfilled	Saturn	Taurus	
51	8 of Swords	Shortened Force	Jupiter	Gemini	
52	9 of Swords	Despair and Cruelty	Mars	Gemini	
53	10 of Swords	Ruin	Sun	Gemini	
54	2 of Cups	Love	Venus	Cancer	
55	3 of Cups	Abundance	Mercury	Cancer	
56	4 of Cups	Blended Pleasure	Moon	Cancer	

WEH NOTE: In the above table, entries 30 - 32 were marked Virgo by typo. This has been corrected to Scorpio. {149}

THE TWENTY-TWO KEYS OF THE BOOK LETTER ATTRIBUTION

57 0 The Foolish Man The Spirit of GR:Alpha-iota-theta-eta-rho
a

Air

58 1 The Magician The Magus of Power
d

Mercury

59 2 The High Priestess The Priestess of the Silver Star g Moon

60	3	The Empress	The Daughter of the Mighty Ones	d	Venus	
61	4	The Emperor	Sun of the Morning, chief among the Mighty	h	Aries	
62	5	The Hierophant	The Magus of the Eternal	w	Taurus	
63	6	The Lovers	The Children of the Voice; the Oracles of the Mighty Gods			
	z	Gemini				
64	7	The Chariot	The Child of the Powers of the Waters; the Lord of the			
		Triumph of Light	j	Cancer		
65	11	Fortitude	The Daughter of the Flaming Sword	f	Leo	{150}
66	9	The Hermit	The Magus of the Voice of Power, the Prophet of the Eternal			
	y	Virgo				
67	10	The Wheel of Fate	The Lord of the Forces of Life	k	Jupiter	
68	8	Justice	The Daughter of the Lords of Truth: the Ruler of the Balance			
	l	Libra				
69	12	The Hanged	The Spirit of the Mighty Waters	m	Water	
70	13	Death	The Child of the Great Transformers: the Lord of the Gates of			
	n	Scorpio				
71	14	Temperance	The Daughter of the Reconcilers: the Bringer-Forth of life			
	s	Sagittarius				
72	15	The Devil	The Lord of the Gates of Matter: the Child of the Forces of			
	u	Capricorn	{151}			
73	16	The Blasted Tower	The Lord of the Hosts of the Mighty	p	Mars	
74	17	The Star	The Daughter of the Firmament, the dweller between the			
	x	Aquarius				
75	18	The Moon	The Ruler of Flux and Reflux: the Child of the Sons of the			
	q	Pisces				
76	19	The Sun	The Lord of the Fire of the World	r	Sun	
77	20	The Judgement	The Spirit of the Primal Fire	c	Spirit and	
		Fire				
78	21	The Universe	The Great One of the Night of Time	t	Earth and	
		Saturn				

Such are the Titles of the
Abodes or Atouts of Thooth;
of the
Mansions of the House of
my
FATHER.

{152}

The Descriptions of the Seventy-eight Symbols of this Book {"T" in a circle, composed of two white bars}; together with their meanings.

OF THE ACES

FIRST in order and importance are the Four Aces, representing the Force of the Spirit, acting in, and binding together, the Four Scales of each Element: and answering to the Dominion of the Letters of the Name in the Kether of each. They represent the Radical Forces.

The Four Aces are said to be placed on the North Pole of the Universe wherein they revolve, governing its revolution; and ruling as the connecting link between Yetzirah and the Material Plane or Universe.

I

THE ROOT OF THE POWERS OF FIRE

Ace of Wands

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, issuing from clouds, and grasping a heavy club, which has three branches in the colours, and with the sigils, of the scales. The Right-and Left-hand branches end respectively in three Flames, and the Centre one in four Flames: thus yielding Ten: the Number of the Sephiroth. Two-and-twenty leaping Flames, or Yodh, {153} surround it, answering to the Paths; of these, three fall below the Right branch for Aleph, Men, and Shin, seven above the Central branch for the double letters; and between it and that of the Right twelve: six above and six below about the Left-hand branch. The whole is a great and flaming Torch. It symbolizes Force --- strength, rush, vigour, energy, and it governs, according to its nature, various works and questions.

It implies Natural, as opposed to Invoked, Force.

II

THE ROOT OF THE POWERS OF THE WATERS

Ace of Cups or Chalices

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand, issuing from clouds, and supporting on the palm thereof a cup, resembling that of the Stolistes.

From it rises a fountain of clear and glistening water: and sprays falling on all sides into clear calm water below, in which grow Lotuses and Water-lilies. The great Letter of the Supernal Mother is traced in the spray of the Fountain.

It symbolizes Fertility --- productiveness, beauty, pleasure, happiness, etc.

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III

THE ROOT OF THE POWERS OF THE AIR

Ace of Swords

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, issuing from clouds, and grasping the hilt of a sword, which supports a White Radiant Celestial Crown; from which depend, on the right, the olive branch of Peace; and on the left, the palm branch of suffering.

Six Vaus fall from its point. It symbolizes "Invoked," as contrasted with Natural Force: for it is the Invocation of the Sword. Raised upward, it invokes the Divine crown of Spiritual Brightness, but reversed it is the Invocation of Demonic Force; and becomes a fearfully evil symbol. It represents, therefore, very great power for good or evil, but

invoked; and it also represents whirling Force, and strength through trouble. It is the affirmation of Justice upholding Divine Authority; and it may become the Sword of Wrath, Punishment, and Affliction.

IV

THE ROOT OF THE POWERS OF THE EARTH

Ace of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand, holding a branch of a Rose Tree, whereon is a large Pentacle, formed of Five concentric circles. The Innermost Circle is white, charged with {155} a red Greek Cross. From this White Centre, Twelve Rays, also white, issue: these terminate at the circumference, making the whole something like an Astrological figure of the Heavens.

It is surmounted by a small circle, above which is a large white Maltese Cross, and with two white wings.

Four Crosses and two buds are shewn. The Hand issueth from the Clouds as in the other three cases.

It represents materiality in all senses, good and evil: and is, therefore, in a sense, illusionary: it shows material gain, labour, power, wealth, etc.

THE SIXTEEN COURT, OR ROYAL CARDS

The Four Kings

THE Four Kings, or "Figures mounted on steeds," represent the Yodh forces of the Name in each Suit: the Radix, Father and commencement of Material Forces, a force in which all the others are implied, and of which they form the development and completion. A force swift and violent in its action, but whose effect soon passes away, and therefore symbolized by a Figure on a Steed riding swiftly, and clothed in complete Armour.

Therefore is the knowledge of the scale of the King so necessary for the commencement of all magical working. {156}

The Four Queens

are seated upon Thrones; representing the Forces of the He of the Name in each suit; the Mother and bringer-forth of Material Forces: a force which develops and realizes that of the King: a force steady and unshaken, but not rapid, though enduring. It is therefore symbolized by a Figure seated upon a Throne: but also clothed in Armour.

The Four Princes

These Princes are Figures seated in Chariots, and thus borne forward. They represent the Vau Forces of the Name in each suit: the Mighty Son of the King and Queen, who realizes the influence of both scales of Force. A Prince, the son of a King and Queen, yet a Prince of Princes, and a King of Kings: an Emperor whose effect is at once rapid (though not so swift as that of the Queen) and enduring. It is, therefore, symbolized by a

Figure borne in a Chariot, and clothed in Armour. Yet is his power vain and illusionary, unless set in Motion by his Father and Mother.

The Four Princesses

are the Knaves of the Tarot Pack; The Four Princesses or figures of Amazons, standing firmly of themselves: neither riding upon Horses, nor seated upon Thrones, nor borne in {157} Chariots. They represent the forces of the He final of the Name in each suit, completing the Influences of the other scales: The mighty and potent daughter of a King and Queen: a Princess powerful and terrible: a Queen of Queens --- an Empress --- whose effect combines those of the King, Queen, and Prince, at once violent and permanent; therefore symbolized by a Figure standing firmly by itself, only partially draped, and having but little Armour; yet her power existeth not, save by reason of the others: and then indeed it is mighty and terrible materially, and is the Throne of the Forces of the Spirit.

Woe unto whomsoever shall make war upon her, when thus established!

THE SPHERES OF INFLUENCE OF THE COURT CARDS OF THE TAROT PACK
THE Princesses rule the Four Parts of the Celestial Heavens which lie around the north Pole, and above the respective Cherubic Signs of the Zodiac, and they form the Thrones of the Powers of the Four Aces.

The twelve cards, the Four Kings, Queens and Princes rule the dominion of the Celestial Heavens, between the realm of the Four Princesses and the Zodiac, as is hereafter shewn. And they, as it were, link together the signs. {158}

V

THE LORD OF THE FLAME AND THE LIGHTNING; THE KING OF THE SPIRITS OF FIRE

Knight of Wands

Note that the Kings are now called Knights, and the Princes are now called Kings. This is unfortunate, and leads to confusion; the Princes may be called Emperors without harm. Remember only that the horsed figures refer to the Yod of Tetragrammaton, the charioted figures to the Vau.

A WINGED Warrior riding upon a black horse with flaming mane and tail: the horse itself is not winged. The rider wears a winged helmet (like the old Scandinavian and Gaulish helmet) with a Rayed Crown, a corslet of scale-mail and buskins of the same, and a flowing scarlet mantle. Above his helmet, upon his curass, and on the shoulder-pieces and buskins, he wears as a crest a winged black horse's head. He grasps a club with flaming ends, somewhat similar to that in the symbol of the Ace of Wands, but not so heavy, and also the sigil of his scale is shown; beneath the rushing feet of his steed are waving flames and fire. He is active --- generous --- fierce --- sudden --- impetuous.

If ill dignified, he is evil-minded --- cruel --- bigoted --- brutal. He rules the celestial heavens from above the Twentieth Degree of Scorpio to the First Two Decans of

Sagittarius: and this includes a part of the Constellation Hercules. (Hercules is always represented with a Club.)

Fire of Fire
King of the Salamanders.

VI

THE QUEEN OF THE THRONES OF FLAME

Queen of Wands

A CROWNED queen with long red-golden hair, seated upon a Throne, with steady flames beneath. She wears a corslet and buskins of scale-mail, which latter her robe discloses. Her arms are almost bare. On cuirass and buskins are leopard's heads winged, and the same symbol surmounteth her crown. At her side is a couchant leopard on which her hands rest. She bears a long wand with a very heavy conical head. The face is beautiful and resolute.

Adaptability, steady force applied to an object, steady rule, great attractive power, power of command, yet liked notwithstanding. Kind and generous when not opposed.

If ill dignified, obstinate, revengeful, domineering, tyrannical, and apt to turn against another without a cause.

She rules the heavens from above the last Decan of Pisces to above the 20 Degree of Aries: including thus a part of Andromeda.

Water of Fire
Queen of the Salamanders.

VII

THE PRINCE OF THE CHARIOT OF FIRE

King of Wands

A KINGLY Figure with a golden, winged crown, seated on a chariot. He has large white wings. One wheel of his chariot {160} is shewn. He wears corslet and buskins of scale armour decorated with a winged lion's head, which symbol also surmounts his crown. His chariot is drawn by a lion. His arms are bare, save for the shoulder-pieces of the corslet, and he bears a torch or fire-wand, somewhat similar to that of the Zelator Adeptus Minor. Beneath the chariot are flames, some waved, some salient.

Swift, strong, hasty; rather violent, yet just and generous; noble and scorning meanness.

If ill dignified --- cruel, intolerant, prejudiced and ill natured.

He rules the heavens from above the last Decan of Cancer to the second Decan of Leo; hence he includes most of Leo Minor.

Air of Fire
Prince and Emperor of Salamanders.

VIII

THE PRINCESS OF THE SHINING FLAME; THE ROSE OF THE PALACE OF FIRE
Knave of Wands

A VERY strong and beautiful woman with flowing red-gold hair, attired like an Amazon. Her shoulders, arms, bosom and knees are bare. She wears a short kilt reaching to the knee. Round her waist is a broad belt of scale-mail; narrow at the sides; broader in front and back; and having a winged tiger's head in front. She wears a Corinthian-shaped helmet and crown with a long plume. It also is surmounted by a {161} tiger's head, and the same symbol forms the buckle of her scale-mail buskins. A mantle lined with tiger's skin falls back from her shoulders. Her right hand rests on a small golden or brazen altar ornamented with ram's heads and with Flames of Fire leaping from it. Her left hand leans on a long and heavy club, swelling at the lower end, where the sigil is placed; and it has flames of fire leaping from it the whole way down; but the flames are ascending. This club or torch is much longer than that carried by the King or Queen. Beneath her firmly placed feet are leaping Flames of Fire.

Brilliance, courage, beauty, force, sudden in anger or love, desire of power, enthusiasm, revenge.

If ill dignified, she is superficial, theatrical, cruel, unstable, domineering.

She rules the heavens over one quadrant of the portion around the North Pole.

Earth of Fire
Princess and Empress of the Salamanders.
Throne of the Ace of Wands.

IX

THE LORD OF THE WAVES AND THE WATERS; THE KING OF THE HOSTS OF
THE SEA

Knight of Cups

A BEAUTIFUL, winged, youthful Warrior with flying hair, riding upon a white horse, which latter is not winged. His general equipment is similar to that of the Knight of Wands, {162} but upon his helmet, cuirass and buskins is a peacock with opened wings. He holds a cup in his hand, bearing the sigil of the scale. Beneath his horse's feet is the sea. From the cup issues a crab.

Graceful, poetic, Venusian, indolent, but enthusiastic if roused.

Ill dignified, he is sensual, idle and untruthful.

He rules the heavens from above 20 Degree of Aquarius to 20 Degree of Pisces, thus including the greater part of Pegasus.

Fire of Water
King of Undines and Nymphs.

X
THE QUEEN OF THE THRONES OF THE WATERS
Queen of Cups

A VERY beautiful fair woman like a crowned Queen, seated upon a throne, beneath which is flowing water wherein Lotuses are seen. Her general dress is similar to that of the Queen of Wands, but upon her crown, cuirass and buskins is seen an Ibis with opened wings, and beside her is the same bird, whereon her hand rests. She holds a cup, wherefrom a crayfish issues. Her face is dreamy. She holds a lotus in the hand upon the Ibis.

She is imaginative, poetic, kind, yet not willing to take much trouble for another. Coquettish, good-natured and underneath a dreamy appearance. Imagination stronger than {163} feeling. Very much affected by other influences, and therefore more dependent upon dignity than most symbols.

She rules from 20 Degree Gemini to 20 Degree Cancer.

Water of Water
Queen of Nymphs or Undines.

XI
THE PRINCE OF THE CHARIOT OF THE WATERS
King of Cups

A WINGED Kingly Figure with winged crown seated in a chariot drawn by an eagle. On the wheel is the symbol of a scorpion. The eagle is borne as a crest on his crown, cuirass and buskins. General attire like King of Wands. Beneath his chariot is the calm and stagnant water of a lake. His armour resembles feathers more than scales. He holds in one hand a lotus, and in the other a cup, charged with the sigil of his scale. A serpent issues from the cup, and has its head tending down to the waters of the lake. He is subtle, violent, crafty and artistic; a fierce nature with calm exterior. Powerful for good or evil but more attracted by the evil if allied with apparent Power or Wisdom.

If ill dignified, he is intensely evil and merciless.

He rules from 20 Degree Libra to 20 Degree Scorpio.

Air of Water
Prince and Emperor of Nymphs or Undines. {164}

XII
THE PRINCESS OF THE WATERS; THE LOTUS OF THE PALACE OF THE FLOODS
Knave of Cups

A BEAUTIFUL Amazon-like figure, softer in nature than the Princess of Wands. Her attire is similar. She stands on a sea with foaming spray. Away to her right a Dolphin. She wears as a crest a swan with opening wings. She bears in one hand a lotus, and in the other an open cup from which a turtle issues. Her mantle is lined with swansdown, and is of thin floating material.

Sweetness, poetry, gentleness and kindness. Imaginative, dreamy, at times indolent, yet courageous if roused.

When ill dignified she is selfish and luxurious.

She rules a quadrant of the heavens around Kether.

Earth of Water

Princess and Empress of the Nymphs or Undines

Throne of the Ace of Cups.

XIII

THE LORD OF THE WINDS AND THE BREEZES: THE KING OF THE SPIRITS OF AIR

Knight of Swords

A WINGED Warrior with crowned Winged Helmet, mounted upon a brown steed. His general equipment is {165} as that of the Knight of Wands, but he wears as a crest a winged six-pointed star, similar to those represented on the heads of Castor and Pollux the Dioscuri, the twins Gemini (a part of which constellation is included in his rule). He holds a drawn sword with the sigil of his scale upon its pommel. Beneath his horse's feet are dark-driving stratus clouds.

He is active, clever, subtle, fierce, delicate, courageous, skilful, but inclined to domineer. Also to overvalue small things, unless well dignified.

If ill dignified, deceitful, tyrannical and crafty.

Rules from 20 Degree Taurus to 20 Degree Gemini.

Fire of Air

King of the Sylphs and Sylphides.

XIV

THE QUEEN OF THE THRONES OF AIR

Queen of Swords

A GRACEFUL woman with wavy, curling hair, like a Queen seated upon a Throne and crowned. Beneath the Throne are grey cumulus clouds. Her general attire is as that of the Queen of Wands, but she wears as a crest a winged child's head. A drawn sword in one hand, and in the other a large, bearded, newly severed head of a man.

Intensely perceptive, keen observation, subtle, quick and confident: often persevering, accurate in superficial things, graceful, fond of dancing and balancing. {166}

If ill dignified, cruel, sly, deceitful, unreliable, though with a good exterior.

Rules from 20 Degree Virgo to 20 Degree Libra.

Water of Air

Queen of the Sylphs and Sylphides.

XV

THE PRINCE OF THE CHARIOT OF THE WINDS King of Swords

A WINGED King with Winged Crown, seated in a chariot drawn by Arch Fays, represented as winged youths very slightly dressed, with butterfly wings: heads encircled by a fillet with a pentagram thereon: and holding wands surmounted by pentagrams, the same butterfly wings on their feet and fillets. General equipment as the King of Wands: but he bears as a crest a winged angelic head with a pentagram on the brows. Beneath the chariot are grey nimbus clouds. His hair long and waving in serpentine whirls, and whorl figures compose the scales of his armour. A drawn sword in one hand; a sickle in the other. With the sword he rules, with the sickle he slays.

Full of ideas and thoughts and designs, distrustful, suspicious, firm in friendship and enmity; careful, observant, slow, over-cautious, symbolizes GR:Alpha and GR:Omega; he slays as fast as he creates. {167}

If ill dignified: harsh, malicious, plotting; obstinate, yet hesitating; unreliable.

Rules from 20 Degree Capricorn to 20 Degree Aquarius.

Air of Air

Prince and Emperor of the Sylphs and Sylphides.

XVI

THE PRINCESS OF THE RUSHING WINDS: THE LOTUS OF THE PALACE OF AIR
Knave of Swords

AN AMAZON figure with waving hair, slighter than the Rose of the Palace of Fire. Her attire is similar. The Feet seem springy, giving the idea of swiftness. Weight changing from one foot to another and body swinging around. She is a mixture of Minerva and Diana: her mantle resembles the AEGis of Minerva. She wears as a crest the head of the Medusa with serpent hair. She holds a sword in one hand; and the other rests upon a small silver altar with grey smoke (no fire) ascending from it. Beneath her feet are white clouds.

Wisdom, strength, acuteness; subtlety in material things: grace and dexterity.

If ill dignified, she is frivolous and cunning.

She rules a quadrant of the heavens around Kether.

Earth of Air

Princess and Empress of the Sylphs and Sylphides.

Throne of the Ace of Wands. {168}

XVII

THE LORD OF THE WIDE AND FERTILE LAND; THE KING OF THE SPIRITS OF EARTH

Knight of Pentacles

A DARK Winged Warrior with winged and crowned helmet: mounted on a light brown horse. Equipment as the Knight of Wands.

The winged head of a stag or antelope as a crest. Beneath the horse's feet is fertile land with ripened corn. In one hand he bears a sceptre surmounted by a hexagram: in the other a Pentacle like that of the Zelator Adeptus Minor.

Unless very well dignified he is heavy, dull, and material. Laborious, clever, and patient in material matters.

If ill dignified, he is avaricious, grasping, dull, jealous; not very courageous, unless assisted by other symbols.

Rules from above 20 Degree of Leo to 20 Degree of Virgo.

Fire of Earth

King of Gnomes.

XVIII

THE QUEEN OF THE THRONES OF EARTH

Queen of Pentacles

A WOMAN of beautiful face with dark hair; seated upon a throne, beneath which is dark sandy earth. One side of her face is light, the other dark; and her symbolism is best {169} represented in profile. Her attire is similar to that of the Queen of Wands: but she bears a winged goat's head as a crest. A goat is by her side. In one hand she bears a sceptre surmounted by a cube, and in the other an orb of gold.

She is impetuous, kind; timid, rather charming; great-hearted; intelligent, melancholy; truthful, yet of many moods.

If ill dignified she is undecided, capricious, changeable, foolish.

She rules from 20 Degree Sagittarius to 20 Degree Capricorn.<>

Water of Earth

The Queen of Gnomes.

XIX

THE PRINCE OF THE CHARIOT OF EARTH

King of Pentacles

A WINGED Kingly Figure seated in a chariot drawn by a bull. He bears as a crest the symbol of the head of the winged bull. Beneath the chariot is land, with many flowers. In the one hand he bears an orb of gold held downwards, and in the other a sceptre surmounted by an orb and cross.

Increase of matter. Increases good or evil, solidifies; practically applies things. Steady; reliable.

If ill dignified he is selfish, animal and material: stupid. In either case slow to anger, but furious if roused. {170}

Rules from 20 Degree Aries to 20 Degree Taurus.

Air of Earth

Prince and Emperor of the Gnomes.

XX

PRINCESS OF THE ECHOING HILLS: ROSE OF THE PALACE OF EARTH

Knave of Pentacles

A STRONG and beautiful Amazon figure with rich brown hair, standing on grass or flowers. A grove of trees near her. Her form suggests Hebe, Ceres, and Proserpine. She bears a winged ram's head as a crest: and wears a mantle of sheepskin. In one hand she carries a sceptre with a circular disk: in the other a Pentacle similar to that of the Ace of Pentacles.

She is generous, kind, diligent, benevolent, careful, courageous, persevering, pitiful.

If ill dignified she is wasteful and prodigal. She rules over one quadrant of the heavens around the North Pole of the Ecliptic.

Earth of Earth

Princess and Empress of the Gnomes.

Throne of the Ace of Pentacles. {171}

{WEH NOTE: on this page 172 there is a table set to be read from the outer edge downward to the center of the book, i.e. rotated 90 Degree from the normal reading orientation. Owing to screen limitations, this table has been re-rotated to normal, and entries have been extended downward by increase of lines per entry.}

HEREIN ARE RESUMED THE ESPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FOUR COURT CARDS OF THE SUITS

SUITSCARDS CRESTS SYMBOLS HAIR EYES

Wands	King	Winged black horse's head	Black horse, waving flames, club, scarlet cloak	Red-gold	Grey or hazel
Queen		Leopard's head, winged	Leopard, steady flames, wand with heavy head or end	Red-gold	Blue or brown
Prince	Lion's head, winged	Waved and salient flames, fire wand of Zelator Adept	Yellow		
		Blue-grey			
Princess	Tiger's head	Tiger, leaping flames, gold altar, long club, largest at bottom		Red-gold	Blue
Cups	King	Peacock with opened fan	White horse, crab issuing from cup, sea	Fair	
		Blue			
Queen	Ibis	Ibis, crayfish issuing from cup, river	Gold-brown	Blue	
Prince	Eagle	Scorpion, eagle; serpent issuing from cup, lake	Brown	Grey or brown	
Princess	Swan	Dolphin lotus, sea with spray, turtle from cup	Brown	Blue or brown	
Swords	King	Winged hexagram	Winged brown horse, driving clouds, drawn sword	Dark-brown	Dark
Queen		Winged child's head	Head of man severed, cumulus clouds, drawn sword	Light-brown	Grey
Prince	Winged Angel's head and sickle	Arch fairies winged, whirling hair, nimbi, drawn sword		Dark	Dark
Princess	Medusa's head	Silver altar, smoke, clouds, drawn sword	Light-brown		
		Blue			
Pentacles	King	Winged stag's head	Light-brown horse, ripe cornland, sceptre with hexagram, pentacle as Zelator Adept	Dark	Dark
Queen		Winged goat's head	Barren land, fan, light one side only, sceptre with cube, orb of gold	Dark	Dark
Prince	Winged bull's head	Flowery land, bull, sceptre with orb and cross, orb held downwards	Dark-brown	Dark	
Princess	Winged ram's head	Grass, flowers, grove of trees, sceptre with disk, pentacle like that in ace	Rich brown	Dark	

OF THE THIRTY-SIX DECANS

HERE follow the descriptions of the smaller cards of the four suits, thirty-six in number, answering unto the thirty-six Decans of the Zodiac.

Commencing from the sign Aries, the Central Decans of each sign follow the order of the Days of the Week. Thus ---

CARD CENTRAL

DECAN OF MEANING DAY

3 of Wands	Aries	Established Strength	Sun
6 of Pentacles	Taurus	Material Success	Moon
9 of Swords	Gemini	Despair and Cruelty	Mars
3 of Cups	Cancer	Abundance	Mercury

6 of Wands Leo Victory Jupiter
 9 of Pentacles Virgo Material Gain Venus
 3 of Swords Libra Sorrow Saturn
 6 of Cups Scorpio Pleasure Sun
 9 of Wands Sagittarius Great Strength Moon
 3 of Pentacles Capricorn Material Works Mars
 6 of Swords Aquarius Earned Success Mercury
 9 of Swords Pisces Material Happiness Jupiter
 Being thus the Four Threes, Sixes, and Nines.

The first and third Decans follow the same order: Sunday beginning the First Decan of Virgo and in the Third Decans of Gemini and Capricorn. {173}

The planets govern respectively Decans with the following Titles ---

Saturn

1. Leo Strife 5 of Wands.
 2. Libra Sorrow 3 of Swords.
 3. Sagittarius Oppression 10 of Wands.
 4. Pisces Abundant Success 8 of Cups.
 5. Taurus Success Unfulfilled 7 of Pentacles.
- Or in Taurus Leo Libra Sagittarius Pisces two wands: 1 each of the other suits.

Jupiter

1. Leo Victory 6 of Wands.
 2. Libra Rest from Strife 4 of Swords.
 3. Capricorn Harmonious Change 2 of Pentacles.
 4. Pisces Material Happiness 9 of Cups.
 5. Gemini Shortened Force 8 of Swords.
- Or in Gemini Leo Libra Capricorn Pisces two swords: 1 each of others.

Mars

1. Leo Valour 7 of Wands.
 2. Scorpio Loss in Pleasure 5 of Cups.
 3. Capricorn Material Works 3 of Pentacles.
 4. Pisces Perfected Success 10 of Cups.
 5. Aries Dominion 2 of Wands.
 6. Gemini Despair and Cruelty 9 of Swords.
- Or in Aries Gemini Leo Scorpio Capricorn Pisces 2 W. 2 C.: 1 each of others.

One more Decan than the others.

Sun

1. Virgo Prudence 8 of Pentacles.
 2. Scorpio Pleasure 6 of Cups. {174}
 3. Capricorn Earthly Power 4 of Pentacles.
 4. Aries Established Strength 3 of Wands.
 5. Gemini Ruin 10 of Swords.
- Or in Aries Gemini Virgo Scorpio Capricorn 2 pentacles: 1 each of others.

Venus

1. Virgo Material Gain 9 of Pentacles.
 2. Scorpio Illusionary Success 7 of Cups.
 3. Aquarius Defeat 5 of Swords.
 4. Aries Perfected Work 4 of Wands.
 5. Cancer Love 2 of Cups.
- Or in Aries Cancer Virgo Scorpio Aquarius 2 Cups: 1 each of others.

Mercury

1. Virgo Wealth 10 of Pentacles.
 2. Sagittarius Swiftmess 8 of Wands.
 3. Aquarius Earned Success 6 of Swords.
 4. Taurus Material Trouble 5 of Pentacles.
 5. Cancer Abundance 3 of Cups.
- Or in Taurus Cancer Virgo Sagittarius Aquarius two Pentacles: 1 of each of the others.

Moon

1. Libra Peace Restored 2 of Swords.
 2. Sagittarius Great Strength 9 of Wands.
 3. Aquarius Unstable Effort 7 of Swords.
 4. Taurus Material Success 6 of Pentacles.
 5. Cancer Blended Pleasure 4 of Cups.
- Or in Taurus Cancer Libra Sagittarius Aquarius two Swords: 1 of each of the others.

There being thirty-six Decans and seven Planets, it follows that one of the latter must rule over one more Decan than {175} the others. This is the Planet Mars, to which are allotted the last Decan of Pisces, and the first of Aries, because the long cold of the winter requires a great energy to overcome it, and initiate spring.

And the beginning of the Decanates is from the royal Star of Leo, the great Star Cor Leonis: and therefore is the first Decan that of Saturn in Leo.<>

Here follow the general meanings of the small cards of the suits, as classified under the nine Sephiroth below Kether.

HB:ChKMH The Four Twos symbolize the Powers of the King and Queen just uniting and initiating the Force; but before the Prince and Princess are thoroughly brought into

action. Therefore do they generally imply the initiation and fecundation of a thing.

HB:BYNH Realization of action owing to the Prince being produced. The central symbol on each card. Action definitely commenced for good or evil.

HB:ChSD Perfection, realization, completion: making a matter settled and fixed.

HB:GBVRH Opposition, strife and struggle: war; obstacle to the thing in hand. Ultimate success or failure is otherwise shewn.

HB:ThPARTh Definite accomplishment. Thing carried out.

HB:NTzCh Generally shew a force transcending the Material Plane: and is like unto a Crown; which, indeed, is powerful, but requireth one capable of wearing it. The Sevens then shew a possible result: which is dependent on the action then taken. They depend much on the symbols that accompany them. {176}

HB:HVD Solitary success: "i.e." success in the matter for the time being: but not leading to much result apart from the thing itself.

HB:YSVD Very great fundamental force. Executive power, because they restore a firm basis. Powerful for good or evil.

HB:MLKVTh Fixed, culminated, complete Force, whether good or evil. The matter thoroughly and definitely determined. Ultimating Force.

Follow the particular descriptions of each of the thirty-six cards: with full meanings.

Decan-cards are always modified by the other symbols with which they are in contact.

XXI

THE LORD OF STRIFE

Five of Wands

TWO White Radiant Angelic Hands issuant per nubes dexter and sinister. They are clasped together in the grip of the First Order, "i.e." the four fingers of each right hand crooked into each other, the thumbs meeting above; and they hold, at the same time, by their centres, five wands or torches which are similar unto the wands of a Zelator Adeptus Minor. One wand is upright in the middle; the others cross each other. Flames leap from the point of junction. Above the middle wand is the sign Saturn, and below is that of Leo: thus representing the Decante. Violent strife and boldness, rashness, cruelty, violence, lust, desire, prodigality and generosity; depending on whether the card is well or ill dignified. {177}

Geburah of HB:Y (Quarrelling and fighting).

This Decan hath its beginning from the Royal Star of Leo: and unto it are allotted the

two great Angels of the Schemhamphorash HB:VHVYH and HB:YLYAL.

[The proper meaning of the small cards is to be found by making thorough meditation and harmony between these four symbols of each card. It will be seen that this is how the meanings have been done; but the advanced student can go beyond this rude working.]

XXII

THE LORD OF VICTORY

Six of Wands

TWO hands in grip as the last, holding six wands crossed three and three. Flames issue from the point of junction. Above and below are short wands with flames issuing, surmounted respectively by the symbols of Jupiter and Leo, representing the Decan.

Victory after strife: Love: pleasure gained by labour: carefulness, sociability and avoiding of strife, yet victory therein: also insolence, and pride of riches and success, etc. The whole dependent on the dignity.

Tiphareth of HB:Y (Gain).

Hereunto are allotted the great Angels HB:SYTAL and HB:a'aLMYH of the Schemhamphorash. {178}

XXIII

THE LORD OF VALOUR

Seven of Wands

TWO hands holding by grip six wands, three crossed. A third hand issuing from a cloud at the lower part of the card, holding an upright wand which passes between the others. Flames leap from the point of junction. Above and below the central wand are the symbols of Mars and Leo, representing the Decan.

Possible victory, depending on the energy and courage exercised; valour; opposition, obstacles and difficulties, yet courage to meet them; quarrelling, ignorance, pretence, and wrangling, and threatening; also victory in small and unimportant things: and influence upon subordinates.

Netzach of HB:Y (Opposition, yet courage).

Therein rule the two great Angels HB:MHShYH and HB:LLHAL of the Schemhamphorash.

XXIV

THE LORD OF PRUDENCE

Eight of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, issuing from a cloud, and grasping a branch of a rose tree, with four white roses thereon, which touch only the four lowermost Pentacles.

No rosebuds even, but only leaves, touch the four uppermost {179} disks. All the Pentacles are similar to that of the Ace, but without the Maltese cross and wings. They are arranged like the geomantic figure Populus. Above and below them are the symbols Sun and Virgo for the Decan.

Over-careful in small things at the expense of great: "Penny wise and pound foolish": gain of ready money in small sums; mean; avaricious; industrious; cultivation of land; hoarding, lacking in enterprise.

Hod of HB:H (Skill: prudence: cunning).

Therein rule those mighty Angels HB:AKAYH and HB:KHThAL.

XXV

THE LORD OF MATERIAL GAIN

Nine of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, holding a rose branch with nine white roses, each of which touches a Pentacle. The Pentacles are arranged thus * * * * * : and there are rosebuds on the branches as well as flowers. Venus and Virgo above and below.

Complete realization of material gain, good, riches; inheritance; covetous; treasuring of goods; and sometimes theft and knavery. The whole according to dignity.

Yesod of HB:H (Inheritance, much increase of goods).

Herein those mighty Angels HB:HZYAL and HB:ALDYH have rule and dominion. {180}

XXVI

THE LORD OF WEALTH

Ten of Pentacles

AN Angelic Hand, holding by the lower extremity a branch whose roses touch all the Pentacles. No buds, however, are shewn. The symbols of Mercury and Virgo<> are above and below.

The Pentacles are thus arranged

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Completion of material gain and fortune; but nothing beyond: as it were, at the very pinnacle of success. Old age, slothfulness; great wealth, yet sometimes loss in part; heaviness; dullness of mind, yet clever and prosperous in money transactions.

Malkuth of HB:H (Riches and wealth).

Herein are HB:LAVYH and HB:HHa'aYH set over this Decan as Angel Rulers.

XXVII

THE LORD OF PEACE RESTORED

Two of Swords or Pikes

Two crossed swords, like the air dagger of a Z.A.M., each held by a White Radiant Angelic Hand. Upon the point where the two cross is a rose of five petals, emitting white rays. At the top and bottom of the card are two small daggers, supporting respectively the symbol {Crescent moon with horns upward} thus, and Libra representing the Decanate. {181}

Contradictory characters in the same nature, strength through suffering; pleasure after pain. Sacrifice and trouble, yet strength arising therefrom, symbolized by the position of the rose, as though the pain itself had brought forth beauty. Arrangement, peace restored; truce; truth and untruth; sorrow and sympathy. Aid to the weak; arrangement; justice, unselfishness; also a tendency to repetition of affronts on being pardoned; injury when meaning well; given to petitions; also a want of tact, and asking question of little moment; talkative.

Chokmah of Vau. Quarrel made up, yet still some tension in relations: actions sometimes selfish, sometimes unselfish.

Herein rule the Great Angels HB:YZLAL and HB:MNHAL.

XXVIII

THE LORD OF SORROW

Three of Swords or Spears

THREE White Radiating Angelic Hands, issuing from clouds, and holding three swords upright (as though the central sword had struck apart the two others, which were crossed in the preceding symbol): the central sword cuts asunder the rose of five petals, which in the previous symbol grew at the junction of the swords; its petals are falling, and no white rays issue from it.

Above and below the central sword are the symbols of Saturn and Libra. {182}

Disruption, interruption, separation, quarrelling; sowing of discord and strife, mischief-making, sorrow and tears; yet mirth in Platonic pleasures; singing, faithfulness in promises, honesty in money transactions, selfish and dissipated, yet sometimes generous: deceitful in words and repetitions; the whole according to dignity.

Binah of HB:V (Unhappiness, sorrow, and tears).

Herein rule the Great Angels HB:HRYPAL and HB:HQMYPH<> as Lords of the Decan.

XXIX

THE LORD OF REST FROM STRIFE

Four of Swords

TWO White Radiating Angelic Hands, each holding two swords; which four cross in the centre. The rose of five petals with white radiations is reinstated on the point of their intersection. Above and below, on the points of two small daggers, are Jupiter<> and Libra, representing the Decanate.

Rest from sorrow; yet after and through it. Peace from and after war. Relaxation of anxiety. Quietness, rest, ease and plenty, yet after struggle. Goods of this life; abundance; modified by dignity as is usual.

Chesed of HB:V (Convalescence, recovery from sickness; change for the better).

Herein do HB:LAVYPH and HB:KLYAL bear rule. {183}

XXX

THE LORD OF LOSS IN PLEASURE

Five of Cups or Chalice

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, holding lotuses or water-lilies, of which the flowers are falling right and left. Leaves only, and no buds, surmount them. These lotus stems ascend between the cups in the manner of a fountain, but no water flows therefrom; neither is there water in any of the cups, which are somewhat of the shape of the magical instrument of the Zelator Adeptus Minor.

Above and below are the symbols of Mars and Scorpio for the Decan.

Death, or end of pleasure: disappointment, sorrow and loss in those things from which pleasure is expected. Sadness, treachery, deceit; ill-will, detraction; charity and kindness ill requited; all kinds of anxieties and troubles from unsuspected and unexpected sources.

Geburah of HB:H (Disappointment in love, marriage broken off, unkindness of a friend; loss of friendship).

Herein rule HB:LVPYPH and HB:PHLYH.

XXXI

THE LORD OF PLEASURE

Six of Chalice

AN Angelic Hand, as before, holds a group of stems of water-lilies or lotuses, from

which six flowers bend, one over {184} each cup. From these flowers a white glistening water flows into the cups as from a fountain, but they are not yet full. Above and below are Sun and Scorpio referring to the Decan.

Commencement of steady increase, gain and pleasure; but commencement only. Also affront, detection, knowledge, and in some instances contention and strife arising from unwarranted self-assertion and vanity. Sometimes thankless and presumptuous; sometimes amiable and patient. According to dignity as usual.

Tiphareth of HB:H (Beginning of wish, happiness, success, or enjoyment).

Therein rule HB:NLKAL<> and HB:YYYAL.

XXXII

THE LORD OF ILLUSIONARY SUCCESS

Seven of Chalices

THE seven cups are arranged as two descending triangles above a point: a hand, as usual, holds lotus stems which arise from the central lower cup. The hand is above this cup and below the middle one. With the exception of the central lower cup, each is overhung by a lotus flower, but no water falls from these into any of the cups, which are all quite empty. Above and below are the symbols of the Decanate Venus and Scorpio.

Possible victory, but neutralized by the supineness of the person: illusory success, deception in the moment of apparent victory. Lying, error, promises unfulfilled. Drunkenness, wrath, vanity. Lust, fornication, violence against women, {185} selfish dissipation, deception in love and friendship. Often success gained, but not followed up. Modified as usual by dignity.

Netzach of HB:H (Lying, promises unfulfilled; illusion, deception, error; slight success at outset, not retained).

Herein the Angels HB:MLHAL and HB:ChHVVH rule.

XXXIII

THE LORD OF SWIFTNESS

Eight of Wands or Torches

FOUR White Radiating Angelic Hands (two proceeding from each side) issuant from clouds; clasped in two pairs in the centre with the grip of the First Order. They hold eight wands, crossed four with four. Flames issue from the point of junction. Surmounting the small wands with flames issuing down them, and placed in the centre at the top and bottom of the card respectively, are the symbols of Mercury and Sagittarius for the Decan.

Too much force applied too suddenly. Very rapid rush, but quickly passed and expended. Violent, but not lasting. Swift, rapidity, courage, boldness, confidence, freedom, warfare, violence; love of open air, field-sports, gardens and meadows.

Generous, subtle, eloquent, yet somewhat untrustworthy; rapacious, insolent, oppressive. Theft and robbery. According to dignity.

Hod of HB:Y (Hasty communications and messages; swiftness).

Therein rule the Angels HB:NThHYH<> and HB:HAAYH. {186}

XXXIV

THE LORD OF GREAT STRENGTH

Nine of Wands or Torches

FOUR hands, as in the previous symbol, holding eight wands crossed four and four; but a fifth hand at the foot of the card holds another wand upright, which traverses the point of junction with the others: flames leap herefrom. Above and below are the symbols Moon and Sagittarius.

Tremendous and steady force that cannot be shaken. Herculean strength, yet sometimes scientifically applied. Great success, but with strife and energy. Victory, preceded by apprehension and fear. Health good, and recovery not in doubt. Generous, questioning and curious; fond of external appearances: intractable, obstinate.

Yesod of HB:Y (Strength, power, health, recovery from sickness).

Herein rule the Angels HB:YRThAL<> and HB:ShAHYH.

XXXV

THE LORD OF OPPRESSION

Ten of Wands

FOUR hands holding eight wands crossed as before. A fifth hand holding two wands upright, which traverses the junction of the others. Flames issuant. Saturn and Sagittarius.

Cruel and overbearing force and energy, but applied only {187} to material and selfish ends. Sometimes shows failure in a matter, and the opposition too strong to be controlled; arising from the person's too great selfishness at the beginning. Ill-will, levity, lying, malice, slander, envy, obstinacy; swiftness in evil and deceit, if ill dignified. Also generosity, disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, when well dignified.

Malkuth of HB:V (Cruelty, malice, revenge, injustice).

Therein rule HB:RYYAL and HB:AVMAL.

XXXVI

THE LORD OF HARMONIOUS CHANGE

Two of Disks or Pentacles

TWO wheels, disks or pentacles, similar to that of the Ace. They are united by a green-and-gold serpent, bound about them like a figure of 8. It holds its tail in its mouth.

A White Radiant Angelic Hand holds the centre of the whole. No roses enter into this card. Above and below are the symbols of Jupiter and Capricorn. It is a revolving symbol.

The harmony of change, alternation of gain and loss; weakness and strength; everchanging occupation; wandering, discontented with any fixed condition of things; now elated, then melancholy; industrious, yet unreliable; fortunate through prudence of management, yet sometimes unaccountably foolish; alternatively talkative and suspicious. Kind, yet wavering and inconsistent. Fortunate in journeying. Argumentative.

Chokmah of HB:H (Pleasant change, visit to friends).

Herein the Angels HB:LKBAL and HB:VShRYH have rule. {188}

XXXVII

THE LORD OF MATERIAL WORKS

Three of Pentacles

A WHITE-WINGED Angelic Hand, as before, holding a branch of a rose tree, of which two white rosebuds touch and surmount the topmost Pentacle. The Pentacles are arranged in an equilateral triangle. Above and below the symbols Mars and Capricorn.

Working and constructive force, building up, creation, erection; realization and increase of material things; gain in commercial transactions, rank; increase of substance, influence, cleverness in business, selfishness. Commencement of matters to be established later. Narrow and prejudiced. Keen in matters of gain; sometimes given to seeking after impossibilities.

Binah of HB:H (Business, paid employment, commercial transaction).

Herein are HB:YChVYH and HB:LHChYH Angelic Rulers.

XXXVIII

THE LORD OF EARTHLY POWER

Four of Pentacles

A HAND holding a branch of a rose tree, but without flowers or buds, save that in the centre is one fully blown white rose. Pentacles are disposed as on the points of a square; a rose in its centre. Symbols Sun and Capricorn above and below to represent the Decan. {189}

Assured material gain: success, rank, dominion, earthy power, completed but leading to nothing beyond. Prejudicial, covetous, suspicious, careful and orderly, but discontented. Little enterprise or originality. According to dignity as usual.

Chesed of HB:H (Gain of money or influence: a present).

Herein do HB:KVQYH<> and HB:MNDAL bear rule.

XXXIX

THE LORD OF DEFEAT

Five of Swords

TWO Rayed Angelic Hands each holding two swords nearly upright, but falling apart of each other, right and left of the card. A third hand holds a sword upright in the centre as though it had disunited them. The petals of the rose, which in the four had been reinstated in the centre, are torn asunder and falling. Above and below are Venus and Aquarius for Decan.

Contest finished and decided against the person; failure, defeat, anxiety, trouble, poverty, avarice, grieving after gain, laborious, unresting; loss and vileness of nature; malicious, slanderous, lying, spiteful and tale-bearing. A busybody and separator of friends, hating to see peace and love between others. Cruel, yet cowardly, thankless and unreliable. Clever and quick in thought and speech. Feelings of pity easily roused, but unenduring.

Geburah of HB:V (Defeat, loss, malice, spite, slander, evil-speaking).

Herein the Angels HB:ANYAL and HB:Cha'aMYH bear rule. {190}

XL

THE LORD OF EARNED SUCCESS

Six of Swords

TWO hands, as before, each holding two swords which cross in the centre. Rose re-established thereon. Mercury and Aquarius above and below, supported on the points of two short daggers or swords.

Success after anxiety and trouble; self-esteem, beauty, conceit, but sometimes modesty therewith; dominance, patience, labour, etc.

Tiphareth of HB:V (Labour, work, journey by water).

Ruled by the Great Angels HB:RHa'aAL<> and HB:YYVHL.

XLI

THE LORD OF UNSTABLE EFFORT

Seven of Swords

TWO Angelic Radiating Hands as before, each holding three swords. A third hand holds up a single sword in the centre. The points of all the swords "just touch" each other, the central sword not altogether dividing them.

The Rose of the previous symbols of this suit is held up by the same hand which holds the central sword: as if the victory were at its disposal. Symbols of Moon and Aquarius.

Partial success. Yielding when victory is within grasp, as {191} if the last reserves of

strength were used up. Inclination to lose when on the point of gaining, through not continuing the effort. Love of abundance, fascinated by display, given to compliments, affronts and insolences, and to spy upon others. Inclined to betray confidences, not always intentionally. Rather vacillatory and unreliable.

Netzach of HB:V (Journey by land: in character untrustworthy).

Herein rule the Great Angels HB:HHHAL and HB:Ma'aKAL.

XLII

THE LORD OF ABANDONED SUCCESS

Eight of Chalices

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, holding a group of stems of lotuses or water-lilies. There are only two flowers shown, which bend over the two central cups, pouring into them a white water which fills them and runs over into the three lowest, which later are not yet filled. The three uppermost are quite empty. At the top and bottom of the card are symbols Saturn and Pisces.

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Temporary success, but without further results. Thing thrown aside as soon as gained. Not lasting, even in the matter in hand. Indolence in success. Journeying from place to place. Misery and repining without cause. Seeking after riches. Instability.

Hod of HB:H (Success abandoned; decline of interest).

The Angels ruling are HB:VVLYH and HB:YLHYH. {192}

XLIII

THE LORD OF MATERIAL HAPPINESS

Nine of Chalices

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand, issuing from a cloud holding lotus or water-lilies, one flower of which overhangs each cup; from it a white water pours. Cups are arranged in three rows of 3. Jupiter and Pisces above and below.

Complete and perfect realization of pleasure and happiness, almost perfect; self-praise, vanity, conceit, much talking of self, yet kind and lovable, and may be self-denying therewith. High-minded, not easily satisfied with small and limited ideas. Apt to be maligned through too much self-assumption. A good and generous, but sometimes foolish nature.

Yesod of HB:H (Complete success, pleasure and happiness, wishes fulfilled).

Therein rule the Angels HB:SALYH and HB:a'aRYAL.

XLIV

THE LORD OF PERFECTED SUCCESS

Ten of Cups or Chalice

HAND, as usual, holding bunch of water-lilies or lotuses, whose flowers pour a white water into all the cups, which "all run over." The uppermost cup is held sideways by a hand, and pours water into the left-hand upper cup. A single lotus flower surmounts the top cup, and is the source of the water that fills it. Above and below the symbols Mars and Pisces. {193}

Permanent and lasting success and happiness, because inspired from above. Not so sensual as "Lord of Material Happiness," yet almost more truly happy. Pleasure, dissipation, debauchery, quietness, peacemaking. Kindness, pity, generosity, wantonness, waste, etc., according to dignity.

Malkuth of HB:H (Matter settled: complete good fortune).

Herein the Great Angels HB:a'aShLYH and HB:MYHAL rule.

[This is not such a good card as stated. It represents boredom, and quarrelling arising therefrom; disgust springing from too great luxury. In particular it represents drug-habits, the sottish excess of pleasure and the revenge of nature.]

XLV

THE LORD OF DOMINION

Two of Wands

A WHITE Radiating Angelic hand, issuing from clouds, and grasping two crossed wands. Flames issue from the point of junction. On two small wands above and below, with flames of five issuing therefrom, are the symbols of Mars and Aries for the Decan.

Strength, domination, harmony of rule and of justice. Boldness, courage, fierceness, shamelessness, revenge, resolution, generous, proud, sensitive, ambitious, refined, restless, turbulent, sagacious withal, yet unforgiving and obstinate.

Chokmah of HB:Y (Influence over others, authority, power, dominion).

Therein the Angels HB:VHVAL and HB:DNYAL<> bear rule. {194}

XLVI

THE LORD OF ESTABLISHED STRENGTH

Three of Wands

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, as before, issuing from clouds and grasping three wands in the centre (two crossed, the third upright). Flames issue from the point of junction. Above and below are the symbols Sun and Aries.

Established force, strength, realization of hope. Completion of labour. Success after struggle. Pride, nobility, wealth, power, conceit. Rude self-assumption and insolence. Generosity, obstinacy, etc.

Binah of HB:Y (Pride, arrogance, self-assertion).

Herein rule the Angels HB:HHSYH and HB:a'aMMYH.

[This card is much better than as described.]

XLVII

THE LORD OF PERFECTED WORK

Four of Wands

TWO White Radiating Angelic Hands, as before, issuing from clouds right and left of the card and clasped in the centre with the grip of the First Order, holding four wands or torches crossed. Flames issue from the point of junction. Above and below are two small flaming wands, with the symbols of Venus and Aries representing the Decan.

Perfection or completion of a thing built up with trouble {195} and labour. Rest after labour, subtlety, cleverness, beauty, mirth, success in completion. Reasoning faculty, conclusions drawn from previous knowledge. Unreadiness, unreliable and unsteady through over-anxiety and hurriedness of action. Graceful in manner, at times insincere, etc.

Chesed of HB:Y (Settlement, arrangement, completion).

Herein are HB:NNAAL<> and HB:NYThHL<> Angelic rulers.

XLVIII

THE LORD OF MATERIAL TROUBLE

Five of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand issuing from clouds, and holding a branch of the white rose tree, but from which the roses are falling, and leaving no buds behind. Five Pentacles similar to the Ace. Above and below are Mercury and Taurus.

Loss of money or position. Trouble about material things. Labour, toil, land cultivation; building, knowledge and acuteness of earthly things, poverty, carefulness, kindness; sometimes money regained after severe toil and labour. Unimaginative, harsh, stern, determined, obstinate.

Geburah of HB:H (Loss of profession, loss of money, monetary anxiety).

Herein the angels HB:MBHYH and HB:PNYAL<> rule. {196}

XLIX

THE LORD OF MATERIAL SUCCESS

Six of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand holding a rose branch with white roses and buds, each of which touches a Pentacle. Pentacles are arranged in two columns of three each * *

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. Above and below are the symbols Taurus and Moon of the Decan.

Success and gain in material undertakings. Power, influence, rank, nobility, rule over the people. Fortunate, successful, liberal and just.

If ill dignified, may be purse-proud, insolent from excess, or prodigal.

Tiphareth of HB:H (Success in material things, prosperity in business).

Herein rule the Angels HB:NMMYH<> and HB:YYLAL.

L

THE LORD OF SUCCESS UNFULFILLED

Seven of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand issuing from a cloud, and holding a white rose branch. Seven Pentacles arranged like the geomantic figure Rubeus. There are only five buds, which overhang, but do not touch the five uppermost {197} Pentacles. Above and below are the Decan symbols, Saturn and Taurus respectively.

Promises of success unfulfilled. (Shewn, as it were, by the fact that the rosebuds do not come to anything.) Loss of apparently promising fortune. Hopes deceived and crushed. Disappointment, misery, slavery, necessity and baseness. A cultivator of land, and yet a loser thereby. Sometimes it denotes slight and isolated gains with no fruits resulting therefrom, and of no further account, though seeming to promise well.

Netzach of HB:H (Unprofitable speculations and employments; little gain for much labour).

Therein HB:HRChAL<> and HB:MTzRAL are ruling Angels.

LI

THE LORD OF SHORTENED FORCE

Eight of Swords

FOUR White Radiant Angelic Hands issuing from clouds, each holding two swords, points upwards; all the points touch near the top of the card. Hands issue, two at each bottom angle of the card. The pose of the other sword symbols is re-established in the centre. Above and below are the Decan symbols Jupiter and Gemini.

Too much force applied to small things: too much attention to detail at the expense of the principal and more important points. When ill dignified, these qualities produce malice, pettiness, and domineering characteristics. Patience {198} in detail of study; great care in some things, counterbalanced by equal disorder in others. Impulsive; equally fond of giving or receiving money or presents; generous, clever, acute, selfish and without strong feeling of affection. Admires wisdom, yet applies it to small and unworthy objects.

Hod of HB:V (Narrow, restricted, petty, a prison).

Therein rule the Angels HB:VMBAL and HB:YHHAL.

LII

THE LORD OF DESPAIR AND CRUELTY

Nine of Swords

FOUR Hands, as in the preceding figure, hold eight swords nearly upright, but with the points falling away from each other. A fifth hand holds a ninth sword upright in the centre, as if it had struck them asunder. No rose at all is shewn, as if it were not merely cut asunder, but utterly destroyed. Above and below are the Decan symbols Mars and Gemini.

Despair, cruelty, pitilessness, malice, suffering, want, loss, misery. Burden, oppression, labour, subtlety and craft, dishonesty, lying and slander.

Yet also obedience, faithfulness, patience, unselfishness, etc. According to dignity.

Yesod of HB:V (Illness, suffering, malice, cruelty, pain).

Therein do HB:a'aNVAL<> and HB:MChYAL<> bear rule. {199}

LIII

THE LORD OF RUIN

Ten of Swords

FOUR hands holding eight swords, as in the preceding symbol; the points falling away from each other. Two hands hold two swords crossed in the centre, as though their junction had disunited the others. No rose, flower or bud, is shewn. Above and below are Sun and Gemini, representing the Decan.

Almost a worse symbol than the Nine of Swords. Undisciplined, warring force, complete disruption and failure. Ruin of all plans and projects. Disdain, insolence and impertinence, yet mirth and jollity therewith. A marplot, loving to overthrow the happiness of others; a repeater of things; given to much unprofitable speech, and of many words. Yet clever, eloquent, etc., according to dignity.

Malkuth of HB:V (Ruin, death, defeat, disruption).

Herein the Angels HB:DMBYH and HB:MNQAL<> reign.

LIV

THE LORD OF LOVE

Two of Chalices

A WHITE Radiant Hand, issuant from the lower part of the card from a cloud, holds lotuses. A lotus flower rises {200} above water, which occupies the lower part of the card rising above the hand. From this flower rises a stem, terminating near the top of the card in another lotus, from which flows a sparkling white water, as from a fountain. Crossed on the stem just beneath are two dolphins, Argent and Or, on to which the water falls, and from which it pours in full streams, like jets of gold and silver, into two cups; which in their turn overflow, flooding the lower part of the card. Venus and Cancer above and below.

Harmony of masculine and feminine united. Harmony, pleasure, mirth, subtlety: but if ill dignified --- folly, dissipation, waste, silly actions.

Chokmah of HB:H (Marriage, love, pleasure).

Therein rule the Angels HB:AVa'aAL and HB:ChBVYH<>.

LV

THE LORD OF ABUNDANCE

Three of Chalices

A WHITE Radiating Hand, as before, holds a group of lotuses or water-lilies, from which two flowers rise on either side of, and overhanging the top cup; pouring into it the white water. Flowers in the same way pour white water into the lower cups. All the cups overflow; the topmost into the two others, and these upon the lower part of the card. Cups are arranged in an erect equilateral triangle. Mercury and Cancer above and below.

Abundance, plenty, success, pleasure, sensuality, passive {201} success, good luck and fortune; love, gladness, kindness, liberality.

Binah of HB:H (Plenty, hospitality, eating and drinking, pleasure, dancing, new clothes, merriment).

Therein the Angels HB:RAHAL and HB:YBMYH are lords.

LVI

THE LORD OF BLENDED PLEASURE

Four of Chalices

FOUR cups: the two upper overflowing into the two lower, which do not overflow. An Angelic Hand grasps a branch of lotus, from which ascends a stem bearing one flower at the top of the card, from which the white water flows into the two upper cups. From

the centre two leaves pass right and left, making, as it were, a cross between the four cups. Above and below are the symbols Moon and Cancer for the Decan.

Success or pleasure approaching their end. A stationary period in happiness, which may, or may not, continue. It does not mean love and marriage so much as the previous symbol. It is too passive a symbol to represent perfectly complete happiness. Swift, hunting and pursuing. Acquisition by contention: injustice sometimes; some drawbacks to pleasure implied.

Chesed of HB:H (Receiving pleasure or kindness from others, but some discomfort therewith).

Therein rule the great Angels HB:HYYAL and HB:MVMYH.

BRIEF MEANING OF TWENTY-TWO KEYS

0. IF the question refers to spiritual matters, the Fool means idea, thought, spirituality, that which endeavours to transcend Earth. But if question is material, it means folly, stupidity, eccentricity, or even mania.

1. Skill, wisdom, adaptation, craft, cunning, or occult wisdom or power.
2. Change, alternation, increase and decrease, fluctuation; whether for good or evil depends on the dignity.
3. Beauty, happiness, pleasure, success. But with very bad dignity it means luxury, dissipation.
4. War, conquest, victory, strife, ambition.
5. Divine wisdom, manifestation, explanation, teaching, occult force voluntarily invoked.
6. Inspiration (passive, mediumistic), motive power, action.
7. Triumph, victory, health (sometimes unstable).
8. Eternal justice. Strength and force, but arrested as in act of judgment. May mean law, trial, etc.
9. Wisdom from on high. Active divine inspiration. Sometimes "unexpected current."
10. Good fortune, happiness (within bounds). Intoxication of success.
11. Courage, strength, fortitude, power passing on to action. Obstinacy.
12. Enforced sacrifice, punishment, loss, fatal and not voluntary, suffering.

13. Time, age, transformation, change involuntary (as {203} opposed to 18, Pisces). Or death, destruction (only latter with special cards). [Specially, a sudden and quite unexpected change.]

14. Combination of forces, realization, action (material effect, good or evil).

15. Materiality, material force, material temptation, obsession.

16. Ambition, fighting, war, courage, or destruction, danger, fall, ruin.

17. Hope, faith, unexpected help. Or dreaminess, deceived hope, etc.

18. Dissatisfaction, voluntary change. Error, lying, falsity, deception. This card is very sensitive to dignity.

19. Glory, gain, riches. With "very" evil cards it means arrogance, display, vanity.

20. Final decision, judgment, sentence, determination of a matter without appeal, "on its plane."

21. The matter itself. Synthesis, world, kingdom. Usually denotes actual subject of question, and therefore depends entirely on accompanying cards.

[This table is very unsatisfactory. Each card must be most carefully meditated, taking all its correspondences, and a clear idea formed.]

Princes and Queens shew almost always actual men and women connected with the matter.

But the Kings (Knights) sometime represent coming or going of a matter, according as they face.

The Princesses shew opinions, thoughts, ideas, either in harmony with or opposed to, the subject. {204}

A Majority of Wands Energy, opposition, quarrel.

A Majority of Cups Pleasure, merriment.

A Majority of Swords Trouble, sadness, sickness, death.

A Majority of Pentacles Business, money, possessions.

A Majority of Keys Strong forces beyond the Querent's control.

A Majority of Court Cards Society, meetings of many persons.

A Majority of Aces Strength generally. Aces are always strong cards.

.

4 Aces Great power and force.

3 Aces Riches, success.

4 Kings (Knights) Swiftmess, rapidity.

3 Kings (Knights)	Unexpected meetings. Knights, in general, shew news.
4 Queens	Authority, influence.
3 Queens	Powerful friends.
4 Princes	Meetings with the great.
3 Princes	Rank and honour.
4 Princesses	New ideas or plans.
3 Princesses	Society of the young.
4 Tens	Anxiety, responsibility.
3 Tens	Buying and selling (commerce).
4 Nines	Added responsibilities.
3 Nines	Much correspondence.
4 Eights	Much news.
3 Eights	Much journeying. {205}
4 Sevens	Disappointments.
3 Sevens	Treaties and compacts.
4 Sixes	Pleasure.
3 Sixes	Gain, success.
4 Fives	Order, regularity.
3 Fives	Quarrels, fights.
4 Fours	Rest, peace.
3 Fours	Industry.
4 Threes	Resolution, determination.
3 Threes	Deceit.
4 Twos	Conferences, conversations.
3 Twos	Reorganization, recommendation.

OF THE DIGNITIES

A CARD is strong or weak, well dignified or ill dignified, according to the cards next to it on either side.

Cards of the same suit on either side strengthen it greatly, for good or evil according to their nature.

Cards of opposite natures on either side weaken it greatly, for either good or evil.

Swords are inimical to Pentacles.

Wands are inimical to Cups.

Swords are friendly with Cups and Wands.

Wands are friendly with Swords and Pentacles.

If a card fall between two other which are mutually contrary, it is not much affected by either. {206}

A METHOD OF DIVINATION BY THE TAROT

[This method is that given to students of the grade Adept Adeptus Minor in the R. R. et A. C. But it has been revised and improved, while certain safeguards have been introduced in order to make its abuse impossible. --- O.M.]

1. THE Significator. Choose a card to represent the Querent, using your knowledge or judgment of his character rather than dwelling on his physical characteristics.
2. Take the cards in your left hand. In the right hand hold the wand over them, and say: I invoke thee, I A O, that thou wilt send H R U, the great Angel that is set over the operations of this Secret Wisdom, to lay his hand invisibly upon these consecrated cards of art, that thereby we may obtain true knowledge of hidden things, to the glory of thine ineffable Name. Amen.
3. Hand the cards to Querent, and bid him think of the question attentively, and cut.
4. Take the cards as cut, and hold as for dealing.

First Operation

This shows the situation of the Querent at the time when he consults you.

1. The pack being in front of you, cut, and place the top half to the left. {207}
2. Cut each pack again to the left.
3. These four stack represent I H V H, from right to left.
4. Find the Significator. It be in the HB:Y pack, the question refers to work, business, etc.; if in the HB:H pack, to love, marriage, or pleasure; if in the HB:H pack, to money, goods, and such purely material matters.
5. Tell the Querent what he has come for: if wrong, abandon the divination.
6. If right, spread out the pack containing the Significator, face upwards.

Count the cards from him, in the direction in which he faces.

The counting should include the card from which you count.

For Knights, Queens and Princes, count 4.

For Princesses, count 7.

For Aces, count 11.

For small cards, count according to the number.

For trumps, count 3 for the elemental trumps; 9 for the planetary trumps; 12 for the Zodiacal trumps.

Make a "story" of these cards. This story is that of the beginning of the affair.

7. Pair the cards on either side of the Significator, then those outside them, and so on. Make another "story," which should fill in the details omitted in the first.

8. If this story is not quite accurate, do not be discouraged. Perhaps the Querent himself does not know everything. But the main lines ought to be laid down firmly, with correctness, or the divination should be abandoned. {208}

Second Operation

Development of the Question

1. Shuffle, invoke suitably, and let Querent cut as before.
2. Deal cards into twelve stacks, for the twelve astrological houses of heaven.
3. Make up your mind in which stack you ought to find the Significator, "e.g." in the seventh house if the question concerns marriage, and so on.
4. Examine this chosen stack. If the Significator is not there, try some cognate house. On a second failure, abandon the divination.
5. Read the stack counting and pairing as before.

Third Operation

Further Development of the Question

1. Shuffle, etc., as before.
2. Deal cards into twelve stacks for the twelve signs of the Zodiac.
3. Divine the proper stack and proceed as before.

Fourth Operation

Penultimate Aspects of the Question

1. Shuffle, etc., as before.
2. Find the Significator: set him upon the table; let the thirty-six cards following form a

ring round him. {209}

3. Count and pair as before.

[Note that the nature of each Decan is shewn by the small card attributed to it, and by the symbols given in Liber DCCLXXVII, cols. 149-151.]

Fifth Operation

Final Result

1. Shuffle, etc., as before.

2. Deal into ten packs in the form of the Tree of Life.

3. Make up your mind where the Significator should be, as before; but failure does not here necessarily imply that the divination has gone astray.

4. Count and pair as before.

[Note that one cannot tell at what part of the divination the present time occurs. Usually Op. 1 seems to indicate the past history of the question; but not always so. Experience will teach. Sometimes a new current of high help may show the moment of consultation.

I may add that in material matters this method is extremely valuable. I have been able to work out the most complex problems in minute detail. O.M.]

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85 captures

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About this capture

A DESCRIPTION OF

THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

WITH THEIR ATTRIBUTIONS; INCLUDING A

METHOD OF DIVINATION BY THEIR USE

"All divination resembles an attempt by a man born blind to obtain sight by getting blind drunk." FRA. P.

{143} eqi08i03.gif (10870 bytes)

{Illustration facing page 145 described:

This is a figure in the shape of an Ankh, with symbols about and upon the form. The loop is a series of four concentric bands like the Rose cross, about a central circle. The central circle is quartered by a vertical Greek cross. This cross has a dot in the center and is marked "Red on white." The ring just about this circle is divided by radial segments into three chambers, with one centered at top; clockwise from top, the chambers are marked: "Bright pale yellow", "Glowing orange scarlet", "Deep blue". The next ring outward is divided into seven chambers, one to bottom, and marked clockwise from 1 o'clock: "Violet", "Indigo", "Blue", "Emerald Green", "Yellow", "Orange", "Red". The next ring outward is divided into twelve chambers, division at top and bottom with six to either side; clockwise from 1 o'clock: "Crimson", "Violet", "Indigo", "Blue", "Green blue", "Emerald Green", "Green Yellowish", "Yellow Greenish", "Amber", "Orange", "Red Orange", "Scarlet". The outer ring is interrupted at the bottom by a segment to match the continuation of the sloping lower sides of the lower upright, the base of this segment is defined not by the ring but by the upper portion of two diagonals drawn from the inner angles of the cross. This five-sided semi-regular figure is further divided within by two crossed lines emanating from the upper corners and extending across the center to the midpoints of the lower sides. In the four chambers resulting are these color abbreviations, clockwise from top: "Blk" (for black), "Russ" (for russet), "Cit'n" (for citrine), "Olive". To either side of this section, on the band itself, is written "white merging into grey". In the top of this outermost ring are these letters in the "Theban Alphabet": u r h --- signifying the "Angel" or "God of Tarot", HRU.

The left arm of the Ankh has from left to right: the symbol of Scorpio (the "M" style, not the Eagle as noted in text), a cup, the words "Deep Blue; Symbols in yellow". The right arm of the Ankh has from left to right: "the words "Red; symbols in Green", a lotus wand, the symbol of Leo.

The basal upright of the Ankh has these in the lower half only, from bottom upward: the symbol of Aquarius, an upright sword in style of the Solomonian Key, the words "Yellow; symbols in Violet.

There are markings and symbols outside the shape of the Ankh: Upper left corner: "L-I-F-E-" above a large "T". Upper right corner: "V-I-T-A-" above a large "A". To left of base: large "O". To right of base: large "P". Below base: "B-I-O-S-" just above the caption "THE COMPLETE SYMBOL OF THE TAROT". The large letters spell "TARO" in Greek capitals (GR: Tau-Alpha-Rho-Omicron).

In the wedges defined by the lower sides of the cross-arms and the base upright sides: to left an upright pentagram with the dot-in-circle Sun symbol in its pentagonal center. To right the same, but with a crescent moon, horns to right.

There is a very small semi-italic note at the lower right, below all else: "[To face p. 145" }

A DESCRIPTION OF

THE CARDS OF THE TAROT

H R U

THE GREAT ANGEL

is set over the operations of the Secret Wisdom

GR:Alpha chi-alpha-iota Omega

The First and the Last

"WHAT thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the Seven Abodes which be in Aushiah."

"And I saw in the Right Hand of Him that Sate upon the Throne a Book, sealed with Seven Seals."

"Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the Seals thereof?"

S.Y.M.B.O.L.A. Ankh

THE FRONTISPIECE

CONSISTS of a Crux Ansata, which is a form of the Rosy Cross. One arm is scarlet, with the symbols of Leo and the Wand in emerald green.

Another is blue with Eagle and Cup in orange. {145}

A third is yellow, with Aquarius and Dagger in violet.

The last is in the four colours of Malkuth, with Pentacle and Taurus in black.<>

Ring is white, having at the top the Name of the Great Angel P Scorpio h{Theban}<> H U A; below cross-bar are Pentagrams, one enclosing Sol and the other enclosing Luna.

The whole space in the ring contains the Rose of 22 Petals bearing the Names of the 22 Keys<>. In the centre a white circle, and a red cross of four equal arms.

About the whole symbol are the words ---

L.I.F.E. B.I.O.S. V.I.T.A.,

and the letters ---

T. A. P. O., Tarot.

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THE TITLES OF THE SYMBOLS

1. The Ace of Wands is called the Root of the Powers of Fire.
2. The Ace of Cups is called the Root of the Powers of Water.
3. The Ace of Swords is called the Root of the Powers of Air.
4. The Ace of Pentacles is called the Root of the Powers of Earth.
5. The Knight of Wands is "The Lord of the Flame and Lighting: the King of the Spirits of Fire."
6. The Queen of Wands is "The Queen of the Thrones of Flame."
7. The King of Wands is "The Prince of the Chariot of Fire."
8. The Knave of Wands is "The Princess of the Shining Flame: the Rose of the Palace of Fire."
9. The Knight of Cups is "The Lord of the Waves and the Waters: the King of the Hosts of the Sea."
10. The Queen of Cups is "The Queen of the Thrones of the Waters."
11. The King of Cups is "The Prince of the Chariot of the Waters."
12. The Knave of Cups is "The Princess of the Waters: the Lotus of the Palace of the Floods." {147}
13. The Knight of Swords is "The Lord of the Wind and the Breezes: the King of the Spirits of Air."
14. The Queen of Swords is "The Queen of the Thrones of Air."
15. The King of Swords is "The Prince of the Chariot of the Winds."
16. The Knave of Swords is "The Princess of the Rushing Winds: the Lotus of the Palace of Air."

17. The Knight of Pentacles is "The Lord of the Wide and Fertile Land: the King of the Spirits of Earth."

18. The Queen of Pentacles is "The Queen of the Thrones of Earth."

19. The King of Pentacles is "The Prince of the Chariot of Earth."

20. The Knave of Pentacles is "The Princess of the Echoing Hills: the Rose of the Palace of Earth."

NO.	CARD	LORD OF	DECAN	IN		
21	5 of Wands	Strife	Saturn	Leo		
22	6 of Wands	Victory	Jupiter	Leo		
23	7 of Wands	Valour	Mars	Leo		
24	8 of Pentacles	Prudence	Sun	Virgo		
25	9 of Pentacles	Material Gain	Venus	Virgo		
26	10 of Pentacles	Wealth	Mercury	Virgo		
27	2 of Swords	Peace restored	Moon	Libra		
28	3 of Swords	Sorrow	Saturn	Libra		
29	4 of Swords	Rest from Strife	Jupiter	Libra		
30	5 of Cups	Loss in Pleasure	Mars	Scorpio	{148}	
31	6 of Cups	Pleasure	Sun	Scorpio		
32	7 of Cups	Illusionary Success	Venus	Scorpio		
33	8 of Wands	Swiftmess	Mercury	Sagittarius		
34	9 of Wands	Great Strength	Moon	Sagittarius		
35	10 of Wands	Oppresion	Saturn	Sagittarius		
36	2 of Pentacles	Harmonious Change	Jupiter	Capricorn		
37	3 of Pentacles	Material Works	Mars	Capricorn		
38	4 of Pentacles	Earthly Power	Sun	Capricorn		
39	5 of Swords	Defeat	Venus	Aquarius		
40	6 of Swords	Earned Success	Mercury	Aquarius		
41	7 of Swords	Unstable Effor	Moon	Aquarius		
42	8 of Cups	Abandoned Success	Saturn	Pisces		
43.	9 of Cups	Material Happiness	Jupiter	Pisces		
44	10 of Cups	Perfected Success	Mars	Pisces		
45	2 of Wands	Dominion	Mars	Aries		
46	3 of Wands	Established Strength	Sun	Aries		
47	4 of Wands	Perfected Work	Venus	Aries		
48	5 of Pentacles	Material Trouble	Mercury	Taurus		
49	6 of Pentacles	Material Success	Moon	Taurus		
50	7 of Pentacles	Success unfulfilled	Saturn	Taurus		
51	8 of Swords	Shortened Force	Jupiter	Gemini		
52	9 of Swords	Despair and Cruelty	Mars	Gemini		
53	10 of Swords	Ruin	Sun	Gemini		
54	2 of Cups	Love	Venus	Cancer		

55 3 of Cups Abundance Mercury Cancer

56 4 of Cups Blended Pleasure Moon Cancer

WEH NOTE: In the above table, entries 30 - 32 were marked Virgo by typo. This has been corrected to Scorpio. {149}

THE TWENTY-TWO KEYS OF THE BOOK LETTER ATTRIBUTION

57 0 The Foolish Man The Spirit of GR:Alpha-iota-theta-eta-rho
a

Air

58 1 The Magician The Magus of Power
d

Mercury

59 2 The High Priestess The Priestess of the Silver Star g Moon

60 3 The EmpressThe Daughter of the Mighty Ones d Venus

61 4 The EmperorSun of the Morning, chief among the Mighty h Aries

62 5 The Hierophant The Magus of the Eternal w Taurus

63 6 The Lovers The Children of the Voice; the Oracles of the Mighty Gods
z Gemini

64 7 The Chariot The Child of the Powers of the Waters; the Lord of the
Triumph of Light j Cancer

65 11 Fortitude The Daughter of the Flaming Sword f Leo {150}

66 9 The Hermit The Magus of the Voice of Power,the Prophet of the Eternal
y Virgo

67 10 The Wheel of Fate The Lord of the Forces of Life k Jupiter

68 8 Justice The Daughter of the Lords of Truth: the Ruler of the Balance
l Libra

69 12 The Hanged The Spirit of the Mighty Waters m Water

70 13 Death The Child of the Great Transformers: the Lord of the Gates of
Death n Scorpio

71 14 Temperance The Daughter of the Reconcilers: the Bringer-Forth of life
s Sagittarius

72 15 The Devil The Lord of the Gates of Matter: the Child of the Forces of
Time u Capricorn {151}

73 16 The Blasted Tower The Lord of the Hosts of the Mighty p Mars

74 17 The Star The Daughter of the Firmament, the dweller between the
Waters x Aquarius

75 18 The Moon The Ruler of Flux and Reflux: the Child of the Sons of the
Mightyq Pisces

76 19 The Sun The Lord of the Fire of the World r Sun

77 20 The Judgement The Spirit of the Primal Fire c Spirit and
Fire

78 21 The UniverseThe Great One of the Night of Time 't Earth and
Saturn

Such are the Titles of the
Abodes or Atouts of Thooth;
of the
Mansions of the House of
my
FATHER.

{152}

The Descriptions of the Seventy-eight Symbols of this Book {"T" in a circle, composed of two white bars}; together with their meanings.

OF THE ACES

FIRST in order and importance are the Four Aces, representing the Force of the Spirit, acting in, and binding together, the Four Scales of each Element: and answering to the Dominion of the Letters of the Name in the Kether of each. They represent the Radical Forces.

The Four Aces are said to be placed on the North Pole of the Universe wherein they revolve, governing its revolution; and ruling as the connecting link between Yetzirah and the Material Plane or Universe.

I

THE ROOT OF THE POWERS OF FIRE

Ace of Wands

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, issuing from clouds, and grasping a heavy club, which has three branches in the colours, and with the sigils, of the scales. The Right-and Left-hand branches end respectively in three Flames, and the Centre one in four Flames: thus yielding Ten: the Number of the Sephiroth. Two-and-twenty leaping Flames, or Yodh, {153} surround it, answering to the Paths; of these, three fall below the Right branch for Aleph, Men, and Shin, seven above the Central branch for the double letters; and between it and that of the Right twelve: six above and six below about the Left-hand branch. The whole is a great and flaming Torch. It symbolizes Force --- strength, rush, vigour, energy, and it governs, according to its nature, various works and questions.

It implies Natural, as opposed to Invoked, Force.

II

THE ROOT OF THE POWERS OF THE WATERS

Ace of Cups or Chalice

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand, issuing from clouds, and supporting on the palm thereof a cup, resembling that of the Stolistes.

From it rises a fountain of clear and glistening water: and sprays falling on all sides into clear calm water below, in which grow Lotuses and Water-lilies. The great Letter of the Supernal Mother is traced in the spray of the Fountain.

It symbolizes Fertility --- productiveness, beauty, pleasure, happiness, etc.

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III

THE ROOT OF THE POWERS OF THE AIR

Ace of Swords

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, issuing from clouds, and grasping the hilt of a sword, which supports a White Radiant Celestial Crown; from which depend, on the right, the olive branch of Peace; and on the left, the palm branch of suffering.

Six Vaus fall from its point. It symbolizes "Invoked," as contrasted with Natural Force: for it is the Invocation of the Sword. Raised upward, it invokes the Divine crown of Spiritual Brightness, but reversed it is the Invocation of Demonic Force; and becomes a fearfully evil symbol. It represents, therefore, very great power for good or evil, but invoked; and it also represents whirling Force, and strength through trouble. It is the affirmation of Justice upholding Divine Authority; and it may become the Sword of Wrath, Punishment, and Affliction.

IV

THE ROOT OF THE POWERS OF THE EARTH

Ace of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand, holding a branch of a Rose Tree, whereon is a large Pentacle, formed of Five concentric circles. The Innermost Circle is white, charged with {155} a red Greek Cross. From this White Centre, Twelve Rays, also white, issue: these terminate at the circumference, making the whole something like an Astrological figure of the Heavens.

It is surmounted by a small circle, above which is a large white Maltese Cross, and with two white wings.

Four Crosses and two buds are shewn. The Hand issueth from the Clouds as in the other three cases.

It represents materiality in all senses, good and evil: and is, therefore, in a sense, illusionary: it shows material gain, labour, power, wealth, etc.

THE SIXTEEN COURT, OR ROYAL CARDS

The Four Kings

THE Four Kings, or "Figures mounted on steeds," represent the Yodh forces of the Name in each Suit: the Radix, Father and commencement of Material Forces, a force in which all the others are implied, and of which they form the development and completion. A force swift and violent in its action, but whose effect soon passes away, and therefore symbolized by a Figure on a Steed riding swiftly, and clothed in complete Armour.

Therefore is the knowledge of the scale of the King so necessary for the commencement of all magical working. {156}

The Four Queens

are seated upon Thrones; representing the Forces of the He of the Name in each suit; the Mother and bringer-forth of Material Forces: a force which develops and realizes that of the King: a force steady and unshaken, but not rapid, though enduring. It is therefore symbolized by a Figure seated upon a Throne: but also clothed in Armour.

The Four Princes

These Princes are Figures seated in Chariots, and thus borne forward. They represent the Vau Forces of the Name in each suit: the Mighty Son of the King and Queen, who realizes the influence of both scales of Force. A Prince, the son of a King and Queen, yet a Prince of Princes, and a King of Kings: an Emperor whose effect is at once rapid (though not so swift as that of the Queen) and enduring. It is, therefore, symbolized by a Figure borne in a Chariot, and clothed in Armour. Yet is his power vain and illusionary, unless set in Motion by his Father and Mother.

The Four Princesses

are the Knaves of the Tarot Pack; The Four Princesses or figures of Amazons, standing firmly of themselves: neither riding upon Horses, nor seated upon Thrones, nor borne in {157} Chariots. They represent the forces of the He final of the Name in each suit, completing the Influences of the other scales: The mighty and potent daughter of a King and Queen: a Princess powerful and terrible: a Queen of Queens --- an Empress --- whose effect combines those of the King, Queen, and Prince, at once violent and permanent; therefore symbolized by a Figure standing firmly by itself, only partially draped, and having but little Armour; yet her power existeth not, save by reason of the others: and then indeed it is mighty and terrible materially, and is the Throne of the Forces of the Spirit.

Woe unto whomsoever shall make war upon her, when thus established!

THE SPHERES OF INFLUENCE OF THE COURT CARDS OF THE TAROT PACK

THE Princesses rule the Four Parts of the Celestial Heavens which lie around the north Pole, and above the respective Cherubic Signs of the Zodiac, and they form the Thrones of the Powers of the Four Aces.

The twelve cards, the Four Kings, Queens and Princes rule the dominion of the Celestial Heavens, between the realm of the Four Princesses and the Zodiac, as is hereafter shewn. And they, as it were, link together the signs. {158}

V

THE LORD OF THE FLAME AND THE LIGHTNING; THE KING OF THE SPIRITS OF FIRE

Knight of Wands

Note that the Kings are now called Knights, and the Princes are now called Kings. This is unfortunate, and leads to confusion; the Princes may be called Emperors without harm. Remember only that the horsed figures refer to the Yod of Tetragrammaton, the charioted figures to the Vau.

A WINGED Warrior riding upon a black horse with flaming mane and tail: the horse itself is not winged. The rider wears a winged helmet (like the old Scandinavian and Gaulish helmet) with a Rayed Crown, a corslet of scale-mail and buskins of the same, and a flowing scarlet mantle. Above his helmet, upon his curass, and on the shoulder-pieces and buskins, he wears as a crest a winged black horse's head. He grasps a club with flaming ends, somewhat similar to that in the symbol of the Ace of Wands, but not so heavy, and also the sigil of his scale is shown; beneath the rushing feet of his steed are waving flames and fire. He is active --- generous --- fierce --- sudden --- impetuous.

If ill dignified, he is evil-minded --- cruel --- bigoted --- brutal. He rules the celestial heavens from above the Twentieth Degree of Scorpio to the First Two Decans of Sagittarius: and this includes a part of the Constellation Hercules. (Hercules is always represented with a Club.)

Fire of Fire
King of the Salamanders.

VI
THE QUEEN OF THE THRONES OF FLAME
Queen of Wands

A CROWNED queen with long red-golden hair, seated upon a Throne, with steady flames beneath. She wears a corslet and buskins of scale-mail, which latter her robe discloses. Her arms are almost bare. On cuirass and buskins are leopard's heads winged, and the same symbol surmounteth her crown. At her side is a couchant leopard on which her hands rest. She bears a long wand with a very heavy conical head. The face is beautiful and resolute.

Adaptability, steady force applied to an object, steady rule, great attractive power, power of command, yet liked notwithstanding. Kind and generous when not opposed.

If ill dignified, obstinate, revengeful, domineering, tyrannical, and apt to turn against another without a cause.

She rules the heavens from above the last Decan of Pisces to above the 20 Degree of Aries: including thus a part of Andromeda.

Water of Fire
Queen of the Salamanders.

VII
THE PRINCE OF THE CHARIOT OF FIRE

King of Wands

A KINGLY Figure with a golden, winged crown, seated on a chariot. He has large white wings. One wheel of his chariot {160} is shewn. He wears corslet and buskins of scale armour decorated with a winged lion's head, which symbol also surmounts his crown. His chariot is drawn by a lion. His arms are bare, save for the shoulder-pieces of the corslet, and he bears a torch or fire-wand, somewhat similar to that of the Zelator Adeptus Minor. Beneath the chariot are flames, some waved, some salient.

Swift, strong, hasty; rather violent, yet just and generous; noble and scorning meanness.

If ill dignified --- cruel, intolerant, prejudiced and ill natured.

He rules the heavens from above the last Decan of Cancer to the second Decan of Leo; hence he includes most of Leo Minor.

Air of Fire

Prince and Emperor of Salamanders.

VIII

THE PRINCESS OF THE SHINING FLAME; THE ROSE OF THE PALACE OF FIRE

Knave of Wands

A VERY strong and beautiful woman with flowing red-gold hair, attired like an Amazon. Her shoulders, arms, bosom and knees are bare. She wears a short kilt reaching to the knee. Round her waist is a broad belt of scale-mail; narrow at the sides; broader in front and back; and having a winged tiger's head in front. She wears a Corinthian-shaped helmet and crown with a long plume. It also is surmounted by a {161} tiger's head, and the same symbol forms the buckle of her scale-mail buskins. A mantle lined with tiger's skin falls back from her shoulders. Her right hand rests on a small golden or brazen altar ornamented with ram's heads and with Flames of Fire leaping from it. Her left hand leans on a long and heavy club, swelling at the lower end, where the sigil is placed; and it has flames of fire leaping from it the whole way down; but the flames are ascending. This club or torch is much longer than that carried by the King or Queen. Beneath her firmly placed feet are leaping Flames of Fire.

Brilliance, courage, beauty, force, sudden in anger or love, desire of power, enthusiasm, revenge.

If ill dignified, she is superficial, theatrical, cruel, unstable, domineering.

She rules the heavens over one quadrant of the portion around the North Pole.

Earth of Fire

Princess and Empress of the Salamanders.

Throne of the Ace of Wands.

IX

THE LORD OF THE WAVES AND THE WATERS; THE KING OF THE HOSTS OF THE SEA

Knight of Cups

A BEAUTIFUL, winged, youthful Warrior with flying hair, riding upon a white horse, which latter is not winged. His general equipment is similar to that of the Knight of Wands, {162} but upon his helmet, cuirass and buskins is a peacock with opened wings. He holds a cup in his hand, bearing the sigil of the scale. Beneath his horse's feet is the sea. From the cup issues a crab.

Graceful, poetic, Venusian, indolent, but enthusiastic if roused.

Ill dignified, he is sensual, idle and untruthful.

He rules the heavens from above 20 Degree of Aquarius to 20 Degree of Pisces, thus including the greater part of Pegasus.

Fire of Water

King of Undines and Nymphs.

X

THE QUEEN OF THE THRONES OF THE WATERS

Queen of Cups

A VERY beautiful fair woman like a crowned Queen, seated upon a throne, beneath which is flowing water wherein Lotuses are seen. Her general dress is similar to that of the Queen of Wands, but upon her crown, cuirass and buskins is seen an Ibis with opened wings, and beside her is the same bird, whereon her hand rests. She holds a cup, wherefrom a crayfish issues. Her face is dreamy. She holds a lotus in the hand upon the Ibis.

She is imaginative, poetic, kind, yet not willing to take much trouble for another. Coquettish, good-natured and underneath a dreamy appearance. Imagination stronger than {163} feeling. Very much affected by other influences, and therefore more dependent upon dignity than most symbols.

She rules from 20 Degree Gemini to 20 Degree Cancer.

Water of Water

Queen of Nymphs or Undines.

XI

THE PRINCE OF THE CHARIOT OF THE WATERS

King of Cups

A WINGED Kingly Figure with winged crown seated in a chariot drawn by an eagle. On the wheel is the symbol of a scorpion. The eagle is borne as a crest on his crown, cuirass and buskins. General attire like King of Wands. Beneath his chariot is the calm

and stagnant water of a lake. His armour resembles feathers more than scales. He holds in one hand a lotus, and in the other a cup, charged with the sigil of his scale. A serpent issues from the cup, and has its head tending down to the waters of the lake. He is subtle, violent, crafty and artistic; a fierce nature with calm exterior. Powerful for good or evil but more attracted by the evil if allied with apparent Power or Wisdom.

If ill dignified, he is intensely evil and merciless.

He rules from 20 Degree Libra to 20 Degree Scorpio.

Air of Water

Prince and Emperor of Nymphs or Undines. {164}

XII

THE PRINCESS OF THE WATERS; THE LOTUS OF THE PALACE OF THE FLOODS

Knave of Cups

A BEAUTIFUL Amazon-like figure, softer in nature than the Princess of Wands. Her attire is similar. She stands on a sea with foaming spray. Away to her right a Dolphin. She wears as a crest a swan with opening wings. She bears in one hand a lotus, and in the other an open cup from which a turtle issues. Her mantle is lined with swansdown, and is of thin floating material.

Sweetness, poetry, gentleness and kindness. Imaginative, dreamy, at times indolent, yet courageous if roused.

When ill dignified she is selfish and luxurious.

She rules a quadrant of the heavens around Kether.

Earth of Water

Princess and Empress of the Nymphs or Undines

Throne of the Ace of Cups.

XIII

THE LORD OF THE WINDS AND THE BREEZES: THE KING OF THE SPIRITS OF AIR

Knight of Swords

A WINGED Warrior with crowned Winged Helmet, mounted upon a brown steed. His general equipment is {165} as that of the Knight of Wands, but he wears as a crest a winged six-pointed star, similar to those represented on the heads of Castor and Pollux the Dioscuri, the twins Gemini (a part of which constellation is included in his rule). He holds a drawn sword with the sigil of his scale upon its pommel. Beneath his horse's feet are dark-driving stratus clouds.

He is active, clever, subtle, fierce, delicate, courageous, skilful, but inclined to domineer. Also to overvalue small things, unless well dignified.

If ill dignified, deceitful, tyrannical and crafty.

Rules from 20 Degree Taurus to 20 Degree Gemini.

Fire of Air

King of the Sylphs and Sylphides.

XIV

THE QUEEN OF THE THRONES OF AIR

Queen of Swords

A GRACEFUL woman with wavy, curling hair, like a Queen seated upon a Throne and crowned. Beneath the Throne are grey cumulus clouds. Her general attire is as that of the Queen of Wands, but she wears as a crest a winged child's head. A drawn sword in one hand, and in the other a large, bearded, newly severed head of a man.

Intensely perceptive, keen observation, subtle, quick and confident: often persevering, accurate in superficial things, graceful, fond of dancing and balancing. {166}

If ill dignified, cruel, sly, deceitful, unreliable, though with a good exterior.

Rules from 20 Degree Virgo to 20 Degree Libra.

Water of Air

Queen of the Sylphs and Sylphides.

XV

THE PRINCE OF THE CHARIOT OF THE WINDS King of Swords

A WINGED King with Winged Crown, seated in a chariot drawn by Arch Fays, represented as winged youths very slightly dressed, with butterfly wings: heads encircled by a fillet with a pentagram thereon: and holding wands surmounted by pentagrams, the same butterfly wings on their feet and fillets. General equipment as the King of Wands: but he bears as a crest a winged angelic head with a pentagram on the brows. Beneath the chariot are grey nimbus clouds. His hair long and waving in serpentine whirls, and whorl figures compose the scales of his armour. A drawn sword in one hand; a sickle in the other. With the sword he rules, with the sickle he slays.

Full of ideas and thoughts and designs, distrustful, suspicious, firm in friendship and enmity; careful, observant, slow, over-cautious, symbolizes GR:Alpha and GR:Omega; he slays as fast as he creates. {167}

If ill dignified: harsh, malicious, plotting; obstinate, yet hesitating; unreliable.

Rules from 20 Degree Capricorn to 20 Degree Aquarius.

Air of Air

Prince and Emperor of the Sylphs and Sylphides.

XVI

THE PRINCESS OF THE RUSHING WINDS: THE LOTUS OF THE PALACE OF AIR
Knave of Swords

AN AMAZON figure with waving hair, slighter than the Rose of the Palace of Fire. Her attire is similar. The Feet seem springy, giving the idea of swiftness. Weight changing from one foot to another and body swinging around. She is a mixture of Minerva and Diana: her mantle resembles the AEGis of Minerva. She wears as a crest the head of the Medusa with serpent hair. She holds a sword in one hand; and the other rests upon a small silver altar with grey smoke (no fire) ascending from it. Beneath her feet are white clouds.

Wisdom, strength, acuteness; subtlety in material things: grace and dexterity.

If ill dignified, she is frivolous and cunning.

She rules a quadrant of the heavens around Kether.

Earth of Air

Princess and Empress of the Sylphs and Sylphides.

Throne of the Ace of Wands. {168}

XVII

THE LORD OF THE WIDE AND FERTILE LAND; THE KING OF THE SPIRITS OF
EARTH

Knight of Pentacles

A DARK Winged Warrior with winged and crowned helmet: mounted on a light brown horse. Equipment as the Knight of Wands.

The winged head of a stag or antelope as a crest. Beneath the horse's feet is fertile land with ripened corn. In one hand he bears a sceptre surmounted by a hexagram: in the other a Pentacle like that of the Zelator Adeptus Minor.

Unless very well dignified he is heavy, dull, and material. Laborious, clever, and patient in material matters.

If ill dignified, he is avaricious, grasping, dull, jealous; not very courageous, unless assisted by other symbols.

Rules from above 20 Degree of Leo to 20 Degree of Virgo.

Fire of Earth

King of Gnomes.

XVIII

THE QUEEN OF THE THRONES OF EARTH

Queen of Pentacles

A WOMAN of beautiful face with dark hair; seated upon a throne, beneath which is dark sandy earth. One side of her face is light, the other dark; and her symbolism is best {169} represented in profile. Her attire is similar to that of the Queen of Wands: but she bears a winged goat's head as a crest. A goat is by her side. In one hand she bears a sceptre surmounted by a cube, and in the other an orb of gold.

She is impetuous, kind; timid, rather charming; great-hearted; intelligent, melancholy; truthful, yet of many moods.

If ill dignified she is undecided, capricious, changeable, foolish.

She rules from 20 Degree Sagittarius to 20 Degree Capricorn.<>

Water of Earth

The Queen of Gnomes.

XIX

THE PRINCE OF THE CHARIOT OF EARTH

King of Pentacles

A WINGED Kingly Figure seated in a chariot drawn by a bull. He bears as a crest the symbol of the head of the winged bull. Beneath the chariot is land, with many flowers. In the one hand he bears an orb of gold held downwards, and in the other a sceptre surmounted by an orb and cross.

Increase of matter. Increases good or evil, solidifies; practically applies things. Steady; reliable.

If ill dignified he is selfish, animal and material: stupid. In either case slow to anger, but furious if roused. {170}

Rules from 20 Degree Aries to 20 Degree Taurus.

Air of Earth

Prince and Emperor of the Gnomes.

XX

PRINCESS OF THE ECHOING HILLS: ROSE OF THE PALACE OF EARTH

Knave of Pentacles

A STRONG and beautiful Amazon figure with rich brown hair, standing on grass or flowers. A grove of trees near her. Her form suggests Hebe, Ceres, and Proserpine. She bears a winged ram's head as a crest: and wears a mantle of sheepskin. In one hand she carries a sceptre with a circular disk: in the other a Pentacle similar to that of the Ace of Pentacles.

She is generous, kind, diligent, benevolent, careful, courageous, persevering, pitiful.

If ill dignified she is wasteful and prodigal. She rules over one quadrant of the heavens around the North Pole of the Ecliptic.

Earth of Earth

Princess and Empress of the Gnomes.

Throne of the Ace of Pentacles. {171}

{WEH NOTE: on this page 172 there is a table set to be read from the outer edge downward to the center of the book, i.e. rotated 90 Degree from the normal reading orientation. Owing to screen limitations, this table has been re-rotated to normal, and entries have been extended downward by increase of lines per entry.}

HEREIN ARE RESUMED THE ESPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FOUR COURT CARDS OF THE SUITS

SUITSCARDS CRESTS SYMBOLS HAIR EYES

Wands King Winged black horse's head Black horse, waving flames, club, scarlet cloak Red-gold Grey or hazel

Queen Leopard's head, winged Leopard, steady flames, wand with heavy head or end Red-gold Blue or brown

Prince Lion's head, winged Waved and salient flames, fire wand of Zelator Adept Yellow Blue-grey

Princess Tiger's head Tiger, leaping flames, gold altar, long club, largest at bottom Red-gold Blue

Cups King Peacock with opened fan White horse, crab issuing from cup, sea Fair Blue

Queen Ibis Ibis, crayfish issuing from cup, river Gold-brown Blue

Prince Eagle Scorpion, eagle; serpent issuing from cup, lake Brown Grey or brown

Princess Swan Dolphin lotus, sea with spray, turtle from cup Brown Blue or brown

Swords King Winged hexagram Winged brown horse, driving clouds, drawn sword Dark-brown Dark

Queen Winged child's head Head of man severed, cumulus clouds, drawn sword Light-brown Grey

Prince Winged Angel's head Arch fairies winged, whirling hair, nimbi, drawn sword and sickle Dark Dark

Princess Medusa's head Silver altar, smoke, clouds, drawn sword Light-brown Blue

Pentacles King Winged stag's head Light-brown horse, ripe cornland, sceptre with hexagram, pentacle as Zelator Adept Dark Dark

Queen Winged goat's head Barren land, fan, light one side only, sceptre with cube, orb of gold Dark Dark

Prince Winged bull's head Flowery land, bull, sceptre with orb and cross, orb held downwards Dark-brown Dark

Princess Winged ram's head Grass, flowers, grove of trees, sceptre with disk,

pentacle like that in ace Rich brown Dark
172}

OF THE THIRTY-SIX DECANS

HERE follow the descriptions of the smaller cards of the four suits, thirty-six in number, answering unto the thirty-six Decans of the Zodiac.

Commencing from the sign Aries, the Central Decans of each sign follow the order of the Days of the Week. Thus ---

CARD CENTRAL

DECAN OF MEANING DAY

3 of Wands	Aries	Established Strength	Sun
6 of Pentacles	Taurus	Material Success	Moon
9 of Swords	Gemini	Despair and Cruelty	Mars
3 of Cups	Cancer	Abundance	Mercury
6 of Wands	Leo	Victory	Jupiter
9 of Pentacles	Virgo	Material Gain	Venus
3 of Swords	Libra	Sorrow	Saturn
6 of Cups	Scorpio	Pleasure	Sun
9 of Wands	Sagittarius	Great Strength	Moon
3 of Pentacles	Capricorn	Material Works	Mars
6 of Swords	Aquarius	Earned Success	Mercury
9 of Swords	Pisces	Material Happiness	Jupiter

Being thus the Four Threes, Sixes, and Nines.

The first and third Decans follow the same order: Sunday beginning the First Decan of Virgo and in the Third Decans of Gemini and Capricorn. {173}

The planets govern respectively Decans with the following Titles ---

Saturn

1. Leo Strife 5 of Wands.
 2. Libra Sorrow 3 of Swords.
 3. Sagittarius Oppression 10 of Wands.
 4. Pisces Abundant Success 8 of Cups.
 5. Taurus Success Unfulfilled 7 of Pentacles.
- Or in Taurus Leo Libra Sagittarius Pisces two wands: 1 each of the other suits.

Jupiter

1. Leo Victory 6 of Wands.
2. Libra Rest from Strife 4 of Swords.
3. Capricorn Harmonious Change 2 of Pentacles.
4. Pisces Material Happiness 9 of Cups.

5. Gemini Shortened Force 8 of Swords.
Or in Gemini Leo Libra Capricorn Pisces two swords: 1 each of others.

Mars

1. Leo Valour 7 of Wands.
2. Scorpio Loss in Pleasure 5 of Cups.
3. Capricorn Material Works 3 of Pentacles.
4. Pisces Perfected Success 10 of Cups.
5. Aries Dominion 2 of Wands.
6. Gemini Despair and Cruelty 9 of Swords.
Or in Aries Gemini Leo Scorpio Capricorn Pisces 2 W. 2 C.: 1 each of others.

One more Decan than the others.

Sun

1. Virgo Prudence 8 of Pentacles.
2. Scorpio Pleasure 6 of Cups. {174}
3. Capricorn Earthly Power 4 of Pentacles.
4. Aries Established Strength 3 of Wands.
5. Gemini Ruin 10 of Swords.
Or in Aries Gemini Virgo Scorpio Capricorn 2 pentacles: 1 each of others.

Venus

1. Virgo Material Gain 9 of Pentacles.
2. Scorpio Illusionary Success 7 of Cups.
3. Aquarius Defeat 5 of Swords.
4. Aries Perfected Work 4 of Wands.
5. Cancer Love 2 of Cups.
Or in Aries Cancer Virgo Scorpio Aquarius 2 Cups: 1 each of others.

Mercury

1. Virgo Wealth 10 of Pentacles.
2. Sagittarius Swiftmess 8 of Wands.
3. Aquarius Earned Success 6 of Swords.
4. Taurus Material Trouble 5 of Pentacles.
5. Cancer Abundance 3 of Cups.
Or in Taurus Cancer Virgo Sagittarius Aquarius two Pentacles: 1 of each of the others.

Moon

1. Libra Peace Restored 2 of Swords.
2. Sagittarius Great Strength 9 of Wands.
3. Aquarius Unstable Effort 7 of Swords.
4. Taurus Material Success 6 of Pentacles.

5. Cancer Blended Pleasure 4 of Cups.
Or in Taurus Cancer Libra Sagittarius Aquarius two Swords: 1 of each of the others.

There being thirty-six Decans and seven Planets, it follows that one of the latter must rule over one more Decan than {175} the others. This is the Planet Mars, to which are allotted the last Decan of Pisces, and the first of Aries, because the long cold of the winter requires a great energy to overcome it, and initiate spring.

And the beginning of the Decanates is from the royal Star of Leo, the great Star Cor Leonis: and therefore is the first Decan that of Saturn in Leo.<>

Here follow the general meanings of the small cards of the suits, as classified under the nine Sephiroth below Kether.

HB:ChKMH The Four Twos symbolize the Powers of the King and Queen just uniting and initiating the Force; but before the Prince and Princess are thoroughly brought into action. Therefore do they generally imply the initiation and fecundation of a thing.

HB:BYNH Realization of action owing to the Prince being produced. The central symbol on each card. Action definitely commenced for good or evil.

HB:ChSD Perfection, realization, completion: making a matter settled and fixed.

HB:GBVRH Opposition, strife and struggle: war; obstacle to the thing in hand. Ultimate success or failure is otherwise shewn.

HB:ThPARTh Definite accomplishment. Thing carried out.

HB:NTzCh Generally shew a force transcending the Material Plane: and is like unto a Crown; which, indeed, is powerful, but requireth one capable of wearing it. The Sevens then shew a possible result: which is dependent on the action then taken. They depend much on the symbols that accompany them. {176}

HB:HVD Solitary success: "i.e." success in the matter for the time being: but not leading to much result apart from the thing itself.

HB:YSVD Very great fundamental force. Executive power, because they restore a firm basis. Powerful for good or evil.

HB:MLKVTh Fixed, culminated, complete Force, whether good or evil. The matter thoroughly and definitely determined. Ultimating Force.

Follow the particular descriptions of each of the thirty-six cards: with full meanings.

Decan-cards are always modified by the other symbols with which they are in contact.

XXI

THE LORD OF STRIFE

Five of Wands

TWO White Radiant Angelic Hands issuant per nubes dexter and sinister. They are clasped together in the grip of the First Order, "i.e." the four fingers of each right hand crooked into each other, the thumbs meeting above; and they hold, at the same time, by their centres, five wands or torches which are similar unto the wands of a Zelator Adeptus Minor. One wand is upright in the middle; the others cross each other. Flames leap from the point of junction. Above the middle wand is the sign Saturn, and below is that of Leo: thus representing the Decante. Violent strife and boldness, rashness, cruelty, violence, lust, desire, prodigality and generosity; depending on whether the card is well or ill dignified. {177}

Geburah of HB:Y (Quarrelling and fighting).

This Decan hath its beginning from the Royal Star of Leo: and unto it are allotted the two great Angels of the Schemhamphorash HB:VHVYH and HB:YLYAL.

[The proper meaning of the small cards is to be found by making thorough meditation and harmony between these four symbols of each card. It will be seen that this is how the meanings have been done; but the advanced student can go beyond this rude working.]

XXII

THE LORD OF VICTORY

Six of Wands

TWO hands in grip as the last, holding six wands crossed three and three. Flames issue from the point of junction. Above and below are short wands with flames issuing, surmounted respectively by the symbols of Jupiter and Leo, representing the Decan.

Victory after strife: Love: pleasure gained by labour: carefulness, sociability and avoiding of strife, yet victory therein: also insolence, and pride of riches and success, etc. The whole dependent on the dignity.

Tiphareth of HB:Y (Gain).

Hereunto are allotted the great Angels HB:SYTAL and HB:a'aLMYH of the Schemhamphorash. {178}

XXIII

THE LORD OF VALOUR

Seven of Wands

TWO hands holding by grip six wands, three crossed. A third hand issuing from a cloud at the lower part of the card, holding an upright wand which passes between the others. Flames leap from the point of junction. Above and below the central wand are the symbols of Mars and Leo, representing the Decan.

Possible victory, depending on the energy and courage exercised; valour; opposition, obstacles and difficulties, yet courage to meet them; quarrelling, ignorance, pretence, and wrangling, and threatening; also victory in small and unimportant things: and influence upon subordinates.

Netzach of HB:Y (Opposition, yet courage).

Therein rule the two great Angels HB:MHShYH and HB:LLHAL of the Schemhamphorash.

XXIV

THE LORD OF PRUDENCE

Eight of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, issuing from a cloud, and grasping a branch of a rose tree, with four white roses thereon, which touch only the four lowermost Pentacles. No rosebuds even, but only leaves, touch the four uppermost {179} disks. All the Pentacles are similar to that of the Ace, but without the Maltese cross and wings. They are arranged like the geomantic figure Populus. Above and below them are the symbols Sun and Virgo for the Decan.

Over-careful in small things at the expense of great: "Penny wise and pound foolish": gain of ready money in small sums; mean; avaricious; industrious; cultivation of land; hoarding, lacking in enterprise.

Hod of HB:H (Skill: prudence: cunning).

Therein rule those mighty Angels HB:AKAYH and HB:KHThAL.

XXV

THE LORD OF MATERIAL GAIN

Nine of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, holding a rose branch with nine white roses, each of which touches a Pentacle. The Pentacles are arranged thus * * * * * : and there are rosebuds on the branches as well as flowers. Venus and Virgo above and below.

Complete realization of material gain, good, riches; inheritance; covetous; treasuring of goods; and sometimes theft and knavery. The whole according to dignity.

Yesod of HB:H (Inheritance, much increase of goods).

Herein those mighty Angels HB:HZYAL and HB:ALDYH have rule and dominion. {180}

XXVI

THE LORD OF WEALTH

Ten of Pentacles

AN Angelic Hand, holding by the lower extremity a branch whose roses touch all the Pentacles. No buds, however, are shewn. The symbols of Mercury and Virgo<> are above and below.

The Pentacles are thus arranged

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Completion of material gain and fortune; but nothing beyond: as it were, at the very pinnacle of success. Old age, slothfulness; great wealth, yet sometimes loss in part; heaviness; dullness of mind, yet clever and prosperous in money transactions.

Malkuth of HB:H (Riches and wealth).

Herein are HB:LAVYH and HB:HHa'aYH set over this Decan as Angel Rulers.

XXVII

THE LORD OF PEACE RESTORED

Two of Swords or Pikes

Two crossed swords, like the air dagger of a Z.A.M., each held by a White Radiant Angelic Hand. Upon the point where the two cross is a rose of five petals, emitting white rays. At the top and bottom of the card are two small daggers, supporting respectively the symbol {Crescent moon with horns upward} thus, and Libra representing the Decanate. {181}

Contradictory characters in the same nature, strength through suffering; pleasure after pain. Sacrifice and trouble, yet strength arising therefrom, symbolized by the position of the rose, as though the pain itself had brought forth beauty. Arrangement, peace restored; truce; truth and untruth; sorrow and sympathy. Aid to the weak; arrangement; justice, unselfishness; also a tendency to repetition of affronts on being pardoned; injury when meaning well; given to petitions; also a want of tact, and asking question of little moment; talkative.

Chokmah of Vau. Quarrel made up, yet still some tension in relations: actions sometimes selfish, sometimes unselfish.

Herein rule the Great Angels HB:YZLAL and HB:MNHAL.

XXVIII

THE LORD OF SORROW

Three of Swords or Spears

THREE White Radiating Angelic Hands, issuing from clouds, and holding three swords upright (as though the central sword had struck apart the two others, which were crossed in the preceding symbol): the central sword cuts asunder the rose of five petals, which in the previous symbol grew at the junction of the swords; its petals are falling, and no white rays issue from it.

Above and below the central sword are the symbols of Saturn and Libra. {182}

Disruption, interruption, separation, quarrelling; sowing of discord and strife, mischief-making, sorrow and tears; yet mirth in Platonic pleasures; singing, faithfulness in promises, honesty in money transactions, selfish and dissipated, yet sometimes generous: deceitful in words and repetitions; the whole according to dignity.

Binah of HB:V (Unhappiness, sorrow, and tears).

Herein rule the Great Angels HB:HRYAL and HB:HQMYH<> as Lords of the Decan.

XXIX

THE LORD OF REST FROM STRIFE

Four of Swords

TWO White Radiating Angelic Hands, each holding two swords; which four cross in the centre. The rose of five petals with white radiations is reinstated on the point of their intersection. Above and below, on the points of two small daggers, are Jupiter<> and Libra, representing the Decanate.

Rest from sorrow; yet after and through it. Peace from and after war. Relaxation of anxiety. Quietness, rest, ease and plenty, yet after struggle. Goods of this life; abundance; modified by dignity as is usual.

Chesed of HB:V (Convalescence, recovery from sickness; change for the better).

Herein do HB:LAVYH and HB:KLYAL bear rule. {183}

XXX

THE LORD OF LOSS IN PLEASURE

Five of Cups or Chalices

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, holding lotuses or water-lilies, of which the flowers are falling right and left. Leaves only, and no buds, surmount them. These lotus stems ascend between the cups in the manner of a fountain, but no water flows therefrom; neither is there water in any of the cups, which are somewhat of the shape of the magical instrument of the Zelator Adeptus Minor.

Above and below are the symbols of Mars and Scorpio for the Decan.

Death, or end of pleasure: disappointment, sorrow and loss in those things from which pleasure is expected. Sadness, treachery, deceit; ill-will, detraction; charity and kindness ill required; all kinds of anxieties and troubles from unsuspected and unexpected sources.

Geburah of HB:H (Disappointment in love, marriage broken off, unkindness of a friend; loss of friendship).

Herein rule HB:LVVYH and HB:PHLYH.

XXXI

THE LORD OF PLEASURE

Six of Chalices

AN Angelic Hand, as before, holds a group of stems of water-lilies or lotuses, from which six flowers bend, one over {184} each cup. From these flowers a white glistening water flows into the cups as from a fountain, but they are not yet full. Above and below are Sun and Scorpio referring to the Decan.

Commencement of steady increase, gain and pleasure; but commencement only. Also affront, detection, knowledge, and in some instances contention and strife arising from unwarranted self-assertion and vanity. Sometimes thankless and presumptuous; sometimes amiable and patient. According to dignity as usual.

Tiphareth of HB:H (Beginning of wish, happiness, success, or enjoyment).

Therein rule HB:NLKAL<> and HB:YYYAL.

XXXII

THE LORD OF ILLUSIONARY SUCCESS

Seven of Chalices

THE seven cups are arranged as two descending triangles above a point: a hand, as usual, holds lotus stems which arise from the central lower cup. The hand is above this cup and below the middle one. With the exception of the central lower cup, each is overhung by a lotus flower, but no water falls from these into any of the cups, which are all quite empty. Above and below are the symbols of the Decanate Venus and Scorpio.

Possible victory, but neutralized by the supineness of the person: illusory success, deception in the moment of apparent victory. Lying, error, promises unfulfilled. Drunkenness, wrath, vanity. Lust, fornication, violence against women, {185} selfish dissipation, deception in love and friendship. Often success gained, but not followed up. Modified as usual by dignity.

Netzach of HB:H (Lying, promises unfulfilled; illusion, deception, error; slight success at outset, not retained).

Herein the Angels HB:MLHAL and HB:ChHVVYH rule.

XXXIII

THE LORD OF SWIFTNESS

Eight of Wands or Torches

FOUR White Radiating Angelic Hands (two proceeding from each side) issuant from clouds; clasped in two pairs in the centre with the grip of the First Order. They hold eight wands, crossed four with four. Flames issue from the point of junction. Surmounting the small wands with flames issuing down them, and placed in the centre at the top and bottom of the card respectively, are the symbols of Mercury and Sagittarius for the Decan.

Too much force applied too suddenly. Very rapid rush, but quickly passed and expended. Violent, but not lasting. Swiftmess, rapidity, courage, boldness, confidence, freedom, warfare, violence; love of open air, field-sports, gardens and meadows. Generous, subtle, eloquent, yet somewhat untrustworthy; rapacious, insolent, oppressive. Theft and robbery. According to dignity.

Hod of HB:Y (Hasty communications and messages; swiftmess).

Therein rule the Angels HB:NThHYH<> and HB:HAAYH. {186}

XXXIV

THE LORD OF GREAT STRENGTH

Nine of Wands or Torches

FOUR hands, as in the previous symbol, holding eight wands crossed four and four; but a fifth hand at the foot of the card holds another wand upright, which traverses the point of junction with the others: flames leap herefrom. Above and below are the symbols Moon and Sagittarius.

Tremendous and steady force that cannot be shaken. Herculean strength, yet sometimes scientifically applied. Great success, but with strife and energy. Victory, preceded by apprehension and fear. Health good, and recovery not in doubt. Generous, questioning and curious; fond of external appearances: intractable, obstinate.

Yesod of HB:Y (Strength, power, health, recovery from sickness).

Herein rule the Angels HB:YRThAL<> and HB:ShAHYH.

XXXV

THE LORD OF OPPRESSION

Ten of Wands

FOUR hands holding eight wands crossed as before. A fifth hand holding two wands upright, which traverses the junction of the others. Flames issuant. Saturn and Sagittarius.

Cruel and overbearing force and energy, but applied only {187} to material and selfish ends. Sometimes shows failure in a matter, and the opposition too strong to be controlled; arising from the person's too great selfishness at the beginning. Ill-will, levity, lying, malice, slander, envy, obstinacy; swiftness in evil and deceit, if ill dignified. Also generosity, disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, when well dignified.

Malkuth of HB:V (Cruelty, malice, revenge, injustice).

Therein rule HB:RYYAL and HB:AVMAL.

XXXVI

THE LORD OF HARMONIOUS CHANGE

Two of Disks or Pentacles

TWO wheels, disks or pentacles, similar to that of the Ace. They are united by a green-and-gold serpent, bound about them like a figure of 8. It holds its tail in its mouth. A White Radiant Angelic Hand holds the centre of the whole. No roses enter into this card. Above and below are the symbols of Jupiter and Capricorn. It is a revolving symbol.

The harmony of change, alternation of gain and loss; weakness and strength; everchanging occupation; wandering, discontented with any fixed condition of things; now elated, then melancholy; industrious, yet unreliable; fortunate through prudence of management, yet sometimes unaccountably foolish; alternatively talkative and suspicious. Kind, yet wavering and inconsistent. Fortunate in journeying. Argumentative.

Chokmah of HB:H (Pleasant change, visit to friends).

Herein the Angels HB:LKBAL and HB:VShRYH have rule. {188}

XXXVII

THE LORD OF MATERIAL WORKS

Three of Pentacles

A WHITE-WINGED Angelic Hand, as before, holding a branch of a rose tree, of which two white rosebuds touch and surmount the topmost Pentacle. The Pentacles are arranged in an equilateral triangle. Above and below the symbols Mars and Capricorn.

Working and constructive force, building up, creation, erection; realization and increase of material things; gain in commercial transactions, rank; increase of substance, influence, cleverness in business, selfishness. Commencement of matters to be established later. Narrow and prejudiced. Keen in matters of gain; sometimes given to seeking after impossibilities.

Binah of HB:H (Business, paid employment, commercial transaction).

Herein are HB:YChVYH and HB:LHChYH Angelic Rulers.

XXXVIII

THE LORD OF EARTHLY POWER

Four of Pentacles

A HAND holding a branch of a rose tree, but without flowers or buds, save that in the centre is one fully blown white rose. Pentacles are disposed as on the points of a square; a rose in its centre. Symbols Sun and Capricorn above and below to represent the Decan. {189}

Assured material gain: success, rank, dominion, earthy power, completed but leading to nothing beyond. Prejudicial, covetous, suspicious, careful and orderly, but discontented. Little enterprise or originality. According to dignity as usual.

Chesed of HB:H (Gain of money or influence: a present).

Herein do HB:KVQYH<> and HB:MNDAL bear rule.

XXXIX

THE LORD OF DEFEAT

Five of Swords

TWO Rayed Angelic Hands each holding two swords nearly upright, but falling apart of each other, right and left of the card. A third hand holds a sword upright in the centre as though it had disunited them. The petals of the rose, which in the four had been reinstated in the centre, are torn asunder and falling. Above and below are Venus and Aquarius for Decan.

Contest finished and decided against the person; failure, defeat, anxiety, trouble, poverty, avarice, grieving after gain, laborious, unresting; loss and vileness of nature; malicious, slanderous, lying, spiteful and tale-bearing. A busybody and separator of friends, hating to see peace and love between others. Cruel, yet cowardly, thankless and unreliable. Clever and quick in thought and speech. Feelings of pity easily roused, but unenduring.

Geburah of HB:V (Defeat, loss, malice, spite, slander, evil-speaking).

Herein the Angels HB:ANYAL and HB:Cha'aMYH bear rule. {190}

XL

THE LORD OF EARNED SUCCESS

Six of Swords

TWO hands, as before, each holding two swords which cross in the centre. Rose re-established thereon. Mercury and Aquarius above and below, supported on the points of two short daggers or swords.

Success after anxiety and trouble; self-esteem, beauty, conceit, but sometimes modesty therewith; dominance, patience, labour, etc.

Tiphareth of HB:V (Labour, work, journey by water).

Ruled by the Great Angels HB:RHa'aAL<> and HB:YYVHL.

XLI

THE LORD OF UNSTABLE EFFORT

Seven of Swords

TWO Angelic Radiating Hands as before, each holding three swords. A third hand holds up a single sword in the centre. The points of all the swords "just touch" each other, the central sword not altogether dividing them.

The Rose of the previous symbols of this suit is held up by the same hand which holds the central sword: as if the victory were at its disposal. Symbols of Moon and Aquarius.

Partial success. Yielding when victory is within grasp, as {191} if the last reserves of strength were used up. Inclination to lose when on the point of gaining, through not continuing the effort. Love of abundance, fascinated by display, given to compliments, affronts and insolences, and to spy upon others. Inclined to betray confidences, not always intentionally. Rather vacillatory and unreliable.

Netzach of HB:V (Journey by land: in character untrustworthy).

Herein rule the Great Angels HB:HHHAL and HB:Ma'aKAL.

XLII

THE LORD OF ABANDONED SUCCESS

Eight of Chalices

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, holding a group of stems of lotuses or water-lilies. There are only two flowers shown, which bend over the two central cups, pouring into them a white water which fills them and runs over into the three lowest, which later are not yet filled The three uppermost are quite empty. At the top and bottom of the card are symbols Saturn and Pisces.

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Temporary success, but without further results. Thing thrown aside as soon as gained. Not lasting, even in the matter in hand. Indolence in success. Journeying from place to place. Misery and repining without cause. Seeking after riches. Instability.

Hod of HB:H (Success abandoned; decline of interest).

The Angels ruling are HB:VVLYH and HB:YLHYH. {192}

XLIII

THE LORD OF MATERIAL HAPPINESS

Nine of Chalices

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand, issuing from a cloud holding lotus or water-lilies, one flower of which overhangs each cup; from it a white water pours. Cups are arranged in three rows of 3. Jupiter and Pisces above and below.

Complete and perfect realization of pleasure and happiness, almost perfect; self-praise, vanity, conceit, much talking of self, yet kind and lovable, and may be self-denying therewith. High-minded, not easily satisfied with small and limited ideas. Apt to be maligned through too much self-assumption. A good and generous, but sometimes foolish nature.

Yesod of HB:H (Complete success, pleasure and happiness, wishes fulfilled).

Therein rule the Angels HB:SALYH and HB:a'aRYAL.

XLIV

THE LORD OF PERFECTED SUCCESS

Ten of Cups or Chalices

HAND, as usual, holding bunch of water-lilies or lotuses, whose flowers pour a white water into all the cups, which "all run over." The uppermost cup is held sideways by a hand, and pours water into the left-hand upper cup. A single lotus flower surmounts the top cup, and is the source of the water that fills it. Above and below the symbols Mars and Pisces. {193}

Permanent and lasting success and happiness, because inspired from above. Not so sensual as "Lord of Material Happiness," yet almost more truly happy. Pleasure, dissipation, debauchery, quietness, peacemaking. Kindness, pity, generosity, wantonness, waste, etc., according to dignity.

Malkuth of HB:H (Matter settled: complete good fortune).

Herein the Great Angels HB:a'aShLYH and HB:MYHAL rule.

[This is not such a good card as stated. It represents boredom, and quarrelling arising therefrom; disgust springing from too great luxury. In particular it represents drug-habits, the sottish excess of pleasure and the revenge of nature.]

XLV

THE LORD OF DOMINION

Two of Wands

A WHITE Radiating Angelic hand, issuing from clouds, and grasping two crossed wands. Flames issue from the point of junction. On two small wands above and below, with flames of five issuing therefrom, are the symbols of Mars and Aries for the Decan.

Strength, domination, harmony of rule and of justice. Boldness, courage, fierceness, shamelessness, revenge, resolution, generous, proud, sensitive, ambitious, refined, restless, turbulent, sagacious withal, yet unforgiving and obstinate.

Chokmah of HB:Y (Influence over others, authority, power, dominion).

Therein the Angels HB:VHVAL and HB:DNYAL<> bear rule. {194}

XLVI

THE LORD OF ESTABLISHED STRENGTH

Three of Wands

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand, as before, issuing from clouds and grasping three wands in the centre (two crossed, the third upright). Flames issue from the point of junction. Above and below are the symbols Sun and Aries.

Established force, strength, realization of hope. Completion of labour. Success after struggle. Pride, nobility, wealth, power, conceit. Rude self-assumption and insolence. Generosity, obstinacy, etc.

Binah of HB:Y (Pride, arrogance, self-assertion).

Herein rule the Angels HB:HShYH and HB:a'aMMYH.

[This card is much better than as described.]

XLVII

THE LORD OF PERFECTED WORK

Four of Wands

TWO White Radiating Angelic Hands, as before, issuing from clouds right and left of the card and clasped in the centre with the grip of the First Order, holding four wands or torches crossed. Flames issue from the point of junction. Above and below are two small flaming wands, with the symbols of Venus and Aries representing the Decan.

Perfection or completion of a thing built up with trouble {195} and labour. Rest after labour, subtlety, cleverness, beauty, mirth, success in completion. Reasoning faculty, conclusions drawn from previous knowledge. Unreadiness, unreliable and unsteady through over-anxiety and hurriedness of action. Graceful in manner, at times insincere, etc.

Chesed of HB:Y (Settlement, arrangement, completion).

Herein are HB:NNAAL<> and HB:NYThHL<> Angelic rulers.

XLVIII

THE LORD OF MATERIAL TROUBLE

Five of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand issuing from clouds, and holding a branch of the white rose tree, but from which the roses are falling, and leaving no buds behind. Five Pentacles similar to the Ace. Above and below are Mercury and Taurus.

Loss of money or position. Trouble about material things. Labour, toil, land cultivation; building, knowledge and acuteness of earthly things, poverty, carefulness, kindness; sometimes money regained after severe toil and labour. Unimaginative, harsh, stern, determined, obstinate.

Geburah of HB:H (Loss of profession, loss of money, monetary anxiety).

Herein the angels HB:MBHYH and HB:PNYAL<> rule. {196}

XLIX

THE LORD OF MATERIAL SUCCESS

Six of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiant Angelic Hand holding a rose branch with white roses and buds, each of which touches a Pentacle. Pentacles are arranged in two columns of three each * *

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. Above and below are the symbols Taurus and Moon of the Decan.

Success and gain in material undertakings. Power, influence, rank, nobility, rule over the people. Fortunate, successful, liberal and just.

If ill dignified, may be purse-proud, insolent from excess, or prodigal.

Tiphareth of HB:H (Success in material things, prosperity in business).

Herein rule the Angels HB:NMMYH<> and HB:YYLAL.

L

THE LORD OF SUCCESS UNFULFILLED

Seven of Pentacles

A WHITE Radiating Angelic Hand issuing from a cloud, and holding a white rose branch. Seven Pentacles arranged like the geomantic figure Rubeus. There are only five buds, which overhang, but do not touch the five uppermost {197} Pentacles. Above and below are the Decan symbols, Saturn and Taurus respectively.

Promises of success unfulfilled. (Shewn, as it were, by the fact that the rosebuds do not come to anything.) Loss of apparently promising fortune. Hopes deceived and crushed.

Disappointment, misery, slavery, necessity and baseness. A cultivator of land, and yet a loser thereby. Sometimes it denotes slight and isolated gains with no fruits resulting therefrom, and of no further account, though seeming to promise well.

Netzach of HB:H (Unprofitable speculations and employments; little gain for much labour).

Therein HB:HRChAL<> and HB:MTzRAL are ruling Angels.

LI

THE LORD OF SHORTENED FORCE

Eight of Swords

FOUR White Radiant Angelic Hands issuing from clouds, each holding two swords, points upwards; all the points touch near the top of the card. Hands issue, two at each bottom angle of the card. The pose of the other sword symbols is re-established in the centre. Above and below are the Decan symbols Jupiter and Gemini.

Too much force applied to small things: too much attention to detail at the expense of the principal and more important points. When ill dignified, these qualities produce malice, pettiness, and domineering characteristics. Patience {198} in detail of study; great care in some things, counterbalanced by equal disorder in others. Impulsive; equally fond of giving or receiving money or presents; generous, clever, acute, selfish and without strong feeling of affection. Admires wisdom, yet applies it to small and unworthy objects.

Hod of HB:V (Narrow, restricted, petty, a prison).

Therein rule the Angels HB:VMBAL and HB:YHHAL.

LII

THE LORD OF DESPAIR AND CRUELTY

Nine of Swords

FOUR Hands, as in the preceding figure, hold eight swords nearly upright, but with the points falling away from each other. A fifth hand holds a ninth sword upright in the centre, as if it had struck them asunder. No rose at all is shewn, as if it were not merely cut asunder, but utterly destroyed. Above and below are the Decan symbols Mars and Gemini.

Despair, cruelty, pitilessness, malice, suffering, want, loss, misery. Burden, oppression, labour, subtlety and craft, dishonesty, lying and slander.

Yet also obedience, faithfulness, patience, unselfishness, etc. According to dignity.

Yesod of HB:V (Illness, suffering, malice, cruelty, pain).

Therein do HB:a'aNVAL<> and HB:MChYAL<> bear rule. {199}

LIII

THE LORD OF RUIN

Ten of Swords

FOUR hands holding eight swords, as in the preceding symbol; the points falling away from each other. Two hands hold two swords crossed in the centre, as though their junction had disunited the others. No rose, flower or bud, is shewn. Above and below are Sun and Gemini, representing the Decan.

Almost a worse symbol than the Nine of Swords. Undisciplined, warring force, complete disruption and failure. Ruin of all plans and projects. Disdain, insolence and impertinence, yet mirth and jollity therewith. A marplot, loving to overthrow the happiness of others; a repeater of things; given to much unprofitable speech, and of many words. Yet clever, eloquent, etc., according to dignity.

Malkuth of HB:V (Ruin, death, defeat, disruption).

Herein the Angels HB:DMBYH and HB:MNQAL<> reign.

LIV

THE LORD OF LOVE

Two of Chalices

A WHITE Radiant Hand, issuant from the lower part of the card from a cloud, holds lotuses. A lotus flower rises {200} above water, which occupies the lower part of the card rising above the hand. From this flower rises a stem, terminating near the top of the card in another lotus, from which flows a sparkling white water, as from a fountain. Crossed on the stem just beneath are two dolphins, Argent and Or, on to which the water falls, and from which it pours in full streams, like jets of gold and silver, into two cups; which in their turn overflow, flooding the lower part of the card. Venus and Cancer above and below.

Harmony of masculine and feminine united. Harmony, pleasure, mirth, subtlety: but if ill dignified --- folly, dissipation, waste, silly actions.

Chokmah of HB:H (Marriage, love, pleasure).

Therein rule the Angels HB:AVa'aAL and HB:ChBVYH<>.

LV

THE LORD OF ABUNDANCE

Three of Chalices

A WHITE Radiating Hand, as before, holds a group of lotuses or water-lilies, from which two flowers rise on either side of, and overhanging the top cup; pouring into it the white water. Flowers in the same way pour white water into the lower cups. All the cups overflow; the topmost into the two others, and these upon the lower part of the card. Cups are arranged in an erect equilateral triangle. Mercury and Cancer above and

below.

Abundance, plenty, success, pleasure, sensuality, passive {201} success, good luck and fortune; love, gladness, kindness, liberality.

Binah of HB:H (Plenty, hospitality, eating and drinking, pleasure, dancing, new clothes, merriment).

Therein the Angels HB:RAHAL and HB:YBMYH are lords.

LVI

THE LORD OF BLENDED PLEASURE

Four of Chalices

FOUR cups: the two upper overflowing into the two lower, which do not overflow. An Angelic Hand grasps a branch of lotus, from which ascends a stem bearing one flower at the top of the card, from which the white water flows into the two upper cups. From the centre two leaves pass right and left, making, as it were, a cross between the four cups. Above and below are the symbols Moon and Cancer for the Decan.

Success or pleasure approaching their end. A stationary period in happiness, which may, or may not, continue. It does not mean love and marriage so much as the previous symbol. It is too passive a symbol to represent perfectly complete happiness. Swiftness, hunting and pursuing. Acquisition by contention: injustice sometimes; some drawbacks to pleasure implied.

Chesed of HB:H (Receiving pleasure or kindness from others, but some discomfort therewith).

Therein rule the great Angels HB:HYYAL and HB:MVMYH.

BRIEF MEANING OF TWENTY-TWO KEYS

0. IF the question refers to spiritual matters, the Fool means idea, thought, spirituality, that which endeavours to transcend Earth. But if question is material, it means folly, stupidity, eccentricity, or even mania.

1. Skill, wisdom, adaptation, craft, cunning, or occult wisdom or power.

2. Change, alternation, increase and decrease, fluctuation; whether for good or evil depends on the dignity.

3. Beauty, happiness, pleasure, success. But with very bad dignity it means luxury, dissipation.

4. War, conquest, victory, strife, ambition.

5. Divine wisdom, manifestation, explanation, teaching, occult force voluntarily invoked.